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REYNOLDS HISTORICAL
GENEALOGY COLLECTION



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HISTORY

AND

PROCEEDINGS

OF THE

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POCUMTUCK VALLEY

MEMORIAL ASSOCIATION

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1930-1938



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VOL. VIII

DEERFIELD, MASS., U. S. A.

PUBLISHED BY THE ASSOCIATION.

1950

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REPORT

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Volume VIII. of the History and Proceedings of the Pocumtuck Valley Memorial Association is herewith submitted. It covers the period from 1930 to 1938 inclusive and has been edited and published under a vote of the Association at the annual meeting of 1950.

It has been necessary to abridge this volume to a considerable extent owing to an increase in the cost of printing, but all unpublished tributes and articles will be on file in Memorial Hall.

The edition is limited to 250 paper-bound copies.

Respectfully submitted,

Research Committee

{ Henry Flynt, Pres.
Elizabeth Boyden, Vice-Chairman
Mary W. Fuller
Richard Arms
Amelia F. Miller

Deerfield, May 13, 1950

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ANNUAL MEETING—1930

REPORT

At Deerfield on February 25th the first celebration in western Massachusetts of the tercentenary of the state was held in connection with the 60th annual meeting of our Pocumtuck Valley Memorial Association. President Jennie M. Arms Sheldon presided and Treasurer George Arms Sheldon reported the financial condition of the association and read the record made by Secretary William L. Harris. The report by Mrs. Sheldon as curator showed that Memorial hall had a very large number of visitors who came from most states of the union and many foreign countries, and Miss Mellen read a list of the schools, societies and organizations represented. Among the gifts received during the past year was an excellent portrait of Chief Justice Aiken, the four Field portraits, a map of the Deerfield trees and a booklet containing the tree census.

The officers elected were: *President*, J. M. A. Sheldon; *Vice Presidents*, George A. Sheldon and Francis Nims Thompson; *Recording Secretary*, William L. Harris; *Corresponding Secretary*, N. Theresa Mellen; *Treasurer*, George A. Sheldon. The *Council* consists of these officers and Winthrop P. Abbott, Jonathan P. Ashley, Ellen St. Clair Birks, Helen C. Boyden, Mary W. Fuller, Minnie E. Hawks, Charles W. Hazelton, Margaret Miller, W. Herbert Nichols, Sarah A. Pratt, S. Willard Saxton, Mary P. Wells Smith, Arthur H. Tucker, Margaret C. Whiting and Albert L. Wing.

To the afternoon meeting of members and friends, seated in straight-backed antique chairs in the crowded council room, Mrs. Sheldon read her touching tribute to John Sheldon, second president of the association. A study of the life of Miss Ellen Miller was presented by Miss Whiting, and a paper on the work of Edwin B. Smead was read by Lewis N. Smead. Mrs. Sheldon reported in detail on "The Sycamore, Elms and Maples of Old Deerfield".

At the town hall in Old Deerfield an ample and excellent supper was served by the women of Deerfield who, like their mothers, have contributed greatly to the success of these famous annual gatherings. The evening program of the

Memorial Association opened with songs by Deerfield Academy Glee Club, directed by Ralph H. Oatley. "The Providences of God, 78th Psalm", written by Naham Tate some quarter-thousand years ago, was sung; and during the evening songs of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries were heard. Two interesting historical papers were read: "Three Hundred Years in the Valley of the Pocumtuck" by Mrs. Frances N. S. Allen of Deerfield, and "The Undying Spirit of New England" by Edward E. Whiting of Newton, both writers of note.

REPORT OF CURATOR

Five months of the curator's time the past year has been spent in preparing, proof-reading and indexing Vol. VII of the Proceedings of this Association. With the efficient aid of George A. Sheldon and Frances S. Drenning the work has been accomplished, and is herewith submitted. The volume covers nine years, 1921-1929 inclusive, and contains the results of valuable original research. There are 92 more pages in this volume than in Vol. VI. This necessitated the use of thinner and more expensive paper in order to preserve uniformity of size in the series. However, we are told this paper contains no sulphur, and, therefore, will remain white fifty years or more, certainly a desirable compensation.

Vol. VII has been sent to 26 historical societies with most of which we exchange publications, and to 12 libraries. These societies and libraries represent the following states: Maine, Vermont, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Connecticut, New York, North Carolina, Ohio, Illinois, Michigan, Wisconsin, Iowa, Minnesota, Missouri and California. This statement proves there is a demand for knowledge of early New England life.

The normal number of visitors to Memorial Hall has been exceeded this year, the number reaching almost 9000; to be exact 8983. Only once before have we had such a large attendance. The visitors have registered from 41 states and many foreign countries, representing Europe, Asia, Africa, Australia, South America, Central America, Hawaii, Philippine Islands and the Bermudas. We have welcomed visitors from Burma, Finland and Poland, which is unusual.

Twenty-six schools and colleges, five summer camps and eighteen organizations have enjoyed the Collection. Many of these have already been noticed in the columns of *The Gazette and Courier*.

We have received 150 contributions, consisting of 57 books and pamphlets, and 93 other articles. Prof. John Dickinson has presented the Association with an excellent photograph of Chief Justice John A. Aiken.

"The Field Portraits" which the Association has long hoped to possess came to us in November from Clifford K. Field of Guilford, Vt., through Mrs. Carrie L. Hamilton of Brattleboro. They are oil portraits of Maj. Elihu Field, born in Deerfield, 1753; Mrs. Thankful Taylor Doolittle Field, wife of Oliver Doolittle and David Field; Capt. Elihu Field, born 1781; Mrs. Pamela Burt Field, wife of Capt. Elihu. When warm weather returns we hope to have these portraits restored and placed on exhibition.

One of the most fascinating gifts has been a case of 30 book-marks, made from 1825 to 1875, collected by Miss Margaret C. Whiting and Mrs. Frances N. S. Allen, and contributed by Miss Whiting. Other gifts have been acknowledged in the columns of *The Gazette*.

A small, new case has been added to the Memorial Room, which contains most of our daguerreotypes.

The large number of books received from the Thacher Estate has been catalogued by the assistant, Miss Mellen. The excellent care of Memorial Hall by Miss Mellen has resulted in the hearty commendation of many visitors of 1929.

Respectfully submitted,

J. M. ARMS SHELTON.

Deerfield, Feb. 25, 1930.

NECROLOGY

JOHN SHELTON

By J. M. Arms Sheldon

When a life, from youth to age, shuns publicity; when this life develops away from the lime light through sunny days and days of tragic sorrow to complete fulfillment, is not silence the perfect tribute? I ask the question and answer it, Yes, silence is the perfect tribute. When, however, this life has strengthened other lives, when it has cheered others by its innate sense of humor; when it has inspired others by its persistent courage, can those who have been helped remain silent? No, they cannot. Genuine appreciation and profound gratitude must find expression, however imperfect, however inadequate the tribute may be.

Born in the old, historic town of Deerfield, in the ancient house of the Sheldons, on February 13, 1848, John Sheldon was the sixth generation from Ensign John Sheldon, the permanent Deerfield settler of 1682. His father, George Sheldon, was the son of Seth Sheldon and Caroline Stebbins; she was the daughter of Colonel Joseph Stebbins, the Revolutionary Patriot.

The mother of John Sheldon was Susan Stewart Stearns, daughter of John Foster Stearns of Dummerston, Vermont.

The Sheldons for generations had been farmers, and most of John's childhood was passed on his father's farm. The life of a farm boy was described graphically by John's father, many years later, in an historical paper presented to this Association, entitled, "The Passing of the Stall-fed Ox and the Farm Boy."

John was a quiet, retiring child, full of originality and humor. He loved nature passionately, and it may be this love was inherited from his father, who often said that some of the most satisfying days of his life were spent with his children, John and Belle, strolling over the hills and through the woods of Old Deerfield.

John was educated at the town school and later in Deerfield Academy, graduating under Virgil M. Howard. Never robust in health, the farm did not appeal to him, so that, in 1867, he took a course at Burnham's Commercial College in Springfield, and on January 1, 1868, became a clerk in the hardware store of George A. Arms of Greenfield. Mercantile life was congenial, and years passed happily.

The crowning joy of John Sheldon's life came on October 24, 1871, when he married the daughter of Mr. Arms, Ellen Louisa Arms. Supremely happy in his home, with a wife who loved the home as the dearest spot on earth, with the advent of three children, two sons and a daughter, the husband and father felt that his lines had fallen in pleasant places. A companion of his children, he reveled in their growth and development. These years may be called the golden years of John Sheldon's life. For more than a quarter of a century this life flowed on serenely, then the shadow fell. In 1899 his daughter, Jennie Belle, and his son, John, Jr., died of the dread disease, typhoid. With marvelous courage the father faced the inevitable, going on with his work steadily and bravely.

About 1903 Mr. Sheldon retired from the hardware business, and became one of the busiest men in Greenfield, looking after property, erecting the "Sheldon Building," and carrying on, unobtrusively, the causes in which he believed. He was such a sound business man with keen insight into the secret motives of men, his advice was often sought by others in the commercial field.

A staunch Republican in politics, and a broad-minded Liberal in religious views, he possessed the happy faculty of seldom antagonizing his opponents. Many a time the writer has heard oil poured on troubled waters which became placid, the oil being, usually, a funny story, so apropos and so well told, it produced the desired result.

After forty-one years of happy married life the wife and mother, on New Year's Day, 1913, passed from the home she loved. Henceforth Mr. Sheldon made his home with his son George, who, as he often said, "has done everything in his power for my comfort."

In 1916 Mr. Sheldon's father died. It was the wish of the father that his son succeed him as President of this Association. Painfully conscious of his inability to fill his father's place historically, he, nevertheless, set himself with singleness of purpose to furthering the best interests of this Society. Its welfare was close to his heart, and the present excellent condition of the Institution owes much to his wise judgment and foresight.

At the annual meeting of this Association in 1908, Mr. Sheldon presented a paper on "The Common Field of Deerfield" which proved his ability for original research. In 1923 at the 250th anniversary of the incorporation of the town he wrote on "Telling what happened to Deerfield, February 29, 1704" — a clear, condensed statement of the tragedy. He was an easy and graphic writer, and his letters were rich mines of humor.

For many years Mr. Sheldon was Trustee of the Deerfield Academy, only resigning when increasing deafness made it a necessity.

Mr. Sheldon died May 14, 1929, eighty-one years young. Certainly such a life strengthens our faith in the integrity, the eternal loyalty, and the absolute genuineness of human nature, and as such, the life of John Sheldon is an inspiration to us all.

ELLEN MILLER

By Margaret C. Whiting

A year ago today there was read at the afternoon meeting of this Association a paper by Ellen Miller, written about her mother's recollections of Mary Lyon. It was the last bit of work she did, accomplished under great physical difficulties, an example of her unflinching fortitude and her strong interest in

this society. It gave her pleasure to realize she had something to contribute to the Association's records of the past, to commemorate a teacher and a pupil deserving of such remembrance. Now, since last June, she also has become but a memory to those whom she held in esteem. Very different from both that pupil and that teacher, she yet was very like them, for she had the same ideals of righteousness and generosity and loyalty that were the conspicuous foundation of her mother's character and of that of the preceptress of Mt. Holyoke college. Though her father, Sylvanus Miller, 2nd, was born and reared in New York City coming from an old Easthampton, Long Island family, his inheritance from the English stock was the same as that of her mother, Mary Esther Graves, whose people were among the first settlers of our neighbor, Hatfield. It was a good inheritance from clean living, straight thinking, honest dealing folk, who never bartered honor for a mess of pottage. There was a Revolutionary soldier, and an Indian fighter, Ben Wait, whose fame belongs to Deerfield's story, on one side, and, matching this on the other, a great-grandfather who was voted the title of "Patriot" by the New York Assembly for his services to the cause of Independence.

It was from her mother than Ellen Miller drew her distinguishing love of art, from her father came her wit and love of the apt word; from both she derived her liberality of thought in religion and politics. Bred to think for herself she was as free from dogmatism as she was from crude radicalism in her criticism of life, for she was a keen and courageous critic of all things. But it is as an artist she must be considered, for that predominating love of form and color and that persistent search for beauty which make the artist's dower, were her marked characteristics. From her babyhood the need of creating beauty possessed her, to that purpose all her effort was directed to the end of her life.

Ellen was the third child in her family, being born in 1854 in New Haven, Conn., where her father was building the new railroad that connected that city with New York. Later she lived in Alexandria, Va., in Flushing, L. I., and in Hatfield, finally coming with her parents and younger sister to Deerfield where she has spent the happier half of her life. There were the usual schooldays, a year in the Westfield Normal school for special study, winters in New York at the Academy of Design and the Art Students' League or in private studios, for visible education, though probably her home culture was of most benefit.

Always hampered by delicate health due to a serious accident in early childhood, Ellen's persistent energy and industry accomplished much. She taught French in a boarding school

in Pennsylvania, she worked in teaching educational art for five or six consecutive years in Boston and she was art supervisor in the public schools of the two Warrens in this state for a couple of years. As an alleviation to whatever of drudgery belonged to these tasks, Ellen in her holidays, turned to the Vermont hills with certainty of their help, for the loveliness of nature did much to minister to her spirit. She had also the pleasures of a long summer in the heart of the Adirondacks, a winter in California, and a happy half year in England. All these were the valued opportunities for furthering her study of art, which was ever the preoccupation of her thought. To its service she gave all the leisure and strength unused by the tasks she performed. In this way she produced, with a friend, half the 300 drawings and descriptive text for a book called "The Wildflowers of the Northeastern States," she painted pictures, exhibited and sold them, and during the last part of her life, became proficient in the chemistry of dyeing with natural dye-stuffs. This interest was induced by the craft she helped form and carried on for nearly twenty-five years, which became well known as The Deerfield Society of Blue and White Needlework. To properly fulfill the purpose of this craft, which was a revival of the almost forgotten tradition of colonial embroidery, it was necessary to produce many colored threads and fabrics, and the success of the undertaking was largely due to the beautiful and permanent dyes Ellen Miller learned to produce. No one without the rare capacity for scientific study and the still rarer sense of true color could have become, as she did, the chief expert in this country in the use of dyestuffs derived from natural, rather than chemical sources. Always professional in what she undertook, dyeing was but a part of the labor she performed in carrying on the craft, in making countless designs, overseeing their production and taking her full share in the business management it entailed.

Amidst these occupations Ellen found refreshment in the lovely landscape of the Deerfield valley, as long as she was able to reach its wide meadows and wooded slopes. In the village life, too, she found much to enjoy. For her friends and neighbors she had an abiding interest and loyal regard. To every good cause she gave a generous support, for it was not only the beauty of the eye she sought. Her ideals of harmony embraced life in all its aspects and if, in consequence, she cordially hated and repudiated cruelty and greed, she also was quick to recognize and love goodness in all places. Asking no personal return she gave largely and freely to all that measured to her scrupulous standards. Thorough in everything, whether weeding a flower bed, arranging a bouquet, or sweeping the hearth, Ellen gave her concentrated attention to the matter in hand, and so, urging her

physical strength to its limit, she was often obliged to forego pleasures, to often withdraw entirely from social enjoyments. This continual strife between her body and her dauntless spirit made her difficult for easy acquaintance, and being sensitive to every approach, as artists always are, she dwelt much alone. No one but a fellow artist could appreciate this natural reticence, and her life is most fittingly summed in the words written by her lifelong friend, the portrait painter, Edwin B. Child, when he said in a private letter at the time of her death:

"Ellen's life has held much meaning for me and it is a beautiful friendship ended. I cared very much for her, her wonderful mind with its rich wisdom, and quaint and fascinating humor, the beauty of her talent and her indomitable spirit. While I never felt exactly intimate with her it was because she lived much by herself in her own world, a bit remote. But she showed it to us,—glimpses,—and it was a world of rare spiritual beauty and I think she had great joy in it. She surely gave much."

THE SYCAMORE, ELMS AND MAPLES OF OLD DEERFIELD

By J. M. Arms Sheldon

Deerfield was blest! Three hundred, it may be four hundred years ago, Deerfield, then Pocumtuck, was blest with a rich and wondrous soil, with plenty of sunshine, and plenty of rain. What more could a tree desire! Little seeds, one, it may be, of a sycamore, or as we love to call it, a Pocumtuck Buttonball, and other seeds of the elm sprouted in this fertile earth, and climbed upward from a world of darkness into a world of light. The baby trees were supremely well nourished, therefore they grew—quietly, persistently.

Red Men and White Men came; they fought one another and passed away. Then White Men came and stayed, still the trees grew—silently, persistently. Nobody wanted to chop them down, they just reveled in what is called today "a favorable environment."

Generations of men were born and generations died, until, at last, the trees were big and strong. Fifty-seven years ago, in 1873, George Sheldon, a lover of trees, measured five of these

elms. They were then known as the "Aunt Hannah Williams elm," later the "Champney elm," the "Dr. Willard elm," close companion of the Manse, the "George Sheldon elm," just in front of the old Sheldon house, the "David Hoyt elm," in front of the Virgil M. Howard (J. Hochrine) place, and the "Old Indian House Tree," facing the "Old Indian House." These trees were measured 1 ft., 4 ft., 7 ft. from the ground, and the results recorded as follows:—

1. Aunt Hannah Williams, 26 — 19 — $20\frac{1}{4}$.
2. Dr. Willard, 27 — $18\frac{1}{2}$ — 19.
3. George Sheldon, $22\frac{1}{2}$ — $15\frac{1}{2}$ — $13\frac{1}{2}$.
4. David Hoyt (north one), $20\frac{1}{4}$ — $14\frac{1}{4}$ — $13\frac{1}{2}$.
5. Old Indian House, 21 — $15\frac{1}{2}$ — $16\frac{1}{2}$."

In 1890 Mr. Sheldon measured three of these trees again with this result:—

- "3. 23 — 16 — 15.3.
4. $22\frac{1}{2}$ — 15.8 — 15.2.
5. 21.5 — 17.2 — 18."

These elms lived in an age of ignorance concerning trees. Modern methods of tree surgery were unknown. It was a time when the majority of people held fast to the belief that trees and men had their appointed time to die. Accordingly when disease appeared the tree was allowed to drop its branches one by one, and finally expire. Today all these five elms are dead, the "Giant Champney elm," in passing, leaving twenty-eight cords of wood.

This year, 1890, Mr. Sheldon measured also many trees on the "Street," including maples with elms. In accordance with his usual painstaking method the results were recorded. I give his statement in full although several of the trees have disappeared.

"All the trees noted below were measured by me in October 1890, five feet from the ground.

Elms. Elms in front of Charles Jones [F. Reitzell] lot set out by Ralph Williams and George Dickinson, Jr., 1841, north to south, 4.5 — 6.4 — 6.4 — 4.8.

Elms in front of A. W. Ball, set out 1848, n. to s., 5.3 — 7.8 — 5.8.

Elms in front of the Nims lot, n. to s., 10 — 10.5 — 8.6 — 8.7.

Elms in front of Frary House, n. to s., 10.6 — 10.8
[dead] — 8.6.

Elms in front of Chapin [Academy] house, 8 — 9½.

Elms in front of David Sheldon's [Mrs. M. A. V. Childs] lot, n. to s., 8.8 — 6.10 — 12.4. Age unknown.

Elm in front of Unitarian parsonage set out by E. Amidon, 1862, 4.9.

Elms in Memorial Hall grounds, set out 1802 or 4.

Southeast 9.9. Middleeast 10. Northeast 7.9.

Northwest 13.6. Middlewest 9. Southwest 9.2.

Maples. At north end.

Two north of E. Amidon's house, set out by him in 1869 when he moved the Stebbins barn to his lot. West one 3.11, east 3.10½.

Maple he set at the same time near guide board in heater piece, in place of one cut down in moving the barn, 3.5.

Maples in front of E. Amidon's house set 1809, going south 7.10 — 7.11.

Maples against my lot, east one 8.2, west 8.11.

Maples in front of Samuel Wells [Academy] lot, n. to s., 7.4 — 7.6½ — 9.7 — 10.2½.

Maples in front of Wilson [Whitman] lot, 1802, n. to s., 8.8 — 8.6 — 9.3 — 8, first about on north line or over.

Maples in front of Fogg [W. J. Manning] lot, 1809, n. to s., 8.10 — 9 — 7.4½ — 9.5½ — 9.11.

Maples in front of the Smead [Mrs. Lewis] lot, 1809, n. to s., 6.4 — 6.5 — 8.6.

Maples in front of Willard House, set by Dr. Willard and others, 1809, n. to s., 7.4 — 7.6½ — 7.4 — 6.10½.

Maples in front of Dennis Stebbins [E. and L. Abercrombie] lot, 1825, n. to s., 6.10 — 6.2 — 5.1 — 5.6.

Around the corner at the north end of the "Street," beginning at the east end,

Maples. 5.8 — 6 — 4.3 — 6.3 — 6.4 — 5.3 — 5.4½ — 5.9 — 6.1 — 5.4 — 5.8 — 4.10.

Round the corner going south, 6.3 — 4.4 — 6.5. The last one near E. Cowles north line set out 1840 by E. W. Stebbins."

In 1901 a large limb on the huge elm in front of the Billings homestead fell to the ground in the night time rousing the people from their slumbers. The next year, 1902, the tree was cut

down revealing an absolutely sound trunk. Dr. George E. Stone of Amherst, an authority on tree culture, counted the rings, and found 327. If one ring was made every year then this elm was born in 1575.

The work of Mr. Sheldon in 1873 and 1890 suggested the work of 1929 which has resulted in the "Map of the Shade Trees of Old Deerfield", hanging on the wall; in this "Tree Census"; and this rare and beautiful booklet — a complete surprise. This difficult task has been accomplished under the direction of A. W. Dodge, Jr., of the F. A. Bartlett Tree Expert Company of Connecticut, with the help of Dr. E. Porter Felt, one of the leading scientific men in tree diseases in the country, and at present Director and Chief Entomologist of the Bartlett Tree Research Laboratories. These scientists, and the two efficient assistants, Alexander R. Chamberlain and Herbert I. Harris, are deserving most hearty praise.

The map covers not only Old Deerfield "Street", but also "Memorial Lane" and the "Old Albany Road." It gives the approximate location of 575 trees. The historic houses are distinguished from the others by a double black line, and the ancient trees by a larger, circular black spot. The ages of the houses, and certain outstanding facts in regard to their history are told so far as known. A photo-stat print was taken of the map, divided into sections, and placed in the Tree Census so that one may sit at his desk and study with comfort the various tree problems. The numbers in the Tree Census correspond, of course, with those of the map. The girth or circumference of the trees, breast high, is given, and, in many cases, their present condition, whether healthy or diseased.

In addition to this work we are fortunate in having the detailed record of Dr. Felt containing the measurements of many trees taken 1 ft., 4 ft. and 7 ft. from the ground. In the hands of a specialist a comparative study of this record with that of Mr. Sheldon, made nearly forty years ago, will throw light on the laws governing the growth and development of Massachusetts trees.

Dr. Felt's record.

"The following all relate to Old Deerfield trees.

The Hitchcock elm. This appears in the Hall of Fame of the American Forestry Association and in Simonds, *Historic Trees of Massachusetts*.

The over all measurement at 7' from the ground is 20'1"; at 4' above the ground, 20'3"; the bark measurement, 24'8". The over all measurement 1' above the ground is 29'8". The tree was cabled in 1920. There are many decayed areas which should be repaired. A tree of such inestimable value as this should be taken over as a town charge and kept in repair.

The large sycamore on the Common has the following over all dimensions.

At 7' — 18'7"

At 4' — 18'2"

At 1' — 22'8"

The over all dimensions of the small sycamore on the Common are as follows.

At 7' — 11'5"

At 4' — 12'1½"

At 1' — 16'5"

The sugar maple at the south end of the street, the one in the triangle, has the following over all dimensions.

At 7' — 11'4"

At 4' — 11'1"

At 1' — 15'11"

The Memorial Hall elms have the following over all dimensions.

Northeast tree. At 7' — 11'3"

At 4' — 11'3½"

At 1' — 14'7"

Southeast tree. At 7' — 10'10"

At 4' — 11'4"

At 1' — 14'3"

Southwest tree. At 7' — 9'10"

At 4' — 10'1½"

At 1' — 11'3½"

Northwest tree. At 7' — 10'7¼"

At 4' — 11'1"

At 1' — 14'9½"

The large maple at Memorial Hall has the following over all dimensions.

At 7' — 10'2½"

At 4' — 10'4"

At 1' — 14'9"

The trees in front of the Manse or Willard House have the following over all dimensions beginning with the southernmost tree and proceeding north.

Southernmost tree. At 4' — 8'10"

At 1' — 11'6"

The next tree north At 4' — 8'7"

At 1' — 10'7"

The next tree north At 4' — 8'10½"

At 1' — 9'10"

The northernmost tree At 4' — 8'9"

At 1' — 10'4"

Mrs. George Sheldon's elm, located in the yard beside the house. The over all dimensions are as follows.

At 7' — 13'9"

At 4' — 14'6½"

At 1' — 21'4"

The bark measurements are as follows.

At 4' — 16'4"

At 1' — 28'2"

The height of this tree is 112 feet. The spread is 95 feet. This is certainly a magnificent tree and one may well take pride in its possession.

The maple in front of Mrs. George Sheldon's and east of the walk has over all dimensions as follows.

At 7' — 10'2"

At 4' — 10'7"

At 1' — 13'4"

The elm to the east of the walk and in front of Mrs. Sheldon's has the following over all dimensions.

At 7' — 10'11"

At 4' — 11'7"

At 1' — 19'3"

The Dennis Stebbins elm. The over all dimensions are as follows.

At 7' — 17'4"

At 4' — 17'10"

At 1' — 23'5"

The bark measurements at 4' are 18'10".

The soil should be dug away on the northeast and eastern side of the tree to ascertain if there is a root infection, and if this proves to be the case, the roots should be treated and in any event, the old soil should be replaced with fresh earth.

The Wright elm, the last tree on the east side of the street and at the north end of the village. The following are the over all dimensions.

At 7' — 17'3½"

At 4' — 17'5½"

At 1' — 24'9"

This tree has a spread of 130 feet 8 inches. This has the largest spread which Mr. Dodge has ever measured. This tree is noticed in Simonds, *Historic Trees of Massachusetts*.

The maple at the north end of the village street and located nearly in the middle of the street, were it continued. The over all dimensions are as follows.

At 7' — 10'6"

At 4' — 10'7"

At 1' — 12'5"

The elm in front of the Unitarian Parsonage and recorded as having been planted in 1862. The following are the over all measurements.

At 7' — 8'2 $\frac{1}{2}$ "

At 4' — 8'4"

At 1' — 11'6 $\frac{1}{2}$ "

The elms in front of the Frary House. The following are the over all measurements.

The north elm. At 7' — 12'1"

At 4' — 12'10"

At 1' — 15'10"

The south elm. At 7' — 9'4"

At 4' — 9'6"

At 1' — 12'

There is evidence of fungous infection at the roots. There were originally three trees. The middle one was removed some years ago and a small one is now growing.

The maples in front of the Whitman House. The following are the over all dimensions, beginning with the southernmost and working northward.

Southernmost maple. At 7' — 8'11"

At 4' — 8'11 $\frac{1}{2}$ "

At 1' — 10'6"

The next maple north. At 7' — 10'1"

At 4' — 10'

At 1' — 11'11"

The next maple north. At 7' — 9'3"

At 4' — 9'4"

At 1' — 11'5"

Northernmost maple At 7' — 10'9"

At 4' — 10'5"

At 1' — 13'8"

Deerfield is certainly most fortunate in the possession of such magnificent trees with at least three of great historic interest. I most firmly believe in the preservation of these priceless treasures and it gives me great pleasure to know what is being done and what is contemplated for the future. I believe that records such as Mr. Sheldon made and those which we made Saturday last should be continued not only in Deerfield but in other communities, if for no other reason than to show the growth and development of the trees and the possibilities in protecting these natural ornaments. I wish that every village would undertake a tree census so that all might know a little as to the actual condition of the trees in the community. This should be followed by records of the subsequent treatment of trees, their removal, etc. in order that there may be at hand a reasonably comprehensive history of each tree. These records

would increase greatly in value as time passes. Deerfield has certainly made a most gratifying start in this direction.

BARTLETT TREE RESEARCH LABORATORIES,
E. P. FELT."

Mr. Dodge, in his "Forward" in the "Tree Census," says,—
"Should the town, at any time in the near future, give these trees a systematic care as their value to the town warrants, this book [the "Tree Census"] may be used for preparing estimates and planning work. We sincerely trust that it will be kept up to date, and that further data may be entered from year to year so that at any time in the future accurate information may be obtained concerning the planting, growth or removal of any tree of Old Deerfield."

In conclusion. It is interesting to note that our oldest trees by the "Tree Census" are the Hitchcock elm with a girth, breast high, of 20 ft. 1 in.; the Pocumtuck Buttonball, 18 ft. girth; the Dennis Stebbins or Abercrombie elm, 18 ft. girth; the Asa Stebbins or Wright street elm, 17 ft. 5 in. girth with a spread of 130 ft. 8 in.; the Catlin or Cyrus Brown elm, 17 ft. 4 in. girth with a spread of 125 ft.; the Luke Wright or Lamb elm with a girth of 16 ft. 6 in., and a spread of about 100 ft.

One of the tallest trees in all this region is on the Colonel Joseph Stebbins homestead. It is only 125 years old but, according to Dr. Felt, it has a girth, 4 ft. from the ground, of 14 ft. 6½ in., a spread of 95 ft. and rises to the height of 112 ft.

Fortunately, we have come to a time when many people hold fast to the truth that trees and men do not have their appointed time to die. These people know that increase of knowledge and skilful treatment may prolong the lives of both trees and men many years. What we need most today is to be roused to action,—to be filled with that vital enthusiasm which passes not away but lives on till the goal is reached. It is devoutly to be wished that this map, census, exquisite booklet and detailed report may create and stimulate greater interest in our grand, inspiring trees, which will, in turn, result in their future preservation. If this object is accomplished then the mission of these gifts to the Pocumtuck Valley Memorial Association will be fulfilled.

ANNUAL MEETING—1931

REPORT

The last Tuesday of February — anniversary of the Massacre in 1704 — fell on the 24th, and the Memorial Association met in Old Deerfield and held its 61st annual meeting, reelecting its *officers* and adding to the council Frances N. S. Allen, John M. Hackley and Elizabeth H. Wells, to fill vacancies caused by the deaths of Mrs. Sarah A. Pratt, Mary P. Wells Smith and Arthur H. Tucker.

Mrs. Sheldon presided, and her report as curator announced some notable additions to the Sheldon Collection and that over 10,000 persons had visited it during the past year. That report, tributes to the three members of the council who have passed on, and four historical papers are printed on the following pages.

The evening session, preceded by the sumptuous old-fashioned supper, was held in the Town Hall, better to accommodate the large audience that gathered to hear the papers and the delightful singing of the Deerfield Academy glee club. The programs of the two gatherings are discussed in the daily papers of the vicinity, but the other and even more significant part of the affair, the audience of the evening, is worth a very special mention of its own.

For you could go long and far before you could find a gathering more distinctively American in the very best sense of the word, than that of Tuesday evening. It was America at its very best, America as we like best to think of it, America as George Washington would have liked to see it. On the stage and down among the benches sat direct descendants, indeed, of many of those who lived before Washington, as well as of those who were his contemporaries and who fought with him in the Revolution.

And among those on the benches were, as well, rising men with their families, whose naturalization papers are yet hardly dry, as well as those of foreign strain who through several generations have proved themselves a fine type of American. There were also foreigners of distinguished birth, who, after traveling the round world over and seeing life under its varied and romantic, as well as its practical aspects, have yet chosen

America—and Deerfield—for the reason that they get more that is worth having out of life on this side of the water and in this old town, than anywhere else. Such were the audience in the benches.

But behind the benches, perched on the piled up supper tables, sat an even more significant group of listeners, who were as well entertainers. They were the Deerfield Academy glee club, whose delightful singing interspersed between the papers, added the final distinction to the evening. For the papers read, all had to do with the past; two of them revivals of the life long vanished, brilliant characterizations of types that are no more; but the songs were the songs of the future, sung by the youth that is to make that future.

Such a gathering as that in Deerfield is a lesson in the finest patriotism. Well would it be for the country if all communities treasured so consistently their history and made it so living a part of the promise of their future.

The foregoing paragraphs are quoted from an article by Mrs. Frances N. S. Allen published in the Holyoke Daily Transcript and Telegram.

REPORT OF CURATOR

The dream of a quarter-century has been realized in 1930. Ten thousand—to be exact, 10,250—persons have visited Memorial Hall this year. Could the founder of this Association have known that in the Tercentenary year of this Old Bay State, ten thousand people would enjoy the collection, which he, very largely, gathered together, he certainly would have been serenely happy, and have felt doubly repaid for his long years of arduous and loving research work.

For seventeen years the number 10,000 has been the goal of the curator, and the assistant, Miss Mellen, who today have that quieting sense of satisfaction which is always felt when a goal is reached.

The visitors have registered from 46 states (all except Kansas and Arkansas), from the territory of Alaska and 19 foreign countries. Among the latter are: Norway, India, China, Australia, South Africa and the Philippine Islands; 29 schools and 17 organizations have visited the hall. These have been noticed already in the columns of the *Gazette and Courier*.

The two most important events of the year are the restoration of the four Field portraits, given last year by Clifford K. Field of Guilford, Vt., and the gift of the collection of Eugene K. Arms of South Deerfield.

The oil portraits have been skilfully restored by Miss Elizabeth B. Fuller and are now hanging in the Colonial and Revolutionary room. On the north wall is the portrait of Thankful Taylor, daughter of Thomas Taylor of Deerfield. She was born in 1716, and she married for her second husband, David Field. On the south wall is the portrait of her son, Major Elihu Field, born in Deerfield in 1753, and her grandson, Captain Elihu Field, born 1781, with his wife, Pamela Burt, born 1783. These portraits are valuable contributions to our eighteenth century collection.

The other notable gift is the collection of Indian relics from Mr. Arms. It consists of several hundred specimens, mostly found in this region, and bears testimony to the value of the habit of collecting through many years. There are about 200 arrowheads and spearheads varying in size and material. Though most are made of chert, or flint as it is usually called, there are tiny arrowheads that appear to be fashioned out of translucent quartz crystals; these are certainly objects of beauty. Besides the local collection there are 28 rare arrowheads from Lakeland, Fla., preserved by framing under glass.

In this collection there are celts, stone axes, gouges and pestles. One of these pestles was found by Charles H. Dean on the George E. Arms farm near Sugar Loaf Mountain. It was about five feet below the top of the bank. There are two iron axes, one of which looks as if it had lain in water a long time. Among the relics is a box containing over a hundred flint flakes and broken arrowheads from one Indian camp. Another box is full of fragments of soapstone pottery.

Handwrought nails, pieces of wood and fragments of rock were brought home from Fort Chambly in Canada, a Fort familiar to the Deerfield captives.

This gift also includes a flint-lock gun which did service in the French and Indian wars, and a large chest that belonged to Elijah Arms, born 1724.

The curator has spent much time on this collection which is now exhibited in the Indian room.

Other contributions this year have been nearly 100 Civil war relics from George E. Arms of Lakeland, Fla.; 40 books and pamphlets, 169 manuscripts and 25 miscellaneous articles.

Recently a gift has been received from F. H. Englehard of Springfield of peculiar interest. It appears to be a carved stone pipe of large proportions. It was found among the Indian relics of Wellington M. Stebbins of South Deerfield, and was thought to have been dug up near Sugar Loaf Mountain. If this supposition is correct then the relic is different from anything found heretofore in this locality. More information is needed on the subject.

The Commonwealth of Massachusetts has given us "Pathways of the Puritans" and "Historical Markers of the Massachusetts Bay Colony," both significant reminders of the Tercentenary. "Pathways of the Puritans" is an admirable work for reading and reference. It is beautifully illustrated by many of the seventeenth century houses of the state. We are indeed fortunate in its possession.

Respectfully submitted,

J. M. ARMS SHELDON.

Deerfield, Feb. 24, 1931.

NECROLOGY

MARY P. WELLS SMITH

By Rev. Margaret B. Barnard

Mary P. Wells Smith's father, Doctor Noah S. Wells, was one of the Wells family of Greenfield and Shelburne; and her mother, Esther Nims Coleman, was the sister of the Elijah Coleman who endowed the Prospect Hill School. However, in spite of this background her father moved to Attica, New York, shortly after his marriage, and it was there that Mary Prudence was born July 23, 1840. Fortunately for Mary and her future the family did not remain many years in Attica, and in her ninth year, Doctor and Mrs. Wells returned to Greenfield, settling in what is now known as Greenfield Meadows. Her education was an excellent one for her time, and after graduating from the Greenfield High School in 1858, she attended Miss Draper's Seminary in Hartford. It is well for us all to recall that in 1858 no college for women existed, except Oberlin, and that for many years it was not considered quite the proper thing for girls to go to college.

On her return home from Hartford, she taught for a time in the Greenfield High School, and one of her pupils has spoken of her fine presence and very attractive personality as she initiated her class into the mysteries of drawing. For a year she taught in a private school in Wilmington, Delaware, but her health gave out, and, on returning to Greenfield, she accepted a position as assistant in the Franklin Savings Institution. She was the first woman to be thus employed in Massachusetts, and for eight years she held the position to the great satisfaction of all concerned. Then, seeing that she was receiving much less pay than the men who were doing the same tasks, she made her demand for "equal pay for equal work". This

petition was not granted, although her salary was raised, and she resigned.

During the years of teaching and of service in the bank, she was also feeling her way into authorship. She wrote a number of articles under the pen name of P. Thorne, but the first to be published was entitled "The Trials of a Tall Young Lady", and appeared in the *Springfield Republican*. Other articles followed in various journals, and in 1874 a serial story for children appeared in the *Christian Union*. This was soon published in book form as *Jolly Good Times*, and was the first of a series about child life on a farm, which speedily became so popular. That popularity has never waned, and fifty-three years after the first edition was published, when the author was eighty-seven years old, her publishers brought out a new edition finely illustrated.

In 1875 she married Judge Fayette Smith, son of the Reverend Preserved Smith who lived in Deerfield from 1850 to 1862. Mrs. Smith and her husband remained in Cincinnati, Ohio, for twenty-one years during which time she was very active in the Katharine T. Thayer Alliance (Unitarian), the Post Office Mission, and the Cincinnati Woman's Club.

When Judge Smith retired from the bench in 1895, it seemed best to return to the East, and as Mrs. John F. Moors, a sister of the Judge, had just died, he bought her home, and he and his wife moved into the large old-fashioned house on High Street in Greenfield. Judge Smith died in 1903, and from that time Mrs. Smith devoted herself to writing and to public affairs.

Before her marriage she had been for a short time a member of the Greenfield School Committee, being the first woman to be elected to the School Board in that town. Now for six years, from 1907 to 1912, she served continuously in that capacity, paving the way for the work of the many other able women who succeeded her.

Her active work in the Unitarian Church began before the death of her husband. She served for many years as president of the Woman's Alliance of All Souls' Church, was president of the Connecticut Valley Associate Alliance, and was appointed director of the General Alliance for western Massachusetts. Through her influence, the Woman's Club, the Garden Club, the Drama Club, and the Poetry Club were organized. She was also an active member of the local Suffrage League.

While still organizing these clubs, Mrs. Smith began an agitation for a historical society. Her great interest in Deerfield and the Pocumtuck Valley Memorial Association made her feel that a similar organization should exist in her own town. Very few saw this need, and for many years, little or no interest was manifested in it. Finally in 1907 the society was organized

with Judge Aiken as its president. She, however, was its leader and inspirer, and after the first year, its president until her death.

During all these years of almost ceaseless activity, with many interruptions from callers, and those who came to see the author of the books they loved, she was writing the series of historical sketches centering around Hadley and Old Deerfield. All of these books were most carefully written, with painstaking accuracy in every detail. She spent weeks searching the records of towns up and down the Connecticut Valley. She read everything which had the least bearing on the historical aspect of the story she was telling. She made a careful study of Indian life and character. When possible, she visited the localities she wished to describe so that the story might be accurate in what we call local color. When she was writing *The Boys of the Border*, she went to Charlemont and asked an innkeeper to drive her up the old Cold River road, now part of the Mohawk Trail, but then an abandoned road. The man took an open wagon, and into it he put a gun, a rope, and an axe. Mrs. Smith, somewhat puzzled and alarmed, asked the meaning of these warlike preparations, and the driver informed her that the axe would be useful if they ran across a fallen tree, the gun if they met a bear, and the rope if the wagon broke down!

She had many trials, many great sorrows, and there were very keen disappointments. Yet through them all, she kept her faith in God and humanity, and her optimism was a deep well from which she drew draughts of living water. One night as she and the writer sat together by the fireplace in her pleasant livingroom, she said, "I have had a beautiful life. I have found so much joy in it, so many friends, so many lovely things. There have been sorrows,—those come into every life, but I have seen so much and have been privileged to help a little by my books and my work." This was said when she was seventy-nine years old, and when the shadow of blindness was already upon her.

Eleven years later, in the early morning of December 17, 1930, her fine spirit went forth as a pioneer to seek the great adventure of life. There we can only think of her as rejoicing in a happy reunion with the loved ones, her active spirit finding new and larger avenues of service.

SPINSTERS OF YESTERDAY

By Margaret Miller

There is nothing like a comparison with the past to show us just where we stand to-day, and whether we are progressing intellectually as well as materially. I have been interested in the spinsters of yesterday, their social position and their attitude toward life. They deserve a little more attention than they have received from the historian, and I propose to devote a half-hour or so to these neglected ladies.

Education for females in New England after the Revolution was confined to the simplest matters. The dame schools, which were only in session during the pleasanter parts of the year "when the walking was good," included reading, writing, a little — a very little — arithmetic and geography, possibly a course of painting in water color, and needlework. Perhaps the samplers which resulted were the most important part of the curriculum. But this was sufficient for the woman who was called to be the head of a family and feed, clothe, and bring up a dozen children more or less. Those women who were not so fortunate as to get married, those "unappropriated blessings" the old maids, did not fare so well. In my researches into the history of my native town of Hatfield I have come across a number of these ladies, and I am going to tell you about some of them and how they occupied themselves.

On the main street of the village, 150 years ago, there was a shabby old red house abreast of the meeting-house, which stood in the middle of the road. Here lived alone, after her mother's death, Aunt Beck Dickinson, a gownmaker by trade and an "od old being" by her own description. For years she kept a diary, which seems to have been not only her recreation but her clearing house in which she sought relief from all her troubles. Her spelling was poor, punctuation there was none, and her capitals were scattered freely with no regard to rhyme or reason. But this was due to her lack of training. Her ideas were forcibly expressed, and had she lived a hundred years later she might have been an essayist or a college president. Unfortunately for us, she saw fit to destroy much of her earlier work — which would have told us of Revolutionary days — because, as she says, it was "Wrote and Spelt so Poorly that it works me to See them." All that remains in one volume of foolscap bound in the blue paper in which sugar loaves were wrapt, and dating from 1787, when she was forty-nine, to 1795.

At first glance it would seem to be a collection of sermons on sermons — abstracts of Dr. Lyman's homilies written on Sunday

afternoons; but amongst these pious meditations we find many bits of gossip, and become conscious of a constant struggle of the Puritan heart between a love of the things of this world — her carnal nature, she would call it — and the higher spiritual plane to which she aspired. Here is an entry in illustration:

“this is Sunday august 5 day 1787 this morning here alone in the old house there is the wisdom of god and the Power of god and the goodness of god to be Seen in all this life what Should j doe was it not for this old hous it is a Safe Retreat from troble there is a great many family blessings which j know nothing of but the gifts of time alwais bring Sorrow along with them a numerous family and a great Estate bring a great Concern upon the minds of the owners more than a Ballance for all the Comfort that tha bring.”

Later she adds:

“this morning awaked lonesome but with this thought that it was all the relation that j had the Soul and the body are closely joined and are the neerest relitives of any too in this life there is no other that will abide let my Soul know god who has joined this Soul and body in so neer a relation to each other how the Person lives who lives alone no Company in the dark and Silient Shades when all is thick darness around no one to Speak to how it fel to my Share to be here alone god only knows there is no Person in the world who loves Company more than me but it is gods will or im quite undon.”

Her visits to Sister Billings, whose husband kept the tavern a little farther down the street, seemed to reduce her spirits to the lowest depths.

“j came home from Sister bilings jest before the Sun went down Came into this lonely habitation where there is no voice nor nothing but one od being which Cannot find no rest for the Soul of her foot it is well that thos dark hours dont Come every day three Evenings in twelve weeks j have had those lonesome death like thoughts.”

Another entry says:

“yesterday was at Sister bilings . . . Came to this hous about half after Seven and found it dark and lonesome here j walked the rome and Cryed my Self Sick and found my heart very Stubborn against the government of god.”

And again:

“this morning was more lonesome than a Cat how wee are made for Society the minds of men are to commune with each other tha are to talk and walk together but mine has

fell by myself for some jniquity which has been found in me."

But a little later, the pendulum swinging the other way, she assures herself that "the hous is a gift a most Safe and happy retreat from the noise of the town."

The secret of her great discontent, her real unhappiness, was the disgrace of being called an old maid.

"j looked round me this afternoon to see those who was looking on me as a guilty being one who had not forgave my Enimies god knows how far j have Sinned in wishing Evil to there Souls this have j said that the Prosperity of my greatest Enimy Could doe me no harm but god only knows my heart and has Seen the Secret enmity that is loged there how tha have hised and waged the heads at me by reason of my Solotary life wondering how j Could Spend my time here alone in this hous it is indeed a mistry to me but the only Place to make me humble."

And all this misery in face of the fact, which she refers to more than once, that she had had "chances" — two at least being spoken of.

"my lot is of my own Chusing and of my own Contriving and how Could j help the matter it is ordered of god as well as Contrived by myself."

She cannot understand how anyone can be an old maid and bear up under the affliction. She remarks,

"this week back brought good Company into this town Mr. b--l-- with his wife with rachel l--there Sister an old maid who is forty seven years old but does not know how old she is."

The winter of '87-'88 was a hard one for Aunt Beck. It was extremely cold, she was ill so much that she could not follow her trade of gownmaking, and the old house "leaked like a sieve." Many times she complains that "every way has been Contrived by me which my imagination Could think on to Set myself in another Place." "in a Pusseling fit broke my Spectacles a great loss to me for tha Suted me So well that a guinny Should not have bought them out of my hand." So all winter long she worried and schemed and in the spring began to formulate her plans.

"23 of March 1788 Mr. Lyman has gave us two good Sermons Enough to have quieted my Crasi mind who have Spent this day Contriving Some way to dispose of my Self but have secretly sworn not to live here in this hous alone but where to goe and what to doe with my Self j know not — not to know where one is a going to be is Sad indeed every hour that j am awake am Packing up my things."

Then Sister Mather who lived far, far away in Bennington, Vermont, invited her to come and make her home with her. Can we imagine the upheaval of poor Aunt Beck's mind as she contemplated this alarming possibility!

"mr Lyman has given us too good Sermons in the forenoon j lost all the good words by Packing up my things So wicked j bee lost all the forenoon exercises by the tumult of my mind how Composed j be to whatsoever Comes."

But brother-in-law Mather being ill, the trip to Bennington was postponed, and that was such a relief that it almost made her contented with her lot. However, in August her poor old house came very near being the death of her. She writes,

"this is the 24 of August 1788 the last week a tusday the 19 instant there was a great Storm of wind it began South very hard blew for too hours which time j sat in this hous alone thought with my Self that j Could not have no idea of it unless j looked out of doors j was Surprised to See the Steepel of the meeting hous which Shook with the wind which was now a herricane by the Change from South to South west j dare not go back into the old hous and gave one look more at the Steepel and saw the rouff of this old hous begin to arise and before j Could think was buried under the ruins of the rouff which was Scattered abroad Six rod Some loged on a barn which was hard by my breath was gone but after was raised to life Crept out from under the rubish and Crept to the back door and gained my feet Came into this empty hous but dare not Stop a moment lest j Should die here alone j thought that j was very Soon to taste of death my neibour dolly morton See me Creep into the hous and was here in a moment She Called my brother who was at home the doctor was Called and j was let blood which was of Servis to me it being So Soon in fifteen minits j believe and j was Caryed to my brothers north roome there to give thanks to god for the wonderful Preservasion of my life but j must drop my Pen j am so indisposed j was very sick for three days j could hardly turn me in the bed but was alive and that was more than j deserved."

After this remarkable recovery from the tempest *and* the bloodletting the subject of an expedition to Bennington was once more revived. On the 10th of September she and Sister Billings and her little nephew Joseph Billings set out on the momentous journey. Their means of locomotion is not stated, but it was undoubtedly by a horse and buggy. They went by way of Pittsfield, where they stopped for a day to visit old

acquaintances. At Bennington all her old fears beset her. She is sure that everyone is pointing the finger of scorn at her.

“how Sad the Sight to see a woman Singel above fifty and not merried Something is the matter She is Come for a husband having no luck in her own land but why doe those foolish thoughts Come dont happyness lie wholly in the mind?”

Yes, perhaps, but she spent days and nights in tears, her hope of heaven was “lost in grief” and she was called “an od being as ever lived” by her two sisters. So instead of remaining for a long visit with Sister Mather she returned to Hatfield with Sister Billings. After that she was invited to make her home with Sister B. and I am pleased to relate that some peace and comfort came to her in her declining years. Her nephews and nieces were all “Pleasant Plants,” and she loves to tell of the doings of a country tavern — the quiltings, the weddings, and the fall training. So this picture has a more serene ending, and yet it has a tragic aspect. I have given these quotations at some length in order that we may get an idea at first-hand of the then prevailing attitude toward spinsterhood. And it certainly was a narrow and unattractive sphere. There were so few things a single woman could do. She could keep a dame school so be she had had any education whatever, she could sew for a living, or she could be an unpaid drudge in a married brother’s or sister’s family, thankful that she could thereby earn her victuals and a place to sleep. In the old meeting-house there was a pew built up over the stairs in the gallery that was called the Old Maids Pew. When a girl had passed the marriageable age, eighteen or soon thereafter, without being garnered in, she was sent away from her father’s pew below stairs to sit in the Old Maids Pew. When that happened to Nabby H. she came home in a fine state of rage, crying that if she was a dog, she would take a dog’s place, and thereupon crawled under the dinner table, where she remained for some hours. She never could be persuaded to go to church again to the end of her days. After her parents died she lived alone in the old house, growing queerer and more ingrown — a perfectly wasted life. This incident also illustrates the change in our point of view.

But Aunt Beck and poor Nabby were of course morbid on the subject. There were others who accepted their limitations and made the most of their very narrow opportunities with no repinings.

Martha and Lucretia Gerry were the village tailoresses and most industriously they plied their trade. Up betimes, their house put in apple-pie order, by seven o’clock Patty and Chrishy, as they were always called, might be seen sitting each at her own kitchen window, stitch, stitch, stitching on the

garments that later were to appear in the meeting-house on the bodies of our most respected citizens. There were no sewing machines then and every seam had to be back-stitched with care. Often they worked by candlelight till late at night. But they worked and saved, and worked and saved, until by the time they were middle-aged they had built themselves an eight-room house, furnished it well, and filled the china closet with gold-banded china. They probably would have said that education wasn't necessary and getting married didn't matter if a woman only worked hard and minded her own business. And of course their economic independence gave them a social position they would not otherwise have occupied.

The only remark of Chrishy's that I ever heard quoted was apropos of a neighbor who had plowed a furrow off from her garden patch. "These men will bear watching," said she, and that seemed to sum up her opinion of mankind in general.

Another woman who surmounted her handicaps bravely was Aunt Mary Ann. Born with a defect in her vocal organs (I think she had no palate) her speech was muffled and obscure. But it never daunted her. She carried herself as if nothing was the matter and took her part in the social life of the village. The result was that everyone in the town could understand Aunt Mary Ann's queer talk, though strangers considered it quite unintelligible. She was tall and gaunt with large plain features and a great deal of dignity. As president of the ladies sewing society, a position she occupied for years, she showed great executive ability in caring for the poor and packing home-missionary barrels.

But it was as teacher of the men's Bible class that she shone. I have heard from the lips of more than one old man, of the liking and respect he had for Miss Mary Ann and how much he enjoyed her Bible class. This is only another illustration of the way in which a human being may rise superior to environment and physical inhibitions.

And there was Aunt Hannah, a chronic invalid during her long and painful existence, whose cheery bedroom was the social centre for the young people of the town. She was the prime mover in their literary societies and inspired them with a love for all the higher things of life.

Other aunts of more ordinary attainments might be mentioned in this list, but it is not necessary to go on. Every person in this audience who has reached the shady side of fifty can doubtless recall some such comfortable adjunct fitting into the daily life like a piece of furniture, oftentimes like a cushioned armchair, but occasionally, I regret to say, resembling a piece of furniture that was all angles, and sharp angles at that. But

the twentieth century has completed the work begun in the nineteenth.

With the advent of the nineteenth century our young Republic waked to the necessity of more Education as our new Life expanded in every direction. Here in Deerfield our Academy founded in 1797 included young females as well as boys in the lists. Girls from surrounding towns received the benefits of this new institution, girls from Hatfield being in the first enrollment. In 1820 my grandmother, with others, attended Hopkins Academy in Hadley, walking every day two miles across the meadows, crossing the Connecticut river in an old rowboat, and returning at night in the same manner. So when her daughters were growing up she decided to send them to the South Hadley Seminary just started by Mary Lyon of Buckland. To fit them for this higher education she had the girls study Latin with the minister. And that must have been a great innovation, for what use could a woman possibly have for Latin! But the Time Spirit was pushing folks along, even against their wills, certainly against their prejudices, and soon Education for women became the fashion instead of the exception.

Now to return briefly to Revolutionary times. In the middle of the eighteenth century there was living in Hatfield a family by the uncommon name of Smith. As far as the records show there was nothing to distinguish them from any others of the name. The father was a hard-working farmer just like all the other farmers, toiling early and late to subdue the soil and provide a living for his six sons. While working in the hayfield on a very hot day in 1767 a stroke of apoplexy carried off this father, who was only 52 years old, leaving his wife with very little money and six boys, the oldest of whom was only 15 and the youngest, Oliver, a child of 18 months. What the next decade or two meant in the way of privation to the widow, no one will ever know. But we do know that Oliver, the baby of the family, when he came to man's estate always had a great sympathy for poor widows, many a one being grateful for his helping hand, and when he died he left a fund for their special benefit.

Like other women of whom I have heard, this poor widow probably spun for flax,—(that is, she was paid in flax) and spun for wool, and then spun for the weaving on't.

There was probably always plenty of hasty pudding and milk, and shoes could be cobbled until they bore little resemblance to their original form. But later when prosperity came, we do not wonder that the habits of thrift and economy which often seemed niggardly or laughable to their neighbors should persist. As the boys grew up Oliver and his brother Joseph went into

business together. They bought fat cattle and drove them to Boston, investing the proceeds in stock for the village store which they owned. Their business grew until seven towns in the county furnished them with cattle for their operations.

Oliver never saw fit to marry, but Joseph, whose wife was Lois White, had seven children, three sons and four daughters. For some reason these daughters, who were known as Sophy, Harr'et, Mirandy, and Lowizy, were never married, and so belong to the group of spinsters which is the subject of my paper. Their education was sketchy. Sophy went to Hartford for a twelve-week term and also had a few weeks at Hopkins Academy. Otherwise, she and her sisters when not occupied with household duties could sit on the steps of the old brick school-house which stood in the street a few rods from their house and listen to the boys' recitations.

As time went on their prosperity grew but there was no increase in their opportunities or their pleasures. Fine clothes seemed to be their only extravagance. "There go my darters with thirty bushels of rye apiece on their heads!" exclaimed their father as he saw the quartet tiptoeing across the dusty road to the meeting-house on a summer morning. And their Leghorn bonnets must indeed have been a sight for gods and men! But there was little beyond dress and the weekly sermons to furnish food for thought. Those were the days when spinning and weaving were part of the home life. So Sophy twirled her little flax wheel industriously, spinning such a fine and even thread that all the other housewives were anxious to obtain it by exchange of other commodities.

Between the years 1828 and 1831 two sisters and an unmarried brother died, leaving at home in the old house Sophy, Harr'et, and Austin, Joseph having married. It is said that when the father died he left to each of his children \$10,000, a great sum for those days. But Austin loved money. It was the only thing that he did care for. Much has been said and written about the thrift and acquisitiveness of the Smith men. In a previous paper I have described their steady opposition in town meeting to any increase in appropriations for educational purposes, Uncle Oliver patching the old schoolhouse with his own hands, "to save the town a bill," and nephew Austin reiterating that all the "book larning," a man needed was a little "readin', writin' and rithmetic," while a woman in his estimation didn't need even that.

After the death of the parents the strictest business relations were maintained between the brother and sisters. They charged him for board, and when they attained to the luxury of a horse and carriage, he charged them for "hitching up" the horse, and it was five cents on each occasion. It does not sound

like a very exhilarating form of existence, for the women at least, does it? Of course Austin was thoroughly occupied in turning over his money, investing and reinvesting to add a little more to his pile. But the sisters had their little tea-drinkings, their drives to Northampton, their new silk dresses, and the reading of the few books in the meagre town library, to fill their minds. Not much food for intellect, but then women were not supposed to have intellect in those days!

By and by Harr'et died and Sophy (who had always been the delicate one of the family) was left. Now the unpleasant spectre of Death began to appear to Austin and to demand of him what he was going to do with wealth, as he couldn't take it with him.

"The Lord will never get any of my money," he told the minister. "If the Lord wants it he'll take it" was the reply of the preacher. "Not so," said Austin, and in his heart he was thinking "I will build a noble monument that shall reflect the greatness of Austin Smith." To further this end he persuaded his sister to make her will leaving all to him, and in return he made one leaving all to her. For of course he would outlive Sophy. His mother lived to be sixty and his father seventy-seven. Didn't that prove it? Anyway, he intended to be eighty. But when he was seventy, not feeling very well, he thought better to be on the safe side.

So he went down to New York to write that will. But he was no sooner arrived there than he was taken violently ill. His alarm for fear that death should prematurely overtake him was terrible. He shut himself up in his room, continually calling for brandy (which probably did not help his case), and refused to let his friends see him. So he died and his body was brought back to Hatfield, and all his money was dropped into Sophia's lap. At first she was staggered by it. She couldn't spend it if she tried. She built herself a grand house in the Mid-Victorian style, with a Mansard roof, and furnished it with damask-covered furniture and other things to match. For diversion she went to Saratoga every summer, and sat on the hotel piazza in her elegant silk dress, with lace collar and cap, a regal-looking person.

The ministers and others who came and sat by her and shouted into her ear trumpet all wanted money for some of their charities. But she didn't wish to fritter it away in small sums. She had seen the growth of Mary Lyon's school and the idea took root in her mind that she, too, would like to do something for the education of women. As a result of the privations and meagreness of her own life came the great Desire. And so Smith College was born. Many think it should have been

called Sophia Smith College. Perhaps Austin and Sophia Smith College would be nearer the truth.

There have been great changes in our mode of life within a century. Those we take most account of have to do with the "things of time," as Aunt Beck would call them.

Telephones, electric lights, furnaces add to our comfort—movies, radio, and automobiles to our pleasures. But we sometimes forget that the greatest thing that has happened since we declared our independence has been the opening of the doors of learning and opportunity to woman.

With their economic independence assured they are no longer looked upon as a liability by their brothers, but have even come to be recognized as Assets in many instances.

A GLIMPSE INTO THE PERSONAL LIFE OF COL. JOHN HAWKS

By Edward Brooks

Col. John Hawks will always be remembered for his brilliant defence of Fort Massachusetts. His name will ever be associated with the last of the French wars that raged along the borders of our Province less than two hundred years ago.

Apart from his military activities which are now a matter of record very little has been known of his private life. Old letters and journals which have recently come to light depict the achievements of a man who took advantage of the opportunities life had to offer.

He was primarily a farmer; by profession a civil engineer and a large property owner as well. One of his first holdings was in Keene, N. H. where he was admitted as a proprietor in June 1734. The tract of land which he drew, classified at the time as Lot 15, is situated just north of the junction of Water and Main Streets. He was only a young man at the time; a little over 27 years of age, yet his splendid personality and character, which ripened as the years rolled on, was recognized by the other proprietors for they appointed him with Josiah Fisher of Dedham and Samuel Witt of Marlborough to "survey the whole of the Enterval to be laid out as convenient as they can be... to accommodate the house lots laid out by the General Court Committee..."

At the same time they were also instructed to "search and find out the best and most convenient way to travail from upper to lower Township." From an examination of available

records it appears that the present highway from Keene to West Swanzey has as its foundation the route laid out by Hawks and his companions in 1734. For his services he received six pounds. He had paid five pounds for the privilege of becoming a proprietor, so the remuneration from his engineering work paid for his land and gave him a pound to spare. Whether this was his first business transaction is hard to say; but it reflects the shrewdness and ability which made him one of Deerfield's wealthiest residents in later years.

After the conquest of Canada many petitions for roads were filed in the General Court at Springfield by residents of Halifax, Guilford and Winchester, to connect their towns with the larger ones in Western Massachusetts. Fresh from his successful completion of building the western half of the road from Crown Point to No. 4, Hawks was appointed chief surveyor by the General Court to do the work.

Many of the highways that weave through the jumbled hills or follow the turbulent streams in northern Hampshire Co. have as their base the lines laid down by Col. Hawks and his assistants during the 1760's.

Several of these roads are used extensively today. They connect:—

1. Athol and Winchester, N. H., via the townships of Warwick and Erving.
2. Northfield and Warwick.
3. Bernardston and Guilford, Vt.
4. Petersham through New Salem to Montague and the Connecticut River at a place known as J. Wells's Ferry.
5. Colrain and Halifax.

He was compelled to lead his men between these two towns again and again before the residents of Colrain were satisfied with the course he took. From meagre court records it appears that the Colonel was not at fault for duplication of the work; but that the trouble lay in a political squabble between the residents of Halifax and Colrain.

That Hawks had faith, and kept faith with his fellow men, is evident from the letter he wrote Luc LaCorne with regards to the redemption of his niece who was captured by the Indians at Bridgman's Fort. There is sincerity between the lines and his appeal for help is convincing. LaCorne was second in command to Vaudreuil at the surrender of Fort Massachusetts and took charge of Hawks during the subsequent trip to Canada. With the same post he sent a letter to Ephraim Williams at Lake George. Through the kind permission of the New York Historical Society both of the letters are quoted here. To LaCorne Hawks writes under date of August 22nd., 1755:—

Honour'd & Dear Sir

Time has not yet nor will it ever be able to wear away the Impressions your repeated kindnesses, imprest on my mind; I should be glad of an opportunity in some measure to requite them: Dear Sir it is a long time Since I have heard from you, I want greatly to hear of your wellfare, and of your family I pray God to confer the best of Earthly comforts on you & to bring you to Eternal life in a better world. where we Shall not have different Masters to Serve, nor shall be engaged in opposite interests: at present we are unhappily divided in our interests; But Dear Sir let us love one another Sincerely: I conclude you are engaged in the public affairs of your King, and were it not against us I could allways wish you Success: and I wish all our enemies may have found the Same Benevolent disposition towards our people which I found in you in So great a degree, But alas! how Sorrowful are the Effects of war, would to God the time might come. when the nations Shall learn war no more; If ever it be my fortune to be taken I hope it will be by you; and then I Should Scarcely esteem it a Captivity.

Sir I have a Kinswoman, taken this Summer by the Indians on Connecticut River above Deerfield two other women and a number of children were taken with her. She was the daughter of my Brother Nathaniel Hawks, who died last Summer; She married Hilkieah Grout, and had three children taken with her: we have never heard what tribe of Indians took them, nor where they were carried: I Should esteem it a Special favour if you would enquire where they are & what their circumstances are; and if they Stand in need of anything necessary for their comfort if you will Supply them you shall be repaid: and I ask the favor of you to send me word where they are & what their State is and it will not be long before Mr. Grout her Husband or I my Self Shall endeavor to come & See them; I doubt not Sir but you will readily Show them kindness if you have an opportunity; for it is your nature to do good to your fellow creatures: and it will be an acceptable thing to God to do good to Such a poor helpless woman & children. Sir as to News of a public nature, you are Sensible I may not Send you any: I wish we may have the news of a lasting well established peace which we could all rejoice in; but it is God alone can give this to the nations; Sir please to give my compliments to your good Lady & family, & to all my old friends & acquaintance and accept the most

Sincere regards from Sir your most

Obedient and very Humble Servant

Deerfield Aug. 22, 1755

John Hawks

For Monsieur St Luke LaCorne

P.S. If my Kinswoman & Children are at Cognawaga, I Should be glad you would speak to Mr. Risin who desired me to let him know if I had any friends taken; and desire him to procure what favour he can among the indians for them: Mr. Risin married my nieces Aunt; please to tell him that his Sister Nims is dead — all other relations are well.

Hawks writes as follows to Ephraim Williams:—

I Send enclosed a Letter to Mr LaCorne at Montreal on the Behalf of my niece who is in Captivity: you may See the contents, & I pray you to Seal it & forward it in the best manner you can: If God Should prosper you so far as to take any Captives I hope you will take effectual care for the redemption of our people in Canada. I Lament your unhappy Delay but hope everything goes on well now: and that we Shall Soon hear from you In the Garrison at Crown Point: I trust our enemies will not find Braddocks army to encounter with; but men equal to them in Courage & dexterity, who will not be terrified by the yellings (of) Blackskins. I long to be with you, and could hardly stay here had I but another legg: we have nothing new to send you the enemy Seems to be drawn off for the present & no late discoveries except a few at Coll. Hinsdales fort in the night: I very much expect they will attack you on your march hoping to disappoint you as they did General Braddock. but I trust you will allways be prepared for them: all friends are well. .

I am Sir your most obedient & very Humble Servant

Deerfield August 22, 1755

John Hawks

For Coll Ephraim Williams

That Col. Hawks had met with some accident is apparent. The statement in his letter to Ephraim Williams is corroborated by an old account of Dr. Thomas Williams. There are several entries of "Dress Hawks", and the names of medicines used. What the nature of the accident was is not clear but it undoubtedly accounts for his failure to be with his commanding officer.

He recovered rapidly, however, as he wrote his wife from Fort Lyman on October 5th.

He was not as prompt in letter writing during the campaign of 1758 and his neglect in this respect brought forth the following letter from her.

Dear Sir;—

1781006

It is with Pleasure and Satisfaction that I receive your Letters though I am not surfiated with Pleasures of that kind. You being so much engaged in marching and countermarching as not to find time to send me more than one Letter since your inglorious seige of Ticonderoga. tho' I flatter myself when you are a little at leisure You will be so good as to send me an account whether you are alive or not so that I may know how to behave myself.

Our Family and Friends are well, tho' at Greenfield it is very sickly Time with a Dysentary. of which Miss Alleyn two of Elisha Wells Children have dyed, and also one of Sam Stebbins Sns are dead. several others are dangerously ill.

last Sabbath Day 2 oClock afternoon the Indians took four Persons at No.4. Viz Asahel Stebbins and Wife Isaac Parker Junr and one Hill a Soldier as they were getting Water Millions about half a Mile from the fort. The Indians were about 50 in Number as they Judge. We have nothing further material to write.

(The tone in the last paragraph of her letter is a reversal of the first as she closed with more affection:—)

I wish You the best of Heavens Blessings. and Life and Health quick and safe return to me who am Your loving and Dutiful

WIFE

Yet she did not give him the satisfaction of writing the letter in her own hand for at the lower right hand corner of the sheet are the words, "Elizabeth Hawks per order."

It is a truism that he who does the best talks the least. In spite of his military and civic responsibilities which he bore so successfully Col. Hawks was not an egoist. The brief entries in his journals and short impersonal letters would prove this statement. He seldom mentions himself. The pronoun "I" is hardly ever used. In the journal that he kept while in charge of the Colrain forts his reticence is pronounced. There is entry upon entry of "Cept fort" or "nothing remarkable." Now and then he comes out with some bit of information which draws aside the curtain of the past and gives a clearer vision of his activities.

He did not permit an idle hour to enter his daily life. When he was not busy with the details of his own fort he was at another or ranging the woods, burning brush or reaping oats. There were several occasions when he came to Deerfield to escort the doctor to some post where sickness was prevalent. In a weeks time he went from Colrain to Charlemont, visited the forts there, then on to Deerfield, Hatfield, Northampton and back home. Fast time when the only means of locomotion in those days was by horseback.

His military duties did not keep him busy all of the time as a few entries taken at random from his journal will show.

On the 20th. of July he left Deerfield with Capt. Morrison and a team which carried, under guard, a barrel of rum and a barrel and a half of cider. For some reason not explained, they left it at the meeting house in Colrain for the night and brought it to the fort the next morning. In August Capt. Morrison brought to the garrison a man sick with smallpox. Hawks notified Israel Williams and received the following orders;—

I think Capt morrison extreemly to blame, for bringing ye man to his house whilst under suspition of having the Small pox—But as the case now is—I think the Comtee for ye affairs of Colrain, who I conclude act in many respects as Selectmen in Towns, should take care of ye Sick Person, and provide Nurses for him, and none permitted to go near him but of necessity—If he can be removd with Safety to some other place, It ought to be done forwith, for if continued where he now is, the men at the Garrison, may be greatly exposed—but if too late for that—Then post some of the Soldiers at ye Garrison that have had ye Disease, with this order not to go near him, but Watch ye Garrison,—and remove your Self with the rest to that Garrison where the men can best be recd and perform the Scouting as heretofore ordered, and direct the Scouts from Fall Town &c to avoid ye place—dont suffer any Person that has been with the Sick, to come to you without being Sufficiently air'd Caution the People to prevent its Spreading, otherwise it will cause ye remove of ye Soldiers out of ye Place...

The Colonel was busy the next few days transferring the men to other forts. Whether the disease was fatal, and who the man was he does not say; but in a month's time the soldiers were back at their posts and the work of protecting the frontiers went on in its daily routine.

During the following September he spent a good deal of time bee hunting with successful results. He was also busy building a house near the fort. There are many entries of getting

shingles, timbers and stone and building a chimney. On the 22nd. of October he records, "Raised my house." Two weeks later he moved in.

That our New England climate was as fickle two hundred years ago as it is today is shown in his entry of March 12th., two years later

Set out for taylors went a litel way got discouraged it was so hot and thawed so much I turnd a Bout and stad at home in the After Noon tapped some trees At Night it rained and hailed.

When deeply moved or particularly interested in any of life's varied phases his entries are somewhat longer. The following record of March 15th., 1759 is an example of his glibness.

marthr morson was marr[i]ed a Number of Grenfield and Derfield yo[u]n[g]stors came to wedden a hot good supper was provided and a grat froleck ye yongters had after ye old men was gone Danc till ye 16 a bout 11 o'clock and then Broke up and all went home and left us all slepy the rest of the Day was spent in Slep by grat part of ye fort.

In 1752 he had some trouble with Elijah Williams who was at the time Treasurer of Deerfield. Hawks had given his bond to pay to Williams the sum of nine pounds on demand. For two years Williams tried to collect it with no success with the result that he brought suit against the Colonel and attached his property to the value of twelve pounds. A search through the Court records for further details has been without reward. Undoubtedly the case was settled before the date of the trial and it is safe to assume that the Colonel won his point as he usually did.

From early manhood he developed an instinct for business. In 1754 he bought from Moses Scott a quarter interest in a saw mill that the latter had built in Bernardston. For this share he paid fourteen pounds, nineteen shillings and eight pence. How long he held it is not definitely known. There is no mention of it in the will he made before his departure for Fort Lyman in 1755 nor in his last will which he signed three weeks before his death. The only clue to a sale is a memorandum on the back of a bill dated 1770 which reads "note to be given to Colo. Hawks when he makes a deed of a mill..."

Trading in real estate seems to have been his forte. There are many deeds that show the transactions he made. That he was one of the largest property owners in Deerfield is reflected on an old tax return of 1777 wherein he was assessed twenty-three hundred pounds on real estate and over six hundred on personal property, with a total tax of eleven pounds and five shillings.

It can be assumed that he did what would be termed today as a banking business. There is an old letter from John Carver in Montague requesting the Col. to lend him seven pounds "at double interest" on good security.

How much cash he accumulated will probably never be known. In his will of 1755 he made provisions for a distribution of eighty pounds between his wife and children; but in his last will he does not mention this item. Only real estate, personal effects, household furniture and the live stock on his farm are distributed evenly among his survivors.

There was nothing apparently he could not do. Soldier, pathfinder, leader of men, he carried all of his tasks to a successful completion and by his deeds he is entitled to as much glory as his contemporaries whose names have echoed through the pages of history.

THE FIRST MAPS OF POCUMTUCK

By Gertrude Cochrane Smith

I would present to this Society today photostatic copies of the three original surveys of this region on which are based the three successive Grants by the General Court of the Colonial Government, and which record the right of Deerfield and the four other Towns laid off from that original territory, i.e., Greenfield, Conway, Shelburne, and Gill, to the lands which they occupy.

The first is a copy of the original survey of the 8000 acres at Pocumtuck made by Joshua Fisher in May, 1665, on which was based the Grant of said acres to Dedham.

The second is a survey by Timothy Dwight made in 1717 of what is called the "Seven Miles Square Grant" made to the inhabitants of Pocumtuck in 1673.

The third is the survey made by Timothy Dwight in 1743 of the "Additional Grant of 1712" made at the petition of the Reverend John Williams.

I would also present copies of the surveys of this Town ordered by the State Legislature in 1794 and 1830.

As far as possible, consistent with the time allowed, I will let Mr. Sheldon tell the story of the bounds, and slip in these original documents at the proper places.

Mr. Sheldon opens his *History of Deerfield* in this way: —
"The Renowned Noble Lady Armina", amid the luxuries of her ancestral hall in old Lincolnshire, meditating upon the lost condition of the heathen in the New World, putting up her

prayers and sending her gold across the seas for their redemption, represents a deeply seated sentiment of her time. It was her aim, that the occupancy of New England should result not only in the accumulation of earthly riches by the adventurers, but should redound to the glory of God in a large harvest of souls through the conversion of its barbarian inhabitants. Capt. George Weymouth, a historian of the times, active in promoting the settlement of our shores, testifies that the main end of all these undertakings was to plant the gospel in these dark regions of America With the missionary spirit of the Lady Armina, however, the Pocumtuck Valley is directly and intimately connected. Her bounty expended in behalf of the Natick Indians, in a great degree determined the time and manner of the settlement of Deerfield.

"The apostle Eliot, being filled with zeal for the conversion of the natives, learned their language and devoted himself to their instruction in Christian doctrines. Very soon he perceived that his teaching could have little effect so long as the Indians continued their national manner of living — that they must be civilized before they could be Christianized. He therefore bent his energies to the task of collecting the roving savages into permanent settlements, where he could instruct them in the 'arts of civilitie', and where their children could be taught in schools. Eliot's first attempt to form an Indian town was at Nonantum Hill, in Newton. This proved a failure, mainly, as he thought, on account of its proximity to Boston; finding, like most missionaries, the example of a so-called Christian community unfavorable to making proselytes from heathenism to Christianity. About this time the General Court encouraged Mr. Eliot to continue his labors, and at his motion passed laws recognizing, in a manner, the Indian title in the land, and placing the natives in many respects on an equal footing with the colonists.

"For a second trial, Eliot pitched upon Natick, sixteen miles west of Boston, where in 1651 the General Court set apart two thousand acres for an Indian plantation, and the £20 per annum, given by the Lady Armina, was placed at his disposal. Here the 'Praying Indians' were collected, civil government established, and a church organized. The tract thus occupied proved to be territory belonging to Dedham, and for twelve years there was much trouble and litigation between the inhabitants of that town and the settlers at Natick. Both parties repeatedly appealed to the judicial and legislative authorities for redress. At length, on the first day of May, 1662, the General Court decided,—

' that although the legall right of Dedham thereto cannot in justice be denied, yet such haue binn

the encouragement of the Indians in their improvements thereof, the wch, added to their native right, wch cannot, in strict justice, be vtterly extinct, doe therefore order, that the Indians be not dispossessed of such land as they at present are possessed of there, but that the same, with convenient accommodations for wood & timber, & high-ways thereto, be set out & bounded by Mr. Thomas Danforth, Mr. Wm. Parkes, Mr. Ephraim Child, Mr. Edw. Jackson, or any three of them, who are hereby appointed a Committee to execute this order, and that the damages thereby susteined by Dedham, together with the charges expended in suite about the same, be also considered & determined by sd Committee & such allowance made them out of Naticke, lands or others yet lying in common, as they shall judge equal.'

"A report from this Committee was acted upon in June, 1663, and,—

'For a finale issue of the case betweene Dedham & Natick, the Court judgeth meete to graunt Dedham eight thousand acres of land in any convenient place or places, not exceeding two, where it can be found free from former graunts, provided Dedham accept this offer.'

Dedham did accept this offer and considered at a town meeting called in January, 1664, "whether to sell their graunt", or "be at any further charge about seeking out land to take satisfaction in." It was voted to leave the matter in the hands of the Selectmen.

The Selectmen having heard of land near Lancaster, one of their number, Lieut. Joshua Fisher, with a man named Fairbanks, proceeded to Lancaster to view the same, but brought back the report that it was already "so entered upon by several farms that it is altogether incapable of supply to us."

Miss Alice Baker says it is exactly at this point that the history of Deerfield begins. Following the records:—The Selectmen in further pursuance of this case concerning the 8000 acres above mentioned, "haueing heard of a considerable Tract of good land that might be answerable to the Town's expectation, about 12 or 14 miles from Hadley . . . thinke it meet, in the behalfe of the Towne to provide that that 8000 Acres may be chosen and layed out to sattisfie that grant ther, with all conueanient speed, before any other Grantee enter upon it and pruent vs." Eight men or any four of them "whereof Lieft: Fisher is to be one," were appointed, empowered and entrusted "to repayer to the place mentioned," to choose and lay out the land "to their best discretion," each man being promised "one hundreth Acres of Land in full satisfaction for thier paynes," only to Lieut. Fisher as much more as the Town should judge

would make the case equal. Further progress in the work was prevented by the coming on of winter, during which some unwillingness seems to have been shown by the committee to undertake the business on the terms offered by the Selectmen.

As appears from the records of March 20, 1665, the difficulty was amicably settled, when "vpon further consideration" of laying out the 8000 acres, Lieut. Fisher's "peremptory demaund being 300 acres, it is consented vnto provided he allso drawe for the Towne true and sufficient platt of that tract and Edw: Richards, Antho: Fisher Junior, and Tymo: Dwight, accept of the payment formerly tendered (at March 5 meeting), vizt. 150 achers to each of them," provided also that if Timothy Dwight be unable to attend to the business himself, he agree to furnish Sergt. Richard Ellice with a horse for the journey. The work was accomplished without delay.

"May 22, 1665, (the Selectmen) Assemb: in the morning to receaue the returne of the Comittee deputed to lay out the 8000 Acres of Land for the Towne.

"The Comittee aforesaid doe enforme that they haue layed out all the grants of 8000 acres aforesaid, in land as they Judg conueanient in quallitie and scituation, for the accomadacion of a plantation and being by their estemation, about 10 miles distant from Hadly, the more particular description where of they shall giue account at some other conueanient time."

On the 11th of October this more particular description was laid before the General Court. It was certified and figured as laid out by Joshua Fisher, May, 1665. The original survey is to be found preserved in the State Archives, 3rd Series, Vol. 1, pages 24, 27. We have here to-day the photostat of this document. The original is on light brown paper done in sepia india ink. It was evidently preserved folded for many years, and on the old folds is much worn, which shows plainly in the photostat.

It reads as follows:—

"This tract of land, conteyning eight thousand acres, being layd out according to this plot beginning"

Here I insert my own description, as it is obviously impossible to follow the survey without seeing it. The east line is run along the west side of our East mountain at its foot, beginning at a point the north side of our Deerfield river where the bridges are now located, and extending south along the entire mountain 7 miles and 86 rods, stopping at a point a mile or so below Sugar Loaf; thence on a "strayt" line two and a half miles west by one half a point southerly; thence north on the other side of Mill river four miles, crossing the Deerfield; thence

continuing northerly running on the east side of our West mountain at its foot until it meets the river again; thence along the northern side of the river one mile twenty rods to the starting point. On the plat the east mountain is described as a "Rockie Mountaine between Conetticut River and Pecumpetuk and the western hills rockie hills and mountaines."

We return to the record:—"This tract of land is lajd out at a place called Pecumptick, to answer the grant of the honored Generall Court made to Dedham for lands at Natick, which the Indians are settled vpon by the Courts order, it lying northward from Hadley about tenn or twelue miles. Layd out as abouesajd May, 1665,

By me, Joshua Fisher."

This description of the plat is written at the top. At the lower corner is the following:—

"The Deputies approve of this return desiring the Consent of ye Honored Magisty. a Signed

William Correy Oliver."

The "Magisty's" consent hereto "provided they make a town of it, to majntejne the ordinances of Christ there once wthin five yeares, & that it interfere not wth Majr Genll Dennison & Hadley grant" there before given the Deputies Consent.

"Signed

Edward Rawson, Secretary.

Consented to by ye Deputies

Signed William Correy Oliver
25:8:1665."

Would that I could bring to you a movie reel and run off for you a picture of those pioneers staking out the first claim of the white man to the lands of the Pocumtucks. But we will have to exercise that old-fashioned faculty of the imagination, if it so be that it is not too atrophied from disuse. Instead, I will read to you the opening picture of Deerfield's most recent storyteller, Mary Williams Fuller:

"Three hundred years ago the waters gathering at the foot of the Green Mountains in southern Vermont had merged themselves into a turbulent, rushing river which came, hurrying through the deep gorges and wild ravines of the western hills to spread themselves leisurely out in brown ripples and placid still places along the meadows of the wide and lovely valley we know as Deerfield. The Indians called the river and the state-ly hill that stands solemn guard to the east, Pocumtuck, the name of their tribe.

"This was to them a favorite spot. How long they had dwelt there, there is no telling. Wherever the land rises above high-water-mark of the ever recurring spring floods of the river,

traces of their habitation can be found. Arrowheads, stone implements, and bits of pottery are even to this day turned up by the plow or discovered by the process of digging. Graves of many an Indian warrior have been unearthed with accompanying stone weapons or other symbolic weapons.

"Tradition tells us that at the time of the coming of the white man to the shores of Massachusetts the Indians were dwelling here in well-established security. The Pocumtucks seem to have been a powerful tribe not lacking in dignity and pride. They were an agricultural people. Corn grew in the fertile meadows; game abounded on the wooded hillsides; salmon and shad as well as smaller fish swam in the streams For many years friendly relations existed between the Indians of this region and the early settlers of Wethersfield, Windsor, Springfield, Hadley and Hatfield.

"The Pocumtucks were at times at war with other tribes, but they seem to have maintained their supremacy till about 1660 Soon after 1660, a fierce war broke out between the Pocumtucks and the Mohawks from the Hudson River Valley in which the Mohawks proved victorious. The Pocumtucks were almost exterminated, and this, perhaps, accounts for the ease with which men sent here from Dedham in 1665 were able to purchase 8000 acres of land with which Dedham was to reimburse her people whose land there had been taken for John Eliot's missionary Indians."

"The Colonial Government having thus taken two thousand acres from Dedham for the benefit of the Natick Indians, and given in exchange eight thousand acres belonging to the Pocumtuck Indians, the town of Dedham now took steps to buy the same of the native owners."

As our interest to-day is focussed on the bounds of Deerfield, we will pass over the events of the next seven years as quickly as may be; the changing hands of the rights in the new territory; the buying up and speculation in these rights; the first settlers, Samuel Hinsdale, Samson Frary, and possibly Godfrey Nims; the laying out of the town plat, roads, and meadow lands; the drawing of these home lots and meadow lands.

"Dedham had hardly taken possession of her new estate before Hatfield complained of encroachment. In May, 1672, she petitioned the General Court for redress, claiming that the grant as laid out, extended one and three-quarters of a mile over her north line. The Court appointed Peter Tilton, William Clarke and Samuel Smith, a committee to 'regulate and settle' the disputed line. Sept. 20th these gentlemen viewed the premises, and on the 9th of October reported to the Court that they had,—

'Ordered that Hatfield bounds northerly shall extend to a little brooke commonly called, by the English, Sugar Loafe Brook, at the comon place of passage ouer, where there is two trees marked, a little white oake on the west side of the way, and a great white oake on the east side of sajd way; and so to runne by the sajd line east to the Great Riuer, and on the west ljne from sajd riuier, two miles into the woods.

'Also the sajd Committee have determined that the Proprietors of Pocomtuck for and in consideration of the land taken out of their measure to acomodate Hatfield, they shall receiue it as followeth, vizt: on the north side o Pocomtuck Riuer, from the mouth of the ryver called Greene Riuer, a ljne to run due east one mile, and west one mile, and north three-quarters of a mile; the whole tract of land to be two miles in length and three-quarters of a mile in breath, and for the remajnder to begin at Pocomtock Riuer, at the end of there propritjes, and to rune on an east ljne to the Great Riuer, and to extend to a south lyne two miles'."

The Cheapside and Great River district of to-day.

"This return was approved by the Court, Oct. 11, 1672. The north line of Pocumtuck as thus established in 1672 is . . . the famous '8000 acre line'," to maintain which the patriotic descendants of the original settlers fought successfully for 223 years, until they lost out in 1895, and it was set off to Greenfield.

The next episode in Deerfield history Mr. Sheldon calls "cutting the apron strings" and the "Seven Miles Square Grant." "An examination of Dedham records shows that the municipal affairs of the new plantation were for years exclusively under the control of the mother town. As the inconvenience of this arrangement became manifest, measures were taken to bring the ruling powers nearer home."

Samuel Hinsdale was sent twice to Dedham to make some arrangement whereby the prudential affairs of the fast growing settlement could be managed by a committee at the settlement. No satisfactory action was taken; so "Samuel Hinsdale was again sent through the wilderness to the Bay, this time with an appeal to a higher power. The following action of the General Court at its session of May 7, 1673, shows the issue of this enterprise:—

'In ans to the peticon of the inhabitants of Paucump-tucke, Samuell Hindsdale, Sampson Frary, &c the Court judgeth it meete to allow the peticoners the liberty of a touneship, and doe therefore grant them such an addition of land to the eight thousand acres formerly granted there

to Dedham, as that the whole be to the content of seven miles square, provided that an able & orthodox minister wthn three yeares be settled among them, and that a farme of two hundred & fifty acres of land be layd out for the countrys vse; and doe further appointt & impower Left Wm Allyes, Thos Meakins, Sen & Sergeant Isaack Graues, wth Left Samuel Smith, Mr. Peeter Tylton, & Samuel Hindsdell, to be a Committee, and any fower of them to act in all respects to lay out ye said farme in a convenient place to admit inhabitants, grant lands, & order all their prudentiall affaires till they shall be in a capacity, by meet persons from among themselves, to manage their owne affaires, & that the committee be advised wth about settling of a minister there.—(Mass. Records, IV, Part II, 558.)

“The territory of Pocumtuck, as laid out under the above grant, is almost identical with that now occupied by the towns of Deerfield, Greenfield and Gill. The farm of two hundred and fifty acres for the ‘countrys vse’ was laid out in the north part of the additional grant. ‘Country Farms’, in Greenfield, probably indicates its location

“By some unknown process of mensuration,” says Mr. Sheldon, “our thrifty progenitors seem to have extended this ‘addition’ so as to cover a territory lying along the Connecticut from Whately to Northfield, of about seventy square miles, including the Dedham Grant.”

By this Grant of the Common Court the inhabitants of Pocumtuck obtained both their territorial and ecclesiastical liberty and were therefore free from Dedham. “For,” says Mr. Sheldon, “in default of any subsequent action to this end, the ‘Liberty of a touneship’ may well be taken as an act of incorporation of the town.”

The grant of territory, you will notice, was made to the inhabitants of Pocumtuck, not to the proprietors of the 8000 acres. The original settlers all held their land by virtue of being Dedham grantees or their legal successors. Cheapside, Great River, and the Seven Miles Square Grant were made to the inhabitants of Pocumtuck, the actual settlers. These two groups then were joint owners of the land, and the interests of the “Proprietors” were merged with the larger grant to the “Inhabitants.” They held meetings in 1673 and 1674, and it was at these joint meetings of proprietors and inhabitants that the settlement began to be called Deerfield.

This organization of Proprietors was kept up for over 100 years, and until all the land was disposed of. Their record books, full and complete, are preserved in our Town Office.

The wiping out of this little settlement by the Indians and all of the troublous times which follow, we pass over, as acquiring new territory was not in the thoughts of the harassed settlers. Thirty-eight years later, before Queen Anne's War was actually over, we find the Reverend John Williams petitioning the General Court for an additional grant of land. The petition of Mr. Williams is not found, and the only record of the transaction is that of the Council, as follows:—

“May 28: 1712 In Council

Upon reading a petition of Mr. John Williams Minister of Deerfield in behalf of the sd Town of Deerfield praying yt ye Bounds of ye sd Town may extend Westward from Connecticut River as Northampton and Hatfield Doe viz. nine miles from ye River into ye Western woods. . . .

Concurred by ye House of Representatives

Consented to J. Dudley.”

Three years later a dispute with Northfield over the boundary line between that town and Deerfield led to hunting up the records, and the re-confirmation of the Seven Miles Square Grant of 1673.

“ ‘June 11 1717 Upon Reading a Petition of Thomas Wells, Representative of ye Town of Derefield, setting forth that the General Court in ye year 1673 Granted to said Town an addition of a Tract of land that was to be laid out at the north end of the said Town, and to contain the quantity of Seven Miles Square, wch Land was accordingly laid out & the Bound Marks still to be seen. But upon Searching the Records they cannot find any Entry thereof; Praying that it may now be allowed & confirmed & be of Record to prevent future Trouble.’

“Wells was directed to make a plan of the tract by the old bounds and present it to the Court at its next session. Pursuant to the above order, a plan was presented to the House Oct. 29, 1717, which was accepted. But the Council non-concurred. Nov. 9th a committee of Conference was appointed of five from the House, and three from the Council,—

“That having maturely considered the Evidences and Pleas therabout, are humbly of opinion, that the Bounds of the Seven Miles Square granted to Deerfield, Shall be and Remain According to Platt now exhibited to this Great and General Court; Provided the line run from the north end of said Tract to the Great River be an East line.’

“The report was adopted. The objectors were doubtless Northfield people, but the particular points in the controversy do not appear.”

A copy of this plan accepted by the General Court is the second of the original surveys we are considering to-day.

It is the survey of Timothy Dwight. Not the actual but the general course of the Connecticut River is protracted from the Hatfield bound at the river to the mouth of Fall River. That general course is north 19 degrees east. The west line is run parallel to this one. The north line as ordered by the court is an east and west line. The south bound is the one fixed by the commission which settled the bound with Hatfield in 1672; also an east and west line. The whole contains 31360 acres. It is accepted by the House of Representatives but read on Oct. 2, 1717, by the Council and non-concurred; to make this record complete we should therefore have the subsequent concurrence of the Council. The west line of the "Seven Miles Square Grant" was then, and is still called the "Seven Mile Line," and can still be traced from Whately to Colrain.

With the advent of a new neighbor on the west it becomes necessary to look up and confirm the "Additional Grant of 1712" petitioned for by Rev. John Williams, the confirmation of which by the Council we have already read, and which carried the west boundary nine miles from the river into the western woods.

"In 1736 a township was granted Capt. Ephraim Hunt and his company for services in the Canada campaign of 1690. It was to be laid out adjoining Deerfield on the west. A controversy soon arose between the Proprietors of Pocumtuck and the Proprietors of 'Huntstown' respecting the boundary line between them. This was settled only after appeals to the General Court and the Judiciary.

"In 1736 the town made provision for 'Surveying ye River on ye East side of the Town' as a basis for establishing the Seven Mile Line, as all agreed that the west line of the Additional Grant should be parallel to this, as this must be parallel to the river. A plan of the whole township was made based on this survey.

'May 30 1737, Thomas Wells Esq of Deerfield is chose & appointed in ye name & in behalf of sd Town to appear in ye Great & General Court of this Province, then and there to do any & all things that shall be conducive to get a plat of sd Township confirmed.'

"The Legislature was then in session and Esquire Wells was soon before it with his petition:—

'June 29 1737. In the House of Representatives, Ordered, that Col. Chandler, Col. Almy, & Capt Hobson, with such as shall be joined by the Honl Board be a Comtee to take the plat of the township of Deerfield under consideration, and the papers Accompanying the same, Relating to the lines of boundaries of said Town, that they carefully examine the said plat & consider the said papers

& make Report thereon, so far as may relate to the true west line of said Town for the Courts further consideration & order in adjusting the same agreeable to the Additional Grant.'

"The Council added William Dudley and Joseph Wild to this committee. Probably Wells's plan was not found to be sufficiently accurate or comprehensive to base final action upon; at any rate another town meeting was called.

"July 22, 1737, Thomas Wells, Ebenezer Smead and Elijah Williams were made a committee to 'Survey the Township of Deerfield, & get an accurate plan of sd Township to lay before the General Court as soon as may be.'

"The plan was made, and laid before the General Court, but by some means never understood by the people of Deerfield, the plan disappeared while awaiting legislative action. The whole matter seems to have then dropped until the Proprietors of Pocumtuck became alarmed by the proceedings of the Huntstown settlers and took the matter into their own hands.

"Feb. 2d, 1741, at a Proprietors meeting Thomas Wells was again called to the front and 'Appointed to procure a Plan of the Township forthwith,' and a committee was chosen 'to run the west side of the town & see the same well marked.'

"The plan made under the above vote was probably the one presented to the General Court by Elijah Williams, the representative from Deerfield, in July following. With this plan he offered this memorial in behalf of the town:—

'Some years ago, a plat of sd Township was presented to this Court for Confirmation, but so it was, that either said plat was taken from the files, or was mislaid so that it could never be found to this Day & the sd Town have at great charge and trouble procured another plan of sd Town & the sd Town labors under many inconveniences for want of having the bounds of sd Town confirmed and established:

'Therefore your Memorialist Humbly prays that a consideration of the sd affair may be had and the plat now presented passed upon by this Court & your petitioner as in Duty bound shall ever pray.

Elijah Williams'."

A copy of this plat is our third record. On the back of said plat is written the following record:

"A Plat of Deerfield Township, viz. the whole of it, as well as the Seven Miles Square already confirmed by the Great and General as the Additional Grant made them by that Court in May, Anno Domini 1712, Court Anno Domini 1717, the Sd Additional Grant begins at a large Chestnut Tree at the Country Farms so-called which is the North West Corner of the Seven

Miles Square already Confirmed and runs from thence West 1670 perch to two large white oak Trees standing close together mark'd & from thence South 19 degrees West 3860 perch to a great Hemlock tree Mark'd with stones heap'd about it & thence East 1670 perch to the South West Corner of the Seven Miles Square and from thence along by the sd Seven Miles Square North 19 degrees East 3860 perch to the Chestnut Tree at the Country Farm above mentioned.

"The whole of said tracts cover 69480 acres, which is equal to nine miles wide the whole length of Deerfield Township according to the Confirmation of the Seven Miles Square protracted to a scale of 380 perches to an Inch. Surveyed in August Anno Domini 1736.

Timothy Dwight, Surveyor.

"Hampshire July 10, 1741. Timothy Dwight Subscriber to the above Return personally appearing before me made Oath that in making the Survey of the Township of Deerfield he acted truly and judiciously and that the sd Survey is truly and fairly represented by the within Plat and the fore going return according to the best of his skill and judgment.

Eben Pomroy: Just: Pace.

"In the House of Representatives Aug 1, 1741. Read and ordered that this Platt be accepted provided the land herein delineated and described exceed not the quantity of the Grant and does not interfere with any former grant. Sent up for Concurrence.

In Council Aug. 3rd, 1741 — Read & Concurred.

J. William Strong.

J. Hobson Spahr

Aug. 4—Concurred to J. Belcher."

The tenor of this petition evidently conveyed to the Court that this was its last chance, that Deerfield was on her dignity. The result was its hasty confirmation.

The Huntstown or Ashfield people did not accept the survey without more fighting. The trouble was over the angle of the general line of the Connecticut River to which both agreed the Seven Mile line and the western bound of the Additional Grant should be parallel. The next year after a hearing before the General Court, Deerfield won out. But in 1763 when Conway was set off as a separate Town a diagonal piece about 100 rods wide was set off to Ashfield.

The Additional Grant of 1712 is the last Grant of territory to Deerfield. Just twelve years after its confirmation in 1741 begins the "setting off fever," as our historian calls it.

In 1753 Greenfield is set off as a separate Township. In 1767 the Town of Conway begins its separate existence, and the next year, Shelburne.

In the official survey ordered by the Commonwealth in 1794 Deerfield has nearly shrunk back to the 8000 acres; all that is left additional is Cheapside and the Great River District plus some territory to the east and west which was added with the Seven Miles Square Grant.

The survey is interesting, as it shows the old roads and ferries. It was made by David Hoyt.

The Survey of 1830 was ordered by the Legislature and was made by Arthur Hoyt. On this plan are indicated all of the grist and saw mills.

ANNUAL MEETING—1932

REPORT

In the Council Room at Memorial Hall the 62nd annual meeting of the Pocumtuck Valley Memorial Association was held on Tuesday, February 23rd, Vice President George Arms Sheldon presiding. J. M. Arms Sheldon as Curator of the Sheldon Collection reported more than a hundred gifts to the association and a satisfactory number of visitors to the hall, and she commented upon their various ways of viewing such an extensive collection. A notable acquisition was the sword of Rear Admiral Higginson. Financial reports were made by the treasurer and by trustees of the Permanent Fund, Sheldon Publishing Fund and Old Indian House Homestead. All *officers* of the Association were reelected.

Tributes to three deceased members were read. That to Honorable Franklin G. Fessenden of Greenfield, for some thirty years a justice of the Superior Court of this Commonwealth, was written and read by Judge Thompson; that to Rear-Admiral Francis J. Higginson by Mrs. Mary W. Fuller. The paper on Mrs. Maria Jane Catlin Hoyt, written by her daughter, was read by Miss Jane Pratt. Mrs. Sheldon presented a short paper on "A Stone Pipe."

Interesting features of our afternoon meeting are the informal discussions and anecdotes following the reading of papers, and often suggested by facts and views set forth by the writers.

After a general reunion and visiting bee as the audience gathered and took their seats in the town hall and following the gradual disappearance of a great quantity of excellent food served by the ladies of Old Deerfield, the program of the evening observed the bicentennial of Washington's birth. "Heath, the General of George Washington, and Heath, the Town" was the subject of an interesting and instructive address by Miss Flora White. Jonathan A. Saxton's "Ode to Washington", which was sung in Deerfield just a hundred years ago, was read by William G. Avirett.*

During the evening four songs of the period of the first president were given by the Glee Club of Deerfield Academy,

*NOTE:—This was also sung here in 1898 and is printed Vol. III, page 471. J. A. S. (1795-1874) was the father of Major S. W. Saxton (1829-1933) for whom see report of 1934 meeting.

to the great pleasure of the audience. Jonathan P. Ashley presented a paper depicting George Washington as an intelligent, industrious and far-sighted farmer; and Miss Margaret Whiting gave the audience a "Glimpse of Washington" which she had obtained through her childhood friendship with the daughter and son of a Revolutionary soldier.

Miss Miller read a newspaper account of the burial of Washington and Judge Thompson gave the association an ancient copy of letters, one written in 1782 by Lady Asgill in London to Count DeVergennes supplicating him to dispatch a letter from France to General Washington, and one from the Count to Washington stating that "the King and Queen" were "Extremely affected by Lady Asgill's letter" and asking the release of her only son, "a prisoner under the articles of Capitulation of York Town." The evening closed with the singing of "America".

REPORT OF CURATOR

The bright lights in the record of our Association for the year 1931 are the following:—

7,577 visitors to Memorial Hall from 41 states and 19 foreign countries. In face of the extreme financial depression in America and Europe this report is good.

104 gifts to the Association, some of which have rare historical value. Among the latter is a large volume, entitled "A Compendious History of the Catholic Church from the year 600 untill the year 1600," published in 1662. This book bears on the fly leaf the names of Reverend John Williams, his son Stephen and his grandson, Stephen.

Another gift is the Martin Kellogg Bible. This Martin Kellogg was born in 1734, the son of Joseph Kellogg, an Indian interpreter. The Bible contains a record of the family of Martin Kellogg and his wife, Phyllis.

Another rare treasure is a candlestick that belonged to Thomas Jefferson, and was used in his home, Monticello. It was given to one of Thomas Jefferson's slaves, and a descendant of this slave gave it to the donor, Mrs. S. W. Mercer of Richmond, Va.

It is always gratifying to the Association to receive legacies. By the will of Mrs. Mary Powers Greenwood of Montague we possess a fine oil lamp about 145 years old. It is the flat-wick type which came into use in 1783.

Recently Mrs. Grace G. Higginson, wife of Rear-Admiral Francis J. Higginson has sent us the Admiral's sword, epaulets

and other treasures. These will be placed in the Civil War room.

The Association has received from one of its members, the "Washington Bicentennial Plaque" which is authorized by the United States George Washington Bicentennial Commission. The Houdon Portrait was chosen for the Plaque which represents Washington much younger than the Gilbert Stuart portrait. Coming in this bicentennial year the gift is most appropriate.

Other contributions have been noticed in the columns of *The Gazette and Courier*.

One more bright light is the fact that teachers are coming more and more to realize that classes of thirty or forty children cannot do satisfactory work in Memorial Hall. A good example was set this summer when the Director of a boys' camp brought to the Hall two or three times a small number of boys, accompanied by a teacher who evidently knew what she wanted the children to see. We hope this condition will prevail in the future.

The darker side of the picture is caused by the spirit of speeding which has taken possession of our people. It is a fact that there is a marked difference in the spirit of the visitors to-day from that of twenty years ago. It is impossible for the curator to take a party through the seventeen rooms of the Hall, pointing out the more important relics in each room, in less than an hour and a half; two hours are really needed. When I say the majority of people do not stay longer than thirty or forty minutes it is evident that little satisfactory work can be done. It is devoutly to be wished that there may be a reaction, and we may strike the rational mean when people will take time to see things as they are, and to think about them.

The assistant, Miss Mellen, has not only kept the Hall in excellent condition and catalogued the yearly books and pamphlets which have been given, but she has also added greatly to the charm of the Memorial Hall grounds by her beautiful vines and shrubs and her rare and colorful flower garden.

Respectfully submitted,

J. M. ARMS SHELDON.

Deerfield, Feb. 23, 1932.

ANNUAL MEETING—1933

REPORT

In the afternoon of the twenty-eighth day of February George Arms Sheldon, Vice President of the Pocumtuck Valley Memorial Association, called to order its 63rd annual meeting. His report as treasurer showed an increase in its financial assets, and the report by Mrs. J. M. Arms Sheldon as curator announced the receipt of the bequest, by Lewis W. Sears of Charlemont, of a large number of historical pictures, and the completion of her labors upon the Solon L. Newton collection of pewter. The *officers* elected were those who served during 1932.

Mrs. Estella Lamb, a beloved neighbor of Mrs. Sheldon, died suddenly soon after the 1932 meeting; and at Mrs. Sheldon's request Vice President Thompson presented a tribute to Mrs. Lamb and another paper which records the Colrain ancestors of Mrs. Lamb's father and of his own father, the late Judge Francis M. Thompson.

Mrs. Anne J. Biddle gave an account of the "Early History of Westminster", Vermont, her former home; and Mrs. Herbert L. Childs read an interesting paper on the fords, ferries, canals and old bridges of Deerfield. Mrs. Sheldon, Rev. Mr. Luther, Rev. Mr. Vincent, Mrs. Fuller, Mrs. Allen, Miss Miller, Miss Minnie Hawks and Judge F. N. Thompson took part in the discussion at the close of the afternoon meeting. The death of W. Frank Mattson of Boston, during 1932, was announced. He was born in Philadelphia 68 years ago. He joined this Association in 1920 and was a member of the Appalachian Mountain and Twentieth Century clubs.

The evening meeting, at which Judge Thompson presided, followed a complete demonstration of the ability of Deerfield cooks and was made more enjoyable by the Academy Glee Club under the direction of Mr. Ralph Oatley. Reverend C. F. Luther of Amherst, who has recently published an illustrated book which seems to contain the last word on the Hadley chest, spoke on "John Hawks as a Hadley Chest Maker". A very delightful description of gardens in early Deerfield was given by Mrs. Frances N. S. Allen; and Miss Margaret Miller presented, as no one else could, the "Shops and Industries of Old Deerfield."

REPORT OF CURATOR

The chief work accomplished the past year has been on the Pewter Collection in the Newton Room. Months have been spent on this subject, and twenty-three writers on pewter have been consulted. With the aid of Miss Frances S. Drenning and Mr. W. Herbert Nichols the Collection has been numbered, described, permanently marked and catalogued. Identification characters have been considered first of all. Unfortunately we do not know the history of a single piece of the pewter, as Mr. Newton was not interested in this phase of the subject. We have part of a communion service but we do not know where or by whom it was used.

The catalogue, which is herewith submitted, will be kept in Memorial Hall for ready reference.

The ebbing tide of travel the past summer has caused a decrease in the number of visitors to Memorial Hall, but 6,211 have enjoyed the Collection. For twelve consecutive years we have had over 2,000 visitors in the month of August; this year there were 1,635.

While only 36 States of our Union are represented by the visitors, the number of foreign lands is surprising. These are: Ireland, Scotland, England, France, Switzerland, Germany, Turkey, Egypt, Syria, India, China, Japan, the Philippines, Hawaiian Islands, Porto Rico, the Bahamas and Tasmania.

Fourteen Schools, 6 Camps and 6 organizations have visited us. (These Miss Mellen will read as they offer much food for thought.)

One hundred and forty-nine contributions have been received, consisting of 17 books, 30 pamphlets, 9 newspapers and 93 miscellaneous articles.

One of these contributions, which the donor received from Judge Francis N. Thompson, is the photograph of Mr. Arthur H. Tucker of Milton. This was taken in the winter time on our East Mountain, overlooking the Old Town.

Mr. Tucker was a life member of this Association, and so vitally interested in its work that it seems as though he must be with us today. For these reasons it is appropriate for his picture to hang in our meeting place — the Council Room.

Another contribution is from Mr. Willard E. Morse of Orange. It consists of fifteen articles, most of which belonged to his grandmother, Sarah G. Brown, wife of Ebenezer Nims of Deerfield. There are 9 pieces of Brown Staffordshire china; also an elaborate and carefully preserved counterpane which is here exhibited.

Mr. Frank H. Metcalf of Holyoke has contributed a framed photograph of Fort Massachusetts as now rebuilt.

A huge Cannon Ball has been contributed by Mrs. B. P. Croft of Greenfield. It was fired by the British at the Battle of Stonington, Conn., August 9 to 12, 1814.

Besides the 149 contributions already mentioned, we received in December, by the Will of Mr. Lewis W. Sears of Charlemont a collection of valuable historical pictures, in which Judge John A. Aiken of Greenfield was deeply interested. There are about 70 pictures and maps relating to the early history of Charlemont, the French and Indian Wars and the Revolution. Mrs. Sears, the widow of the donor, wishes to have these pictures kept together, which certainly should be done.

When the warm Spring weather returns, this Collection will be placed in one of the two rooms in Memorial Hall which have not been opened to the public and a full report will be given at the next annual meeting in 1934.

The assistant, Miss Mellen, has continued her excellent work in taking thoughtful care of the Hall, in helping visitors seeking information on various subjects, and in cataloguing the additions to our library.

Respectfully submitted,

J. M. ARMS SHELTON.

Deerfield, Feb. 28, 1933.

GETTING INTO AND OUT OF DEERFIELD

By Mrs. Herbert L. Childs

I said, "I have been asked to speak at the P. V. M. A. meeting on 'Fords and Ferries.'" Another said, "What has the P.V.M.A. to do with Fairies and Fords?"

After all, are fords and fairies so far off in reality from fords and ferries, each a way of transportation? How would the early pioneers, your ancestors and mine, have traversed the plains, crossed rivers and set up dwellings, with streams between the big house and the corn field and milk house, without the ford?

And Fairies — they surely transported us in childhood from prosaic lessons and tasks to the luminous land of make-believe. And was not the Magic Carpet of Bagdad a blazing forerunner of the latest and maybe tomorrow's speed-record-breaking car or airplane; as was the tin horn summoning the boatman, according to the law, the progenitor of the honk of the speeding car. There is really nothing new under the sun—only progression.

Hark back to the narrow path, made by foot in front of foot, of the Indian Trail, making so deep a rut in the soil and even the rock that it has been the basic map of future great roads, as one was found by a boy 50 years ago on Pocumtuck mountain, lying there between fern and brush like a sign and signal of man's indomitable footsteps.

Only last month a gentleman here visiting, one of an inquiring turn of mind and eye, discovered an old Indian Trail near Stillwater Bridge, the trail the hostile Indians wore into the soil coming down from the North to a ford at Stillwater.

Our forefathers breaking into the wilderness, came at last to the river. But how to cross? No sturdy bridges or lace-work of iron and steel swung over the still or rushing stream. But the Indian had been there before him, skilled and untiring in his search for and use of every weakness and meandering of river and stream, and here or there was some formation of rock or gravel where the river had spread and lost its depth. And here was one stone and there another, and stepping stones were found and a crossing formed for man's feet.

Then came the horse dappling through the water, finding with wise hoof firm spots for a safe passage for his rider. It needs no imagination to see the ox-cart and covered wagon that followed and, at long last, we can imagine the joy of the weary passenger on the Albany Coach, when he heard the rumble and scrouch of the wheels through the ripple and rush of the Albany Road Ford, knowing that soon the cheer and warmth of Frary or Barnard Tavern awaited him.

The road to Albany ran down Hitchcock Lane to the ford across the Deerfield River at Old Fort.

I remember when I came on a visit to Deerfield, forty-two years ago, the guideboard nailed to the old corner store, home then of Robert Childs, with the finger pointing down the lane. "To Albany", it read. It was only removed when the recent fords, in their haste to get somewhere else, took their way to the perilous ford that led nowhere.

As this sketch map, based on the state surveys of 1794 and 1830, shows, Deerfield was and is uniquely placed, almost like a peninsular, on three sides surrounded by water; on the north and west by the Deerfield River, on the east by the Connecticut.

And so the entrance and exit to the town and its environs, the fords and ferries in the early days, played an important part, hardly to be realized, with our modern swift movement in mechanized vehicles over bridges, conduits etc.

West Deerfield is entirely cut off on the east and south by the Deerfield River, and in early times there were many fords of a "seasonable character" as the river dashed high in the spring,

spreading out later in shallows covering the meadows and sometimes in freshets coming up over the Street.

You all remember the flood of November 8-12, 1927 when the river rose and rose and spread and spread, over the south meadows to the Wapping road, making the underpass impassable except for boats; while at the north end, the meadows were a great lake, the road from Greenfield flooded all the way down to the Mrs. G. Cochrane Smith place. E. Russell Cowles was entirely awash, and the waters crept up from the west to the back door of Mrs. Ada Brown.

We were surely then an island. How thrilling when a canoe, and then a motor boat came over the meadows from Greenfield, to bring — if necessary — food and succor to the inhabitants. Have we not a seasonable river?

THE RIVER

The bed of the Deerfield River in 1670 was probably about as far west as the present channel. The river has cut its capricious way back and forth across these meadows, but since 1869 has remained about where we now find it.

The Hatfield road originally ran to the river and along its bank, across the present Log Meadows, thus the ford, which led to the western hills at Martin's Falls, to Stebbins meadow and the Bars, Long Hill to the Main settlement.

Other fords were: Pine Hill, west of Judith Point, Wire Bridge leading to Osgoods and Fred Wynne's in the Old World.

There were two from the South End of the street, one directly back of the homestead now owned and lived in by Herbert L. Childs, one across the river at Horatio Hoyt's land to meet the road running to Chapman's in Wisdom.

CANALS

Dealing with the two rivers as chief means of getting into and out of Deerfield, it was natural that thought of canals came to the minds of the inhabitants. This thought was in the air. All Massachusetts went mad about canals in the late 1700's and early 1800's, which shows that ferries do lead to fairies, for certainly the idea of building a canal from Deerfield to Albany was a pure fairy tale. Yet it was gravely projected and a commission was appointed by the town inhabitants to build a wharf and purchase lands necessary for a road at the foot of Eagle Brook Hill.

Besides going to Albany it was necessary to get to Boston by water, and Deerfield was much interested in the idea of crossing the Connecticut at Montague on the canal that was to lead through Millers Falls, due east to the Hub. For this purpose

the Proprietors of Locks and Canals Corporation was a subject of much agitation for a good many years. This company was a magnificent creation on paper and issued certificates of shares, printed on thick paper, bearing the seal adopted by the company. This seal bore a design showing a lock and the wheel which closed and opened it, with a boat in the act of being raised in the lock.

The fairy tale did not come true.

There was anxious inquiry as late as June 1825 about the dividends on the stock and whether the company was in debt and what about gross receipts of tolls and rents.

There were no "tolls or rents" but all Deerfield received and kept was the name which was given to the N. Y. N. H. & H. Railroad, called locally "The Canal Road", which substituted land travel for water.

FERRIES

In addition to fords, ferries were established for more important transportation of horses, cattle and goods. Scows and canoes were provided for river use.

"In 1740 there were two roads to Greenfield, one down the lane by the old burying yard across the Pocumtuck River, now called the Deerfield, at the old Ford, Old River, Little Hope to Green River farms."

The other was from the north end of the street, across Great Plains east of Pine Hill crossing the river through Cheapside. The river at this point was not fordable. A scow was used for teams and a canoe for footmen was kept here at the expense of the town.

Ferries were so essential a part of the needs of the colonists that a law was enacted by General Court, governing their use;—"A Ferry is a place where boats ply regularly across a river or stream for the conveyance of persons or goods across a particular river, and, exacting a reasonable toll for the service, belongs, like the right of Fair and Market, to the class of rights known as Franchise. Its origin must be by statute, royal grant or prescription. It is wholly unconnected with the ownership of the land, so that the owner of a Ferry need not be proprietor of the soil on either side of the water over which the right is exercised. He is bound to maintain suitable boats, ready for the use of the public, and to employ fit persons as ferrymen.

"In 1758 the matter of a regular ferry for Deerfield was agitated and by order of the Court of General Sessions was directed at this time, to keep and maintain a ferry over Deerfield River between Deerfield and Greenfield. A lot of land was bought west of the County Road."

This was the "Old Ferry Lot", held by the town until it was exchanged for a gravel pit in 1895. On this lot a house was built for the ferryman 18 by 20 feet with a stone cellar under or near one side of it.

In 1895 a clump of house lillies still marked the site of this house on the north-east corner of Pine Hill.

The main need of this ferry was to allow convenient access to the Town Lands at the mouth of the Green River. By sudden freshets in the river and through the carelessness of men, boats were often carried away, to be utterly lost, or recovered from below at some expense.

Stringent legislation to "seize them withall", also strong chains were provided for their safe keep at their moorings.

To show the difficulties of establishing a ferry at this time let me read you the following petition:

"Know all men by these presents that Mr. Lucius Tuttle and Benjamin Cobb, both of Deerfield in the County of Franklin, yeomen, are held and firmly bound to the inhabitants of the Town of Deerfield in the sum of one hundred dollars, to be paid to the said Town of Deerfield; to which payment well and truly to be made we bind ourselves our heirs executors and administrators firmly by these presents. Sealed with our Seal the eighth day of March A.D. 1821.

The condition of this obligation is such that whereas application has been made to the Court of Sessions to have a ferry established across the Connecticut River between the towns of said Deerfield and Montague near the home of Lucius Tuttle. Now therefore if the said ferry shall be established and the said Lucius shall be licensed to keep the same and if the said towns of Deerfield and Montague shall provide, at their own expense, a new boat of sufficient size, form and goodness to be used at said ferry for all the purposes of the said ferry to be established in the present term of the said court aforesaid. And if the said Lucius and Benjamin shall indemnify and save harmless the said town of Deerfield from all expense for about for and during the term of ten years from this date and shall provide a suitable person to keep said ferry for the said term of ten years, unless the said ferry shall within that time be discontinued—in which case the said Lucius and Benjamin shall deliver it to the Selectmen of said towns of Deerfield and Montague as their joint property — then this obligation to be void, otherwise in full force and virtue.

In presence of us

George Grinell, Jr.

Jonas Bridges

Lucius Tuttle

Benjamin Cobb"

This is well shown by a petition to the "Honorable Justices of the Court of the General Sessions of the Peace to be holden at Springfield on the third Tuesday of Jan. A.D. 1792."

The inhabitants of Shelburne, Deerfield and Greenfield want the road from Shelburne to Greenfield "over an exceeding high and bad hill" changed to the valley and the county road from Mr. John Bull's farm to Deerfield which "is over the same bad hills and no ferry can be kept thereon owing to the great width that the river flows when the waters are high and forming an island on part of said Road" be changed to across Petty's place to the head of Sutcliff's Falls, so called, and thence across Deerfield River by a ferry—which will greatly relieve the burthen of travel from Deerfield to Shelburne.

This was followed by a further petition to the Selectmen, signed by twelve men, to change the road from Deerfield to Cobb's ferry "in consequence of the bend in the road on Caleb R. Clapp's land"—to change it to "run from the top of Horton Brook Hill upon the South line of said Clapp's land until it meets the present road."

The Town Fathers were thrifty and canny. It was voted on May 13, 1774 that "The Town will build a house at the end of Hitchcock Lane near the burying yard for a tradesman to keep a Ferry near Harrow Meadow, said house to be of the contents of 32 feet in length, 18 in breadth, one story high."

It does not appear how long a ferry was kept up here, but in 1780 the ferry house was devoted to the use of the poor of the town.

By 1769 there were listed Brooks Ferry, Oakes Ferry and Farrand Ferry, which cannot now be located, being at the mercy of the river's will.

Wells Ferry, afterwards called Whitmore Ferry, was in use and appropriations made for it until 1928, as the item in the town report shows: For Whitmore Ferry, half a wire and half a boat, \$59.

The Town Report gives the cost of running a ferry in 1901 as \$250.00.

Later reports give appropriations:—half a boat and wire at Whitmore Ferry, \$50.00, paid M. W. Potter running Whitmore Ferry, \$75.00.

These appropriations with little variation run through the annual Town Reports up to about 1928-29.

One by one ferries were abandoned as handsome and substantial bridges replaced them—Cheapside, Stillwater, Sunderland.

BRIDGES

But Bridges were a reality for the river had still to be dealt with. There were small wooden bridges over small streams and some quite impressive stone bridges over a stream back of Hitchcock House and Judge Ball's, in Harrow Meadow.

In 1816 the town ordered one built twenty-two feet broad with sufficient water course in the hollow near the house of John Williams; one about forty rods from the Connecticut River Bridge, one a little west of George Fiske's bake house.

The charter to build Cheapside Bridge at the ferry place was granted June 22, 1797, at a cost of \$5,000.

And so we reach the building of Deerfield's first important bridge; a venture that had its difficulties.

In Feb. 1860 it was voted to build a bridge at Stillwater. A town committee was appointed and it followed a natural course by quarrelling with the County Commissioners for two years.

In 1863 the bridge and a connecting road were actually built at a cost of \$7,229.67 which the town promptly refused to pay.

The County Commissioners finally proposed, "if the town would pay in cash in one week from date the sum of \$5,229.67" they would settle the matter. This the town agreed to do and borrowed the money.

In the early spring of 1866 the River came up, the ice jammed, the bridge sagged. The town appointed a committee to see to the safety of the bridge. The committee advised taking the bridge down and building a new one.

Nothing was done: the matter was left to the river. It promptly rose in October during a great flood and heavy rain of many days and carried away the bridge. To remove the wreck the town paid \$995.00.

The present Stillwater bridge was built at a cost of \$3,775.00, the road through Wisdom to Shelburne for \$2,000.00 and the cost of both bridges, roads and lawyers' fees amounted to \$21,724.84.

Sunderland Bridge was the latest of the bridges. The first, built in 1868 met with disaster and it was necessary to return to a ferry again across the Connecticut in the interval before the new structure was built. This was to be a toll bridge but the Sunderland people objected and petitioned to have the charge abolished, a proposal Deerfield fought — with sound and fury, but apparently Sunderland was not for long a toll bridge.

And so we get into and out of Deerfield but —

THE COVERED BRIDGE IS GONE.

JOHN HAWKS AS A HADLEY CHEST MAKER

By Rev. Clair F. Luther

I propose to adventure with you tonight into the field of speculation, although our flights will be not altogether those of fancy pure and unalloyed; but taking off from the solid ground of well-known and accredited facts, we may at least keep ourselves within reach of a safe landing-place. And it is through no haunting attachment to the homiletic method that I am dividing our topic into two parts. This is, indeed, one less than the historic division of "all Gaul", standard from the time of Caesar and in the present enterprise, appears to be a matter of necessity. In making this division I venture to express the hope that the first part may not be without relevancy to the second.

It is recorded of the Rev. William Jay, reformer and jurist, that he once made an address before the Bible Society of Bath, Maine. Not long afterward he was waited upon by a committee from the society who requested for publication "so much of the speech as related to the matter in hand". From which it appears that what our modern psychologists are designating as 'correlation' and 'integration' were not too common even among the reformers.

No one, so far as I know, has ever attributed to Serj. John Hawks the activity of a maker of Hadley chests. The title which attaches to his name reflects rather, a military career, howbeit, a modest and probably brief one. Campaigning was a stern necessity in those days, and one who had been in the Falls Fight, who had passed through the horror of the Massacre and paid tribute to the fury of the destroyer in the loss of six members of his immediate family, wore with distinction the military title which proclaimed connection with those epochal events in the life of the settlement.

The military tradition persisted in the family and another JOHN continued the activity a half-century later, in the command of the garrison at Fort Massachusetts.

But campaigns come to an end and the intervals between have to be filled in with less spectacular occupations, the activities connected with the ever-present bread-and-butter question. It is my purpose to fix upon Serj. JOHN HAWKS the activity of being a maker of Hadley chests, not the only one, to be sure, but so far as the arrow points, the only one in this community. And this endeavor demands some degree of explanation which may properly constitute the first of our two divisions.

The investigation I had been making into the subject of the Hadley Chest, led inevitably to the query: Who built them? In the early stages of that investigation I was not familiar with the literature relating to the subject, a literature painfully scant at best, and scarcely more than scratching the surface. But certain conclusions were beyond question. The maker or makers, must of necessity have been residents of this section where the chests were found. They must have been cabinet makers, 'joyners' in the parlance of the day; must have flourished within certain very definite limits; must have had acquaintance with the product of the Hartford 'joyners' chief among them Nicholas Disbrowe, known builder of several superior examples of early American joinery and in short, must have met conditions imposed by the very nature of the case.

It seemed to me in the absence of any definite information that John Hawks met these conditions perfectly, and with this intuition, I think I may call it, wrote to Mr. Luke Vincent Lockwood, author of "*Colonial Furniture in America*" and acknowledged authority in early Americana, setting forth my arguments and conclusions, based on little more than intuition or assumption. His reply was to direct my attention to the latest edition of his book, at that time just off the press, and thus accounting for my ignorance of his position.

While admitting the cogency of my arguments, he nevertheless adhered to the position he had taken in the second edition of his book, namely, that the firm of BELDING & ALLIS of Hatfield, consisting of Samuel Belding and Ichabod Allis, were the makers of the Hadley chests found in this vicinity. These men sustained numerous direct and indirect family relationships with each other which need not be here enumerated, although they form a most interesting and complicated puzzle in genealogy and invest the partnership with considerably more than a mere business connection. Moving under this guidance I sought for confirmation of Mr. Lockwood's theory, and came to accept his position.

The evidences that the Allis family, or to include both members of the firm, that Samuel Belding and Ichabod Allis were builders of these rare early American pieces, appear to me to be both cumulative and convincing. To mention only a few of them:—there are ten Hadley chests that either bear the final initial "A" for ALLIS, or have initials of girls who married into the Allis family; (b) the entire output of Hadley chests falls within the limits of the life of Ichabod Allis, the earlier ones doubtless constructed by the father JOHN ALLIS, the series ending with the death of Ichabod in 1747; (c) and what amounts almost to a signature, a chest with an inscription affixed,

stating that it was made for Lydia, his daughter, the inscription however, being of a much later date manifestly.

These are but a few of the arguments adduced to support the theory, and I mention them for the reason that the same line of argument applies with equal or greater force in the undertaking we now have in hand.

It is a misfortune that these modest craftsmen thought so little of themselves, that not a single mark or signature to indicate authorship has been discovered on any one of their productions. The initials of the girl for whom the chest was made, or of the bride whose dowry it was to be, are conspicuous, and as in the case of the several A's I have mentioned in the Allis family, furnish undoubted contributory evidence, but not a single mark to indicate the maker has been discovered, with one notable exception. The single exception to this rule of silence is in the case of the Mary Allyn chest, owned by Mr. Lockwood, on one of the drawers of which appears the inscription in 17th century script:

MARY ALLYNS CHISTT CUTT AND JOYNED
BY NICH: DISBROWE

This particular piece has an interesting history into which we may not now enter, but the inscription appears definitely to attach the construction to the Hartford master craftsman, Nicholas Disbrowe. Although Mr. Penrose Hoopes has advanced the theory that the inscription was affixed by John Allyn, Deputy Governor, father of the favored Mary, since he thinks he has discovered evidence that Disbrowe could neither read nor write. Even so the conclusion is not invalidated, and the inscription stands as a veritable signature, the only one of its kind thus far discovered. Nor does the matter of identification proceed with much haste until the custom of printed labels came in, late in the 19th century, a merry tempest in a teapot having recently arisen around so famous an artist as McIntire of Salem with his unrivaled carvings.

Thus it is that in the absence of any definite signature we are thrown upon the somewhat cold and cheerless processes of inductive logic. How rewarding they may be the event will prove. As I have said, in the situation thus outlined, I hazarded a guess as one shooting an arrow into the air, that Serj. John Hawks had been a builder of Hadley chests.

I am glad of the opportunity here and now to return to the defense of that original position, and all the more so in this presence where the spirit of the old Serjeant may walk abroad, or where at any rate, the weak spot in the armor may be detected by the living, and either the argument refuted or the conclusion supported.

With this by way of introduction comprising our first line of attack, we may then proceed to the actual enterprise in hand, marshalling the supporting arguments and considerations to bear upon what I am jealous to believe is an entirely original conception, and which I trust may not be an ugly duckling among the very valuable and interesting publications to which this Association stands sponsor.

1. It would not be an absolute necessity, of course, to search for other makers than the two or three already mentioned on the ground that their span of life was too short and the number of chests too great to have been constructed by one firm. The actual number of carved chests so far as I have been able to list them, is almost exactly an even hundred. Allowing for those destroyed by fire and other hazard and counting several plain pieces bearing all the ear-marks of the Hadleys except the carving, the number may possibly have reached one hundred and fifty. It would have been entirely possible for one man even, to have constructed so many during the course of an ordinary life without working over-time. The inducement to look for other builders does not arise from any such necessity. It is in fact, a commonplace that many 'joyners' up and down the Valley did actually produce the chests, from Deerfield on the north to Coventry, Conn. on the south, each employing the characteristic tulip and leaf design, and at the same time giving some individual touch to his fabrication. We are therefore quite within bounds in looking for a builder in Deerfield where so many of the pieces have been found and still remain.

2. The next step in the proceeding is to look for a suitable candidate in this place and during the time limits set by the pieces themselves. That candidate I find in Serj. JOHN HAWKS and we may examine some of the facts and incidents in his life to discover whether they dovetail into the requirements as already set forth. The main features may be assumed to be fairly familiar to this audience, but I shall presume to rehearse them with reference to the matter in hand. For oftentimes incidents are lightly passed over which seem to have no significance until related to a definite but not entirely apparent, purpose. In fact reading history, like reading a poem or oration, is largely a matter of proper emphasis.

Serj. John was born in 1643, the son of John Hawks or Hake, of Windsor. With his parents and other members of the family he came to Hadley about 1660, locating on the west side of the river in the division which later became Hatfield. Thus for the first seventeen years of his life, during which time he must have been serving his apprenticeship and learning his trade, he

lived in the town adjoining Hartford where Nicholas Disbrowe was exactly in his prime and making some of the pieces that have come down to us. There is no evidence to be sure, that young John served under Disbrowe, but being of the same craft he could have scarcely have been ignorant of the work of that master, whose influence undoubtedly dominated not only the shire town but the surrounding settlements as well. Inter-course between Hartford and Windsor was frequent and intimate, and it imposes no tax upon the imagination to believe that the boy of seventeen, learning carpentry and joinery, must have known at least, of the work of Disbrowe.

In Hatfield where John remained for a dozen years or more, he was next door neighbor to the Allis family, or families, for there were several of them. It is not a part of this discussion to enter upon the field of John Hawks' military career, interesting as that might be. The item of chief import is that he was a carpenter and joiner, that is, cabinet maker. The first is an accepted fact and I shall hope to demonstrate the latter as a corollary of the former. John Hawks was among the earliest settlers evidently casting in his lot with the Dedham proprietors at the opening of the tract. After the first assault and massacre of King Philip's War and the abandonment of the settlement, he had gone back to Connecticut for a time, but was among the first to return hither and undertake the re-construction of this town, perhaps about 1680. In 1686 the town called John Williams to the pastorate of the church and voted for his "Incouragement" a house, to be 42 feet long, 20 feet wide with a "lentoo" on the back side. And here we come upon the first sure marks of John Hawks' activity as a carpenter, the reference being in Mr. Sheldon's story of the Heredity and Early Environment of John Williams. I quote Mr. Sheldon's words (p.147).

"The work must be done under the direction of the Selectmen, John Sheldon, William Smead, etc. - - What a stir and excitement among the people when the preparation for this enterprise began - - Breakfast by the light of the blazing pine knots and a prompt gathering on the common. With what zeal and energy John Stebbins and JOHN HAWKS, the carpenters, led the woodmen up the steep side of the East Mountain."

Exactly ten years later, 1696, John Hawks was on the committee to build the meeting-house, which stood yonder on the common a few rods north of the monument. It is certain that he was not only on the committee, but that he himself worked on the construction since the contract to finish the building was awarded to him. This item must not be passed

over indifferently, for much is wrapped up in that expression "to finish the building." This includes of course the finer work, the making of the pews, the paneling the ornamentation of the interior with fret-work and scrolls if any, and the construction of the pulpit, ever the principal object of attention.

It was at exactly this time that Samuel Belding and Ichabod Allis, building the meeting-house at Hatfield were given orders by vote of the town "to enlarge the pulpit and make it uniform." What this latter item of instruction may imply, is uncertain, but we may safely conclude that it has no reference to doctrine, since uniformity therein was of the very essence of religion.

In respect of this meeting-house built here on the common in 1696, Gen. Epaphras Hoyt in his account of the settlement, written in 1833, speaks of it as a "small log church." Far be it from me to dispute the statement made exactly 100 years ago, and by that token so much nearer the original sources, but the assumption seems to me unlikely, in view of the pretentious manse erected for the minister ten years earlier, and the presence on both sides of the common of framed houses, clap-boarded and paneled within. Certainly none of the neighboring meeting-houses were log houses, and with the genuine artistic taste of the settlers, the pride in the meeting-house, and the really fine mansions near at hand, I find it difficult to believe the house was of logs.

The chief contribution derived from this contract with Serj. John to "finish the meeting-house," is that it establishes him as a carpenter skilled in the finer parts of his craft, a joiner or cabinet maker. And John Hawks was of course, the builder of his own house almost directly opposite the end of the street, a few rods to the south-east of Parson Williams' manse, that smaller house which became a fire trap for those who took refuge in the cellar during the Massacre.

It was the impoverished condition of the town that delayed payment of the bill incurred in the construction of the meeting-house and the final claim for work was not paid until ten years after the Massacre, in 1714 by a draft on the town lands at Mill River for twenty acres of land. Whether this final settlement was made after he went to live with his daughter Hannah Scott, in Waterbury, or whether he continued to live here until he secured the settlement will probably never be known. He was living in Connecticut in 1721, at that time seventy-eight years old.

It should be mentioned that for his second wife, Serj. John married Alice Allis, widow of Samuel who died in the 'great sickness' of 1691. This marriage occurred in 1696, twenty years after the death of his first wife, Martha Baldwin. The

connection with the Allis family begun in the first years of his residence in Hatfield, was thus continued and cemented more closely by this second marriage.

3. All of this seems like a good deal of preliminary skirmishing before we come at actual grips with the proposition in hand. But in the establishment of an hypothesis as a demonstrated fact, no single item is negligible or unimportant. And it was indeed, necessary thus to set forth the conditions and the points of agreement before we could intelligently come at the testimony of the chests themselves. For it is these that must furnish the conclusive demonstration if one is to be had. Such a demonstration could only be projected upon exactly such a background as we have been constructing. And with this we may pass to the direct evidence supplied by the chests themselves. Is there anything to connect the name of John Hawks with any of the chests or to suggest that he may have been the builder? Let us first of all examine the chests that unquestionably sustain a relation to the Hawks family.

Most conspicuous of all is the exceedingly rare three-drawer chest in Memorial Hall acquired many years ago and described as a part of the "outfit of Sarah Hawks" and bearing her initials S. H. Sarah was the daughter of Serj. John's brother Eliezer, born in 1701, married to Dr. Thomas Wells in 1726. It is interesting to note that in the inventory of the estate of Thomas Wells taken on the 1st day of August, 1744, this chest is appraised at 160£, indicating among other things what is well known, that property rights inhered in the male sex, and further that this must have been a period of inflated currency, inasmuch as other inventories commonly place an appraisal value of about two pounds (£2) upon similar pieces, often much less.

This uncertainty of money values is reflected in a vote passed by the town of Framingham on November 10, 1755, in calling Rev. David Kellogg to the pastorate, to pay him four dollars a day, "to be as good as money was five years ago." No age or place stands alone in seeing values slip away from what are euphemistically called 'securities'.

Inventory of Estate of EZEKIEL HOLYMAN, Warwick, R. I.
taken 1659—

To one great chest	0—8—0
To man sarvant Jo	0—9—0

Estate of GRAFTON FEVERYEARE, Newburyport
taken March 21, 1771—

1 Negro man, Gregory, about 80 years of age, estimated nothing.

With this brief digression from our main line we may return to the date of Sarah Hawks' marriage, 1726, subsequent to Serj. John's removal to Waterbury and perhaps even subsequent to his death. And if the chest were to be considered as a part of her marriage outfit—the description omits the word 'marriage'—it could not possibly have come from the hand of her uncle John Hawks. But extended investigation indicates that only in very rare instances were these chests a part of the marriage dowry—that is, made for the occasion—but were actually made for girls of tender age. Mr. Malcolm A. Norton somewhere states that they were made for children of two or three years, and this is confirmed by the first Lydia Allis chest, this Lydia having died in 1691 at the age of eleven. Sarah Hawks was three years old at the time of the Massacre and sometime between the date of her birth in 1701 and the Massacre in 1704 which practically put an end to all activity for many years, her uncle may have constructed this rare three-drawer Hadley chest. Or it might even be that the chest was built subsequent to the Massacre, sometime during those ten years in which Serj. John was awaiting settlement of the bill for his work on the meeting-house. So far as time is concerned there is no restriction that would rule him out of consideration, provided there is any adequate ground for assuming him to have been the builder beyond the basic fact that John Hawks was a carpenter and joiner, and that his niece Sarah was the owner of the chest. Standing upon this support alone, it must be confessed that evidence in confirmation of our premise is scant indeed.

But it is of the nature of our hypothesis that evidence is inter-dependent and cumulative, and, as in court proceedings counsel is said to forge a chain of evidence, each item linked to a preceding part, so here, while no single item supplies convincing and final proof, the continuity and cumulation of evidence does indeed, lead to practical demonstration.

4. We come then to still another major consideration, which, taken in connection with the one we have just discussed, advances the proposition by another stage. When the catalogue of the relics housed in Memorial Hall was compiled and printed, the S H chest we have just been considering was described as the *only* three-drawer chest known. That was literally true, for its companion, or twin, perhaps we might say, thus definitely fixing the number, was reposing modestly and obscurely in a most unpretentious home a hundred and fifty miles to the north, quite unknown indeed, and quite unaware of its own importance or value. The story of its discovery reads like a romance and would add that touch of romantic interest to our present effort, were it not too extended and too remote

from the main point. Suffice it to say that another three-drawer chest identical in every essential feature with the Sarah Hawks chest is in existence, and may I add, splendidly housed in one of the magnificent mansions of a Boston suburb.

It bears the initials T S and at once our thoughts leap across the span of the centuries in the attempt to identify the original owner for whom these initials stood. Two claimants present themselves, one Thankful Sheldon, born in 1698, of Northampton, whom we instantly reject in favor of another Thankful, Thankful Smead, born in 1677 and marrying in or about 1695, none other than JOHN HAWKS, son of our Serj. John. The plot thickens! Here is the elder John, a widower of nineteen years, about to welcome to his home a daughter who might become a home-maker for himself as well as for his son, probably not anticipating that he himself would take a help-meet the very next year, and certainly not anticipating that both women, the son and the children that should be born, were to perish miserably in the cellar of the house where both families lived in that tragic end of February eight years later.

Is it not something far more than coincidence that these two three-drawer chests—the only ones—should link up closely with John Hawks, and is it not an imperative that we identify the owner of this second three-drawer piece as Thankful Smead, the wife of the younger John Hawks, and the father, carpenter and joiner, as the builder? And here again, standing alone, this second bit of evidence is fragmentary, incomplete, indefinite. But taken in connection with the former, the chain of evidence is growing and throwing a heavier burden of proof on any dissenting opinion.

5. It would seem unavoidable with two chests of such marked individuality, one of them located definitely in the Hawks family, the other meeting every requirement that could possibly be imposed, that they should be classed in the same category. If our conclusion is correct, the marriage in 1695 would place the T S chest as the earlier and lend weight to the supposition that the Sarah Hawks chest might have been made in the early years 1701-4, when Sarah, the niece, was in her infancy, as was suggested.

I pause a moment before leaving these two three-drawer pieces to note an observation made by Dr. Lyon in his "Colonial Furniture of New England," quite irrelevant to the discussion but interesting as showing the primitive stage in which the matter was at the time of publication, 1891. Dr. Lyon in commenting upon the S H chest classes it as a 'hybrid'. This was certainly with no intent of disparagement. He had been speaking of the increase in the number of drawers, eventuating ultimately in the chest-on-chest. The possession of three

drawers seemed to indicate the approaching change, and so he spoke of it as a hybrid. As a matter of fact, these pieces antedate the chest-on-chest by a full half century or more, and have of course, no relation to the later structure. They comprise the rarest type of the Simon-pure Hadley chest, and if our argument is at all plausible, some of the very earliest.

6. From these two pieces so clearly in the immediate family of

Serj. John, we may go on to consider less direct evidence, but evidence which hangs in mid-air unless our hypothesis is correct, to which the hypothesis gives substantial footing. In the same room here in Memorial Hall is another two-drawer Hadley chest, stained red and initialed W A. This piece presents an interesting and unusual problem.

Was it indeed, made for William Arms as the catalogue states? If so, this would be the sole instance of a chest constructed for a boy, although we have six examples of chests with three initials, for both bride and groom. These were very evidently dowry or marriage chests, made possible as wedding presents.

(R E B, I E N, I S M, D H E, N D M, W M G)

There is every reason indeed, to accept the tradition that this chest was made for William Arms, but not for the first of the family in America. That William Arms probably did arrive in the Colony not far from 1676 and for our present purpose his chief interest for us is that he married JOANNA HAWKS in 1677. Joanna was the sister of Serj. John. Two sons named for the father were born of this marriage, the first in 1678, dying in 1690 at the age of twelve; the second born in 1692. It was a very common custom for parents to name a child for an older one who had died, sometimes as many as three bearing the same name. Now this period of the two William Arms, nephews of Serj. John was exactly the period of his activity as a carpenter and builder.

There is nothing inherently impossible or improbable in the supposition that he did make this chest for one of his nephews bearing the name William Arms. Add to this the fact that an exhaustive search of the records reveals no girl with the initials W A, and the persistent tradition that it was made for William Arms, our case is advanced still another stage toward certainty.

7. The contribution made by still another chest, one of those with three initials, is perhaps not so direct or so weighty as in the instances cited, but is nevertheless worthy of consideration. I refer to the chest initialed I E N, now owned by Mr. Wesley G. Humes of Greenfield, the initials standing for John and Elizabeth Nims.

Here again the arrow points unmistakably to Serj. John Hawks although it must be said that family relationship was

not established until the next generation. John Nims was the son of Godfrey, the "cordwainer", ancestor of all of that name in America, as the history states. Tragic chapters followed one another with fearful regularity in the family story, from the burning of the Nims house in 1693-4 in which a step-son perished, to the second more tragic conflagration on that fateful morning in 1704 when three of the children were lost and the family nearly exterminated. John Nims was born in 1679. Upon the death of his first wife, Godfrey Nims, the father, had married in 1692 Mehitable *Smead* Hull, who brought with her into the Nims home, her daughter Elizabeth, aged three and one-half.

John was a boy of thirteen at the time of this marriage, and together the son and the little step-daughter grew up in the home, being themselves finally joined in marriage on December 19, 1707. But more tragedy had preceded this union, for John was taken captive in 1703 and Elizabeth Hull in 1704; John Nims, then twenty-five, escaped and Elizabeth Hull was later ransomed and returned. The story has all the elements of tragedy and romance combined. The marriage was performed by Mr. Williams. Who knows but it may have been the first marriage ceremony taking place in the brand new parsonage just erected for the "Redeemed Captive"?

A daughter of this union, Elizabeth Nims was born March 1, 1712, and married on December 10, 1730 to John Hawks, son of Eliezer and nephew of Serj. John, although it must be presumed that the uncle was not then alive to know of the event.

While the chest was for the father and mother, and from the fact that the initials of both appear, evidently constructed at the time of the marriage in 1707, this later alliance shows that intimate relationship existed between the Nims and the Hawks families.

8. Yet one other Hadley chest carved in conventional design, having one drawer only, can be traced to the immediate family of John Hawks, and presumably to him as the maker. And when I say 'immediate' as subsequent to the Massacre, I mean of course his brother Eliezer's family where as has been intimated, he may have gone to live. This fifth chest is the one made for Abigail Wells and bearing her initials, who in 1714 became the wife of Eliezer, Jr., another nephew of Serj. John. This piece had an uninterrupted sojourn in the Hawks house at Wapping from 1714, the date of the marriage until the fall of 1927 when it passed to another owner, Mr. Herbert Newton, of Holyoke, but a direct descendant of the original owner.

The same method of procedure applies in this instance as in the former. The date is the same as that on which the final claim for work on the meeting-house was settled, 1714, which

may have been just previous to his departure to live with his daughter in Waterbury. Or on his return for a longer or shorter sojourn here. I am indeed, far from claiming this as absolute demonstration, but it does appear to me to embody much of what the jurists designate as 'eminent probability'.

9. It is well known that chests in varying designs and structure have come down to us from this period, and although the name "Hadley" is applied to those only which are carved with the tulip and leaf, many plain chests of like construction but lacking the ornamental carving, are by every token, Hadley chests, and originate in the same place. We may give final consideration to one of these, the only chest with writing of any sort upon it, to my knowledge. This is a plain blanket chest with two drawers belonging to Miss Susan B. Hawks, and thus on the face of it presenting claims to recognition as a production of Serj. John Hawks.

The writing which is on the inside of the lid, was done with chalk, in 18th century script, and is not easily or entirely decipherable. The name LUCY ALLIS appears in large letters with elaborate and wide-circling capitals. Higher up on the lid, in smaller script is seen "... Matton 1 shilling 6 pence" and underneath "Sarah Matton." Now John Hawks' sister Sarah married Philip Mattoon and (2) Daniel Belding. She lived to the great age of ninety-four, seventy-four years after her first marriage. Philip Mattoon and Sarah Hawks had a daughter Sarah, born April 26, 1687, who married Zechariah Field in 1711. This Sarah Mattoon was thus the niece of Serj. John and her period and date of marriage are exactly those of the activity of John Hawks, her uncle, and co-incident with the two chests we have just been viewing.

It may not be too much to suppose that we have here an authentic notation of the maker, and the 1 & six-pence may have been the price of the chest for his niece. The Lucy Allis is not to be accounted for, although it was evidently the name of one of the succession of later owners. But the name Sarah Mattoon definitely allies it with the several other pieces traced so directly to the workshop of John Hawks. In no other instance except that of Ichabod Allis of Hatfield, do the arrows point so unmistakably as to the door of John Hawks, builder of Hadley chests definitely deriving from this very locality.

That there were other carpenters and joiners here, and that they built chests and other articles of household furnishing is not denied. But it seems improbable that with such a skilled crafts-man in the family, so many of the Hawks girls should have gone outside of the family to find a maker for their hope or dowry chests. The evidence is almost as conclusive as an actual signature, that we have in Serj. JOHN HAWKS a

veritable maker of Hadley chests. It is at least reassuring to know that no one can positively *deny* that he did construct them, while the accumulation of such bits of evidence as we have been considering lends presumptive weight to the thesis with which we began, viz. that Serj. JOHN HAWKS was a maker of Hadley chests.

SHOPS AND INDUSTRIES IN OLD DEERFIELD

By Margaret Miller

From the settlement of our town, hand industries were existent in every household. All of the processes for feeding and clothing the family were cheerfully carried on by the men and women with no thought of its being a hardship. Doubtless there was barter and exchange of the various commodities but it was not until the early eighteenth century that business began to concentrate in shops. About 1740 little shops began to blossom out all up and down this street. They seemed to be mostly small buildings stuck in the front corner of the yard or behind the shed, anywhere it happened. Thinking of the fine old houses that still adorn our street, left over from that period, we cannot feel that the looks of the town were improved by this heterogeneous collection. But they were necessary evils and when their usefulness was over they vanished. Bye and bye as the shoemakers, hatters, tailors, etc. multiplied it became expedient to have a center of trade and a convenient location for this was found on the Albany Road, the only available land not occupied with homes.

This land had been set aside in 1686 for the use of the ministry. It was called the Town Garden and I suppose the ministers had made good use of it. However, the petition to the Legislature in 1759 for leave to sell the property to tradesmen sets forth that "the soil of said lot is poor and Baren & for want of manure is rendered of but little profit to the minister** Have good opportunity to dispose of sd lot in such a manner as would be greatly to their advantage & the sum of money would be more profitable than that of the land is."

Exactly how much truth there was in this argument, or how much of it was inspired by these would-be tradesmen, it is difficult at this distance to say but Parson Ashley signified that he was satisfied provided the profits be secured to him during his ministry. So the act was passed and the lot extending from the street, south of the common to the old burying

ground, was divided into nine lots, $\frac{1}{2}$ or $\frac{3}{4}$ acre to a lot. The two lots nearest to the burying ground were not used by industries but if we only had a picture of the Albany Road what a contrast it would make to the Albany Road of the present!

For between 1760 and 1800 it was occupied by a gunsmith, cordwainer, feltmaker, weaver, blacksmith, two shoemakers, hatter and saddler. About where the gymnasium now stands William Russell employed a man named Graves to make coffins. But ready made coffins being an innovation, the enterprise was not successful and was soon given up. Later, on the same spot, a wheelwright named Death set up in business here.

And somewhere down this lane was the Town Pound, occupied in impounding the stray cattle. The venerable elm in front of the old Hitchcock house looked upon very different scenes in the days of its youth. To the eastward it could see the store on the S.E. corner of the Academy lot. This store came there in 1741. I use this expression because it was a cider mill moved there from I-don't-know-where for the purpose of serving the town in another capacity. And serve the town it did for more than a century. Until 1800 it was under the guidance of the Williams family, Capt. Elijah Williams being the institutor of it.

Besides the usual rum and molasses, salt and nails, Capt. Williams fitted out from his stock scouting parties and companies with ammunition, snow shoes etc. during the French and Indian War. Starting out from this place these rough and ready soldiers followed the guide board on the front of the store which pointed "to Albany", down the lane to the ford and so over the hills to the westward. In addition to this business the legal affairs of the town received attention here. Both Capt. Elijah and his son John were Justices of the Peace and an astonishing amount of litigation was disposed of here. Also John Williams acted as Register of Deeds for the northern district of old Hampshire before Franklin County was set off and the county seat established at Greenfield. Also the old elm might have seen on the knoll where the brick church now stands (I understand it was quite a hill then but was graded down for the Meeting House) the small building used by Gen. Epaphras Hoyt who was at one time register of deeds, afterwards High Sheriff. This building was peripatetic, as so many of them were, journeying to the south end of the street and later down on to the Wapping road. Also the elm would have seen the familiar outlines of the old "Indian House", so called, at that time a famous Tory tavern where David Hoyt, the landlord, made "wigs and foretops."

If we had gone up and down our street during that half century before 1800 we would have found many shops outside

this "shopping district". It was probably necessary that there should be so many shoemakers, cabinet makers, tailors and blacksmiths. For we, who measure everything by machines and electricity, must remember that all these things were accomplished by slow, laborious hand work. A shoemaker in those days got 2s. for making a pair of shoes (they retailed at 6s.) and 2s.6d. for French heels. So our young ladies take after their grandmothers in their fashions as well as in other ways. There was a distinction between cordwainers and shoemakers. The former worked in cordovan or cordwain leather, more suitable for women's wear. The men's boots like those seen in the agricultural corner at Memorial Hall, were probably made by the local shoemaker. One would think after inspecting the specimens there that one pair of boots was all that would be needed for a lifetime, also that men must have been much stronger in those days, just to carry around that weight of leather.

As for the cabinet makers—who knows how many chairs and tables, beds and chests were produced right here on this street? If they had only been thoughtful enough to put their sign manual on these pieces of furniture destined to become precious heirlooms! What kind of watches were made by the watch makers who were listed here? Did the settlers in this remote section join the movement to "Buy American" that was almost a furor at the Hub several years before the Revolution? And what were the pewter buttons like that were made in the same shop on lot 24 (the old Plympton place) where Solomon Ashley cut gravestones? These questions I fear must remain unanswered as these Artisans wrought only for the needs of the moment.

What is now Memorial Lane, but was then only a road to the mountain, was also a busy place. Here we find a malt house, cabinet maker, shoe shop, cooper, and on beyond, where the road turns, a brick yard. In giving this list I have omitted to mention the rope walk on lot 24, the fulling mill on the east end of lot 22, the maker of fanning mills on the terrace west of the south end, the cider mill and distillery where Christopher Arms not only made strong waters but extracts of peppermint, spearmint and wintergreen for the housewives and salt petre for the War of 1812. The blacksmiths not only plied their regular trade but also made hinges and andirons and in their spare moments cut out nails and headed them up by hand. As late as 1808 Geo. P. Field, who tended tollgate at Cheapside, made nails by this primitive method.

We were not wholly a self-supporting community however. There were several stores where commodities brought up from "the Bay" in covered wagons (like the old Prairie schooners)

were retailed. On lot 8 Capt. Thomas Dickinson (father of Consider) had a store somewhere on the south part, 1770-75.

David Field, who lived on lot 35, nearly opposite, built a store, partly on lot 35 and partly on lot 34. This he occupied 1754-85. It was a favorite resort for the Sons of Liberty during the Revolution and a boulder on the street marks the spot where the liberty pole was set up in front of the store. Col. Field, however, was such an ardent patriot being member of the Committee of Correspondence & Safety, delegate to the Provincial Congress at Cambridge and in pecuniary and other ways sacrificing himself for the cause, that his affairs became much involved and one of his creditors obtained a judgment against him in 1787 and his whole estate, consisting of several homesteads and 600 acres of land, passed into other hands. So the success of this mercantile enterprise will have to be measured, not by dollars, but by intangible results.

Ebenezer Barnard kept store and P.O. on the Ware lot 26, 1804 to 1810. About 1812 the S.W. corner room of Frary House became a store and a small building put up in front was used in connection with it. What a fortunate thing it was for the looks of the place that Pliny Arms later moved this structure to the rear and made a kitchen of it!

What interesting and varied things these old prototypes of the Department store held. Not only salt and sugar, rum and molasses, iron and steel, tobacco, salt fish, tea and spices, but there were broadcloths and India cottons and calicoes, more prized than silks; and all the blue Staffordshire china and choice old Lowestoft now amongst our dearest possessions.

About 1800 the store on the Academy lot, where the Williamses had dispensed Justice and tobacco, politics and rum, gossip and calico and other ill-assorted things, passed into the hands of the Ware family where it remained till 1870, really the center of the town life. Here the Social Library, established about 1800, kept its books in a room over the store, and there monthly meetings for the drawing of books were held. Pretty solid reading it was, too, we would think if we took the time to look up the remnants of it (about 800 volumes) now in Memorial Hall.

In the shuffle of real estate which resulted in the Deerfield Academy and Dickinson High School obtaining the corner lot (where it now stands), and the P.V.M.A. taking possession of the old Academy building on Memorial Lane, the ex-cider mill, village emporium after more than a century of usefulness, trundled over to lot 11. (It seems that buildings were almost always moved, never torn down, in Deerfield, with the exception of the old Indian House which, of all others, should have been saved.)

The coming in of the 19th century marked the beginning of the machine age which has done so much for us both for good and ill. The invention of the cotton gin gave the death blow to the flax industry of this region. Some hailed this with joy but I have been told by old people that some men were troubled for fear their women folks would not have enough to do! Whether it was a change for better or worse I cannot say. But we do know that the homespun cloth, both linen and wool, far surpassed, in quality and durability the machine-made article. And it seems a far cry from that day to this one of modern improvements, when our women folks can't even make their own dresses—or bread either!

Of course there was a grist mill and a saw mill from the earliest days on the mill-river about two miles from the south end of the street. When Col. Stebbins and his brother dug the mill drain and established the mill which many remember, about a mile south of the street,—the mill which by vote of the town was to be “free of taxes as long as water runs and grass grows”—this development of power opened the way for many industries. During the first part of the century there were in the little hamlet called “The Mill” a carding mill, fulling mill, shingle mill, clothiers’ works, lead pipe works, dye works, machine works and a blacksmith’s shop.

The great industry of the town however during the first half of the century was the making of brooms. The meadows were full of the tall waving plumes of the broomcorn and there were at least three shops on the street, the largest being conducted by Baxter Stebbins on lot 11, where the Deerfield Inn now stands. The idle hands of the women, with no spinning to do, were occupied with the plaiting of palm leaf hats. Some agent from a near-by town brought the palm leaf and collected the finished product. Low prices were paid but my! how the fingers flew!

But an important development in the beginning of the 19th century was that of printing. In 1816 Rodolphus Dickinson and John Wilson established a printing and publishing house on lot 17, in a building erected for their use. Rodolphus Dickinson was one of the prominent men of his time. A graduate of Harvard, he was soon after admitted to the bar and was clerk of the courts of Franklin County—1811-1819. He was chiefly known as a writer before 1820, at which date he became an Episcopal minister and went to So. Carolina where he built up two parishes. He wrote many pamphlets on law, history and geography, but his principal works were a Compendium of the Bible, which went through 6 editions, and a New Version of the New Testament (in Addisonian English).

He seems to have supplied most of the material for the press as we hear nothing of its activities after he left the town.

In 1831 the tailors' extension of the Saxton house was occupied by another printing press (or it may have been the same one taken over) and here Gen. Epaphras Hoyt published *The Franklin Freeman*, an Anti-Masonic newspaper. Gen. Hoyt was also a man of fine character who published treatises on military tactics, natural science and (most interesting of all) antiquarian research. Some of them probably came from the press of Dickinson and Wilson, some were left in mss. So we see that in matters of intellect as well as in material ways the town was not behindhand.

When I came to Deerfield in 1893 there were two stores on the street, both of them harking back to older times and methods. Just across the way from the post office stood the little shop of Philo Munn. It is difficult to believe that Strecker's Grocery is the same building that presented such an unassuming appearance 40 years ago. In those days it was turned the other way with its long side toward the road. In the middle of the side was a small door with a small paned window on either side. Above the door a long narrow board extending the length of the building inconspicuously announced that "Shoes, stationery and Yankee Notions" were for sale by Philo Munn. Entering this little door one found a dark room, smelling of leather presided over by a tall spare man, quiet and courteous of demeanor. He looked as if he might be a retired minister but his life had been divided between shoemaking in his younger and shop keeping in his later years. There was no display of goods but it was said that he had "most everything." I have heard that two men made a wager that they could ask him for something that he hadn't got. So one of them went in and asked him for a goose yoke. Mr. Munn said nothing but disappeared up the stairs into the attic. After rummaging for a while he came down with the desired article. One day a caller made some remark about the weather and to her surprise he quoted at some length some of Emerson's poetry. The first rubber overshoes that were manufactured were thick and heavy, calculated for wear and not for comfort. But Mr. Munn in common with his generation, set durability above every other consideration. So when a customer suggested that she preferred the thinner kind the old man drew himself up with as near an expression of scorn as his mildness could assume and said, "Lighter than vanity!" So naturally that demand was hastily withdrawn.

Promptly at eleven o'clock every day Mr. Munn put on his hat and coat, closed the shop and with a basket on his arm, went to his little house under the railroad embankment where he and

his wife lived alone. He started thus early for Mrs. Munn was an invalid and he must prepare the dinner. It is a fitting end to this story that this gentle old man and his wife died on the same day.

Where our post office now stands was a weather beaten old structure, the Grange building. It had served as a school house at one time, as the front of it bore testimony. Unpainted and battered, the clapboards around the door were carved with many of the well known old Deerfield names. There were two doors in front. The right at one time led into the post office, the left into Miss Ray's store. I need only mention Caroline Ray's name to call up her picture before many of my audience; her sparse, silvery hair, the faded blue eyes, the kindly expression on her face all puckered up with wrinkles, the long black cape and the funny old black straw hat that she habitually wore, her bent shoulders indicative of a life of hard unremitting toil.

It wasn't much of a store that she kept. She hadn't the remotest idea of business methods. Her first venture had been started in the south-east front chamber of the home where she and her three sisters had lived for years. (They say that all the materials for building this house had been earned by these sisters plaiting palm leaf hats—no wonder her shoulders were bowed over and her head poked forward!) Persuaded by a friend, she had moved her store to this more advantageous situation in the center of the town. Here in a desultory way she collected a few things such as thread and buttons, soap and stationery, and passed them out to you with the latest news. For there is no doubt that she was the greatest purveyor of gossip that the town has ever had. One always asked Caroline for the latest word from any sick person. If a man had "hitched up" and taken his family to Greenfield "tradin'" she was aware of it. If a woman in town had a new dress she would screw it out of her, by careful questioning, the store where she bought it and the price paid for it. They say she stopped a funeral procession on its way to Laurel Hill from some nearby town, to ask who was goin' to be buried. There was no malice in this curiosity. She just "wanted to know" and to retail her findings, prefacing every statement with "They say".

One day I stepped in to buy a cake of ivory soap. As she took one from a newly opened box she said, "They say I ought to charge a cent a cake more, but I aint a goin' to. They aint wuth it." And nothing that was said about her own profits had the slightest effect on her. She never had money enough to stock up all at once. When her soap was gone if she had collected enough to buy a box of stationery she got that and proceeded to retail it. On another occasion a fine gentleman

from New York entered her shop and with the proper New York accent asked for a "wisk". Of course she didn't know what a wisk might be (who but a New Yorker would?) but when by motions he made her understand that a whisk broom was what he wanted, she looked all around the shop and finally brought forward a whitewash brush and asked if that would do. Many are tales like this that were told of this "odd old being" (as our grandmothers would have called her). But she was cherished by the town as one of its unique characters.

Her one recreation was arranging the flowers in the meeting-house and every Saturday when weather and vegetation permitted, she might be seen at the church door with her arms full of flowers, wild or cultivated, to fill the gilt and white vase that stood on the table below the pulpit. For 50 years she had done this. No one thought of interfering with her in this self-appointed office, but I have heard that years ago there was a woman who considered it nothing short of idolatrous, this bringing of flowers to the altar. Fortunately this critic was in the minority, so this decorating of the church went on for many, many years. Now this work is done by a committee, but it is not the same thing. In fact the whole village is different without Caroline.

The passing of these two old-time store-keepers brought to an end the era of which I have been writing—the era of hand spun, home made products. By 1900 the machine age was in full swing. The outbreak of home industries that began at about that time was but a sporadic hark-back to the time when heart and hand, combined with industry and frugality, laid the foundations and wrought the superstructure of our state.

During the dark days in which we are now wandering much has been said about the break down of the machine age. If that is so would it be possible for us to return to those days of small things; of underpaid, under-fed apprentices; of meagre pay and careful calculating about the half cent; of long days pegging away at the shoemaker's last; or stitching by the light of a tallow dip far into the night; or weaving for hours in the cold shed chamber; of weary seasons of hard toil for scanty remuneration; of the plainest of plain fare (perhaps not even enough of that); nor enough lights or warmth or conveniences of any sort—nothing indeed to encourage us except the consciousness that the result was a thoroughly well-made, durable, craftsman-like product? I fear that we have gone too far to be able to return to those "good old days". But it is pleasant to talk about them and to consider the rock on which we built.

ANNUAL MEETING—1934

REPORT

The 64th annual meeting of the Memorial Association was held on Tuesday the 27th day of February, Judge Thompson presiding. The financial report was read by W. Herbert Nichols, acting Treasurer. George Arms Sheldon, Treasurer and Vice President of the Association, had died on the fourth day of June, 1933, in his 61st year. His father had died in 1929, aged 81; his grandfather in 1916, aged 98. Mrs. J. M. Arms Sheldon, triply bereft, prepared and read a tribute to his useful life. Her report as curator records the interest of specialists in our historical collection, and this report and her paper on "The Lewis W. Sears Collection" reveal the genius ("an infinite capacity for taking pains") which she exercises in unceasing labors for the Association which her beloved husband organized in 1870.

At this meeting President Chase, of the Historic-Genealogical Society, was elected one of our vice presidents; Mr. Nichols became treasurer; Rev. Clair F. Luther and the widow and daughter of George Arms Sheldon were made members of the council. The officers are *President* J. M. Arms Sheldon; *Vice Presidents*, Francis Nims Thompson and John Carroll Chase; *Recording Secretary*, William L. Harris; *Corresponding Secretary*, N. Theresa Mellen; *Treasurer*, W. Herbert Nichols; and the *Council* consists of these officers and Winthrop P. Abbott, Frances N. S. Allen, Jonathan P. Ashley, Ellen St. Claire Birks, Helen C. Boyden, Mary W. Fuller, John H. Hackley, Minnie E. Hawks, Charles W. Hazelton, Clair F. Luther, Margaret Miller, Hazel S. Nichols, Agnes P. Sheldon, Elizabeth H. Wells and Margaret C. Whiting.

A tribute to Major Samuel Willard Saxton, which was written by his daughter, was read by Frank L. Boyden; and a paper on Helen Anna Catlin Phelon, prepared by her daughters, was read by Miss Mellen. Mrs. Viola Richards of South Deerfield contributed some of her early recollections of Charlemont.

"At early candle-light" supper was served by the women of Deerfield to an appreciative gathering in the town hall, and once more Deerfield Academy contributed sweet music. Mr. Sheldon Howe reported the excavation of a Scotch claymore on the site of the academy gymnasium, and exhibited the relic. There were three historical papers read during the evening, the first being Jonathan P. Ashley's "History of the First Congregational Church of Deerfield" which said that the first meeting

house was built before 1675, and the fifth or present building in 1824, though the gilded weather-cock which surmounts it was bought in 1731. Payson D. Newton of Holyoke gave a paper on "Trails of Western Massachusetts" containing much interesting information; and Judge Thompson told of "Some Ancestors of the Colrain Adamses" in England and eastern Massachusetts, commenting on the unconscious humor found in some of their wills and epitaphs.

REPORT OF CURATOR

The year 1933 differs in certain ways from the preceding twenty years. The ebbing financial tide on both continents, the "Century of Progress" Fair in Chicago, and the many cold, rainy days in the Spring and Summer, all tended to reduce the number of visitors at Memorial Hall to 4768. With the exception of the year of the World War, 1918, this is the smallest number of visitors in the score of years.

In spite of this fact the visitors have registered from 38 States of the Union, from the District of Columbia, Canada, and 10 foreign countries.

The schools visiting Memorial Hall have usually come in May and June. This year in addition to the 13 schools coming in these months, there were 3 in September, 8 in October and 3 in November, making in all 27 schools, which were represented mostly by various grades.

While we have had five groups of Boy Scouts, from Belmont, Amherst, Holyoke, Orange and from New Haven, Conn., we have had only three organizations. These were the Grace Church Club, Holyoke, The Improved Order of Red Men and the Massachusetts Library Club.

We have been fortunate in having among our visitors two specialists in their chosen field. Mr. Ledlie I. Laughlin of Princeton, N. J., has been making a study for many years of American Pewter, bringing the subject down from Kerfoot to the present time. He has examined our Collection in the Newton Room, and has given us valuable notes which will be added to our Catalogue on Pewter. Photographs of a few pieces were taken which Mr. Laughlin plans to use in his forthcoming work, giving full credit to our Association.

Miss Gertrude Townsend, Curator of Textiles in the Museum of Fine Arts, Boston, has been deeply interested in one of our specimens of tapestry. She had a photograph of it taken and sent to England. Mr. Wace, an English authority on the

subject, thinks Miss Townsend is correct in her view that this is one of the English Sheldon tapestries. William Sheldon started tapestry weaving about 1561, and his son, Ralph Sheldon, carried on the work until his death in 1613, when it ceased to exist. If this tapestry is a sample of the Sheldon work, then it dates back to between 1561 and 1613.

The most valuable contribution received in 1933 is the Lewis W. Sears collection of 78 pictures and maps. These have been hung in one Room which has been restored for this purpose by the Association. The curator and her assistant, Miss Frances S. Drenning, have spent eight months in arranging this Collection historically, and in the preparation of a very full Catalogue which is herewith submitted. A paper descriptive of the Collection will be read later this afternoon. A bronze tablet has been placed in the Room containing the Sears Collection by Mrs. Jennie Z. Sears, wife of Lewis W. Sears.

In addition to the Sears Collection the Association has received 73 contributions, consisting of 47 Books and Pamphlets, 12 Articles, and 14 Manuscripts.

Miss Mellen, the Assistant, has continued her admirable care of the Hall. She has catalogued the yearly gifts to the library and has also spent much time in assisting visitors in their search for historical and genealogical information.

Respectfully submitted,

J. M. ARMS SHELTON

NECROLOGY

GEORGE ARMS SHELTON

By J. M. Arms Sheldon

The sun was shining, the sky was blue, the birds were singing, but human hearts were anxious. They were waiting for a message — would it be a message of Life or Death? Slowly the hours dragged on, doubling, tripling in length. At last just as the clock was striking the noonday hour the message came, "A boy is born. All is well." Then the sun never shone so brilliantly, the sky was never such a sympathetic blue, the birds never sang so merrily, while human hearts were fairly leaping with joy. Life was triumphant. Everything was living. The boy might live a hundred years. Why not? No thought of death shadowed the sweet, satisfying gladness.

A name had been waiting for the child, so it was that on Tuesday, July 16th, 1872, in the town of Greenfield, Massa-

chusetts, George Arms Sheldon was born. When the twilight deepened into starlight every heart in two happy homes was singing a song of thanksgiving and gratitude.

Although sixty-one years have passed since that day, yet it had been a day to be as clearly remembered as if it were but yesterday.

As the little boy grew, traits of the mother and grandfather for whom he was named developed. When five or six years old his school life began in the little white schoolhouse on Union Street. Then he passed from primary to grammar and on to high school, graduating in 1891.

Like his grandfather he wanted a business career. It was his preference to a college training, and I do not think he ever regretted his choice. He became his father's clerk in the Sheldon & Newcomb hardware store, and later was with the Duncan & Goodell Company in Worcester. In this city he met and won Miss Jennie Edith Patch, a young woman of sterling qualities. On the death of the grandfather in 1897 the two came to Greenfield, where George continued with his father until 1904, when he purchased the coal business of R. H. Snow & Company. This business he carried on with marked success through life, while for many years he was Treasurer of the New England Coal Dealers' Association.

His financial ability being recognized he became a Director of the Franklin County Trust Company, and later a Vice-President. Now he was in the field of his choice which he enjoyed supremely. It was a time, as it is today, when sound business men were absolutely needed—men of keen insight into the motives of human nature, men of vision who could detect the breakers afar and steer their vessels away from the destroyers. The President of the Bank, Hon. John W. Haigis, has already spoken of Mr. Sheldon as an outstanding figure in business life.

There was one trait in the character of George Arms Sheldon which has not been mentioned, but which deserves to be recorded. Light was thrown upon this trait by a conversation between himself and one of his aunts when riding on a train from Boston to Greenfield. George said to his aunt, "You have a hobby." The aunt replied, "A hobby is a good thing to have. It helps to carry one through the trying crises of life." After a pause, George said, "*My hobby is my Home.*" Never was a truer word spoken. With unsurpassed devotion he lavished thought, time, money upon his Home, upon his wife and daughter Hazel. Sometimes it seemed as though he was in a chronic state of helping others, regardless of himself. Many devices to lighten household labor were installed, and always he strove to make his own and his guests comfortable and happy.

This desire for an ideal home led him to brighten the homes of others less favored than himself. It is not for us to lift the veil over his many beautiful and generous acts. Only those whom he has kept in his employ through this long period of ebbing tide—one for eighteen years, another for twenty-nine years—only these can fully appreciate what it is to have a friend in time of need.

This service for others caused him to be a generous contributor to the Franklin County Public Hospital. It was also, without doubt, one reason for his receiving the thirty-third degree from the Supreme Council Thirty-third Degree Masons.

In 1900 Mr. Sheldon became a life member of the Pocumtuck Valley Memorial Association. While he did not inherit the historic instinct of his grandfather, George Sheldon, still it was one of his keenest desires to have the work of this Association go on as his grandfather would wish to have it. To this end he was Councillor, Treasurer, and finally its Vice-President.

Why did not this comparatively young man reach the century mark? We cannot say with certainty, but it is reasonable to think that the many tragedies of his life weakened his heart, which caused his death. The loss of his only brother and sister in 1899, the sudden death of his mother in 1913, the long, distressing illness and death of his wife and father all told heavily upon his sensitive nature.

When the tide turned and it seemed as if he had rebounded to normal health, it was with a feeling of gladness his many friends knew of the great joy that had come to him in his marriage to Mrs. Agnes Patterson Sanderson. In a beautiful home which was in perfect harmony with his nature, and enjoying the rare devotion of a constant companion, with the sympathetic love of his daughter Hazel, and the changeless loyalty of his son-in-law, Walter Herbert Nichols, it seemed as if he might have many years of achievement and happiness before him.

It was not to be. On the fourth of June, 1933, he passed beyond our ken, but "to live in hearts we leave behind is not to die."

THE LEWIS W. SEARS COLLECTION

*By J. M. Arms Sheldon**

Every Collection is a challenge. It is a challenge to discover *why* the Collection was made, *how* it continued to grow, and *what* was its ultimate object.

The longer one studies and ponders over a Collection the more one sees in it. Not only does one see more in the Collection itself, but it may become a revelation of the mind and spirit of the collector and donor. Of course questions arise which may never be answered; still, taking things by and large the vision grows clearer, the longer it is held in view.

The Lewis W. Sears Collection consists of seventy-eight pictures and maps. These have been given to this Association by the will of Mr. Sears. They have been hung in one room of Memorial Hall which has been restored for this purpose by the Association; they have also been numbered and an unusually full descriptive catalogue has been prepared.

The pictures divide themselves chronologically into four groups. Each group may be regarded as a separate part, differing from the other three groups, yet the four taken together, make a fairly complete whole. The pictures center around Charlemont, a town in Franklin County in Western Massachusetts. The first group illustrates the early life of Charlemont, the second the period of the French and Indian Wars, the third the Revolutionary years, and the fourth recent Charlemont.

Let us pause just for a moment to visualize this spot of the earth's surface. See broad, fertile acres stretching far away, bounded on one side by a river, the home of various kinds of fish, and surrounded by hills, wooded for the most part from base to summit. It is a region above the lowlands where the northwest breezes blow charged with ozone. Is it not a spot of earth to attract venturesome pioneers? Yes, it is, and they come.

In 1735 the General Court of Massachusetts gave Boston three Townships, and this region was "Boston Township, No. 1." Five years later, in 1740, the name was changed to Charlemont. It is generally held the place was named after Lord Charlemont, the fourth Viscount. As this Lord Charlemont was born in 1728 he would have been only twelve years old when the name was first given. His father, however, had died in 1734, and, according to custom, the title of the father

*I am indebted to Miss Frances S. Drenning of Greenfield for invaluable aid in the preparation of this paper.

may have been passed on to the son even though he was a small boy. In this case Boston Township No. 1 was probably named after Lord Charlemont. There are in the Sears Collection five pictures labeled as follows:—

Lord Charlemont (Nos. 1 and 2),
Earl of Charlemont (No. 3), and
Charlemont of the present day (No. 4).

The fifth picture bears this inscription, "For the Inn at Charlemont by request of Chief Justice Aiken. Charlemont" (No. 5).

There is also the Coat of Arms of the Charlemont Family (No. 6).

When the venturesome pioneers came they doubtless knew that the war-like Mohawks on the West had already worn a trail over the Hoosac Mountain (No. 7, picture not available) down to the Valley below. They must have heard of King Philip (No. 8) and the terrible tragedy in 1675 at Bloody Brook (No. 9) not far away. Doubtless they were familiar with the story of the Massacre at Deerfield under *Sieur de Rouville* (No. 10). They also knew the Indians were round about them. It may be that the boy who afterwards became the famous Mohawk Chief, *Thayendaneke* (No. 11), called later *Joseph Brant*, visited them, and there is a picture of "The Last Mohawk in Charlemont (No. 12). Knowing all this, forts were built to protect themselves and their log cabin homes. There is a picture of Fort Charlemont (No. 13) in Ireland. It was large, commanding and very different from *Rice's Fort* (No. 14) in our Charlemont which was one of the cordon of forts erected on the North to protect the frontier towns. Further protection was given by Fort Shirley (No. 15), which was at first in Charlemont and later in Heath. This fort was named after *William Shirley* (No. 16), an able Colonial General. Then there was Fort Pelham in Rowe, which was probably named after *Henry Pelham* (No. 17), Prime Minister of England. Rowe, it is claimed, was named after *John Rowe* (No. 18, John Rowe, Mrs. Rowe, and their home). Beyond the Hoosac protection was given by Fort Massachusetts (No. 19).

In the century of which we speak *Philippe de Rigaud Vaudreuil* (No. 20) was Governor of New France from 1703 to 1725, while his son, *Pierre Francois Vaudreuil* (No. 21) was the last French Governor from 1755 to 1760. Across the Atlantic *Louis XV* (No. 22) held the throne of France.

The terrors and the tragedies of the French and Indian Wars were endured by the plucky pioneers. In 1746 Fort Massachusetts was furiously attacked (No. 23) and valiantly defended until the ammunition was exhausted.

On the morning of September 8, 1755, Colonel Ephraim Williams (No. 24) was ambushed and killed by Indians (No. 25, death of Colonel Williams), followed the same day by the fierce battle of Lake George (No. 26).

During these colonial years, General and later, Sir William Johnson (No. 27) was doing his marvelous work with Indians, training them to be efficient allies of the English. Robert Rogers (No. 28) was training his militia till they became famous as "Rogers Rangers."

September 13, 1759, General Montcalm (No. 29) and General Wolfe (No. 30) met in battle on the Plains of Abraham at Quebec, and the fate of France in America was sealed, while England held Canada in triumph.

Then it was that the French and Indian Wars ceased. New England breathed freely at last. Charlemont and near-by towns took on a new lease of life. Colrain was incorporated in 1761, Charlemont in 1765, and Shelburne, named after Lord Shelburne (No. 31), in 1768. Two years after the incorporation of Charlemont, in 1767, Reverend Jonathan Leavitt (No. 32) was settled as its first minister.

Peace, however, was short-lived. Rumors of a Revolutionary War were in the air. George III (No. 33) reigned in England, and Sir Francis Bernard (No. 34), loyal to his King, was Governor of Massachusetts. There are eight pictures in the Sears Collection illustrating six American Generals, one Colonel, and one British General. These are:—

Gen. John Stark, born in Londonderry, N. H., 1728, died 1822 (No. 35),

Gen. John Stark at Bennington (No. 36),

Gen. Philip Schuyler, born in Albany, N. Y., 1733, died 1804 (No. 37),

Gen. William Heath, born in Roxbury, Mass., 1737, died 1814 (No. 38),

Gen. Rufus Putnam, born at Sutton, Mass., 1738, died 1824 (No. 39),

Gen. Benedict Arnold, born in Norwich, Conn., 1740, died 1801 (No. 40),

Col. Ethan Allen, born in Litchfield, Conn., 1737, died 1789 (No. 41),

Gen. Anthony Wayne, born in East Town, Pa., 1745, died 1809 (No. 42),

Gen. John Burgoyne, born in London, England, 1722, died 1792 (No. 43).

The only battles of the Revolution represented by the Collection is the Battle of Bennington, already mentioned, and the Battle of Saratoga (No. 44) fought October 7, 1777, which resulted in the surrender of General Burgoyne.

There is a picture of one building intimately connected with Revolutionary days. This is the "Green Mountain Tavern" (No. 45). It was long before we could locate this tavern, but finally through Mr. William B. Browne of North Adams we learned that Green Mountain Tavern was the first name given to Catamount Tavern in Bennington, Vt. It was in the Council Room of this tavern that the Green Mountain Boys met during the Revolution.

Charlemont of recent times with surroundings is illustrated by the following pictures:—

John Barber and "Eastern View of central part of Charlemont" (No. 46),

"Central View of Charlemont" (No. 47),

"Charlemont Upper Village" (No. 48),

"Charlemont" (No. 49),

"Hunters' Camp on Mohawk Trail" (No. 50),

"Shelburne Falls and Colrain" (No. 51),

"The Old Gaines Tavern" (No. 52) in Colrain was famous for its hospitality from 1862 to 1886.

The quotation (No. 53) from Samuel Johnson, regarding the Country Inn may have hung in this tavern.

Hawley near Charlemont is represented by "Peak Mountain" (No. 54).

Two distinguished educators and one beloved author of the period are shown in the Collection. In 1797 a little girl was born in Buckland close to Charlemont who was to demonstrate the fact that Woman hungers and thirsts for knowledge, and is often eager to consecrate her life to the cause of liberal education. This little girl was Mary Lyon (No. 55), founder of Mt. Holyoke College.

In 1811 a boy was born in Charlemont who through his long life labored in the educational field. He was scholar, lawyer, secretary of the State Board of Education and a loyal alumnus of Williams College. This boy was Joseph White (No. 56). His broad interests led him to become a life member of the Pocumtuck Valley Memorial Association, and his generous gift in 1880 heartened the President, George Sheldon, and helped to carry on the historical work of the Society.

In 1829 a boy was born in Plainfield who lived during a part of his boyhood in Charlemont. He became a lawyer, an editor, a man of great personal charm and a delightful writer of books. This man was Charles Dudley Warner (No. 57), whom no one could meet once and forget. There is one picture taken from this author's "Being a Boy" which is "Fishing on Swimming Rock" (No. 58). This picture is not in some of the editions of the book. In the edition sold now (1933) it is the frontis-

piece. Uncertainty has existed in regard to the location of the Swimming Rock, but Mrs. Viola F. Richards of South Deerfield states in the *Springfield Union* of July 2, 1933, that the author writes as follows (p. 221 in her edition and 169 in the edition now sold): "The middle pier of the long covered bridge over the river stood upon a great rock, and this rock which was known as the swimming rock (whence the boys on summer evenings dove into the deep pool at its side) was a favorite spot with John when he could get an hour or two from the everlasting 'chores'."

The picture in the Sears Collection shows a boy sitting on the Swimming Rock with the pier at one side and the boards of the bridge above him.

Among the close friends of Mr. Sears was Chief Justice John A. Aiken (No. 59), who was deeply interested in this Collection.

There are a few miscellaneous pictures covering different periods of time but all of historic interest.

These are:—

Frary House (No. 60) in Deerfield, "standing in 1698, built sometime after 1683",

Old Indian House (No. 61), Deerfield, 1698,

Old Indian House (No. 62),

Old Indian House Door (No. 63),

Third Deerfield Meeting-house (No. 64),

Zoar Bridge (No. 65).

I am indebted to Mrs. Lewis W. Sears for locating this picture. The original may be found in the "Geology of Massachusetts" by Edward Hitchcock, published in 1841 (Vol. I, p. 262, fig. 21). The delineator was Mrs. Edward Hitchcock. The bridge crossed the Deerfield river in one of the wildest ravines of the Berkshires. It was unusual being a long bridge without a central pier. It connected that part of Charlemont known as Zoar with Florida. This bridge was swept away in the flood of 1869.

Presidents of the United States from Washington to Van Buren (No. 66),

St. Patrick's Cathedral (No. 67) in Ireland, where rest the remains of several bearing the title of Lord Charlemont,

"The Nose" (No. 68) in the Mohawk Valley on the Central New York Railroad. This is one of the three spurs of mountains in the State of New York called "Anthony's Nose".

Additional light is thrown on the pictures by the maps. There are ten of these. The arrangement may not be chronological as some of the maps bear no date.

The first map (No. 69) shows the "Mohawk Trail in the Province of Massachusetts Bay between Fort Massachusetts

and the Deerfield Meeting House together with the Forts protecting the Province to the West from invasion by the French and Indians during King George's War from 1744 x x x x to 1748, and during the Seven Years War till the fall of Quebec in 1759."

The second map (No. 70) is "a plan of Towns upon Turnpike from Charlemont to Adams, 1795."

The third map (No. 71) is the Province of Massachusetts Bay.

The fourth map (No. 72) is the "North Boundary Line of the Province of Massachusetts Bay. Those Towns that lay north of the Boundary Line were formerly in the Province of New Hampshire but now in the jurisdiction of New York."

The fifth map (No. 73) represents a section of Massachusetts between "Hoosack Mountain" and the Connecticut River showing position of Forts Massachusetts, Pelham, Shirley and Sheldon.

The sixth map (No. 74) shows a part of New Hampshire, Massachusetts and Eastern New York to the Canada Line.

The seventh map (No. 75) gives the Counties of Berkshire, Hampshire and Franklin.

The eighth map (No. 76) is the "County of Franklin exhibiting all the Roads, Rivers, Brooks and Mountains Compiled from Actual Surveys by Arthur W. Hoyt, Mar., 1832."

The ninth map (No. 77) is Hammond's Road Map of Western Massachusetts, New York, 1915.

The tenth map (No. 78) is the only rolled map. It represents Western Massachusetts. Boston, 1891.

It will be seen that several of the maps include Charlemont within their boundaries.

It would seem from this study of the Sears gift that the Collection was made to visualize, so far as possible, the history of Charlemont and its surroundings.

The Collection continued to grow through the years owing to the intense interest of its originator and the sympathetic help rendered by Chief Justice John A. Aiken.

The ultimate object of the Collection, so far as we are able to judge, was to bring into bold relief the leading men of action and the stirring events that happened in Western New England and Eastern New York during the eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries.

Every one who examines thoughtfully this Collection cannot fail to be impressed by the care shown in the selection of the pictures, and in the mounting, labeling and framing of the material. What impresses the student most deeply, however, is the significance of the Collection. Every picture throws light on the ultimate object so that one is absolutely sure there

is a reason for its being in the Collection, though he may not be able to discover the reason for months.

While there are no costly old oil paintings or steel engravings, the Collection proves that a person of moderate means may create a valuable visual history of the town in which he lives.

It is greatly to be hoped that the example of Lewis W. Sears will be followed by others until there is a vital and accurately illustrated history of every town in New England.

These pictures are given to the
Pocumtuck Valley Memorial Association

by

Lewis W. Sears

of Charlemont, Massachusetts

They include a group placed in the
Inn at Charlemont

by

Chief Justice John Adams Aiken
of Greenfield

ANNUAL MEETING—1935

REPORT

On the twenty-sixth day of February the 65th annual meeting of the Pocumtuck Valley Memorial Association was called to order by Vice President Thompson; the report of Secretary Harris was read by Miss Mellen, Treasurer Nichols made a financial report, and both were accepted. Mrs. Sheldon then reported as Curator, saying that a summer of unfavorable weather was responsible for a lessened attendance at Memorial Hall and that, after the completion of various major projects, her time had been given to several lesser matters. These annual reports constitute a history of the development of the Sheldon Collection. Her activities are responsible for its classification, and her service as a gracious hostess to pilgrims attracted by the collection and the pre-revolutionary homes of Old Deerfield has been most valuable. Frederick E. Hawks, a member of the Association since 1911, died December 6, 1934, and his family has been requested to present an account of his life.

Miss Minnie E. Hawks read a paper on Mary Houghton Starr Blaisdell which had been written by Miss Ellen Starr, and Judge Thompson paid tribute to the memory of Mrs. Fred H. Tucker of Newton. Miss Margaret C. Whiting presented a considerable collection of ancient juvenile books and read a descriptive paper which was both informing and amusing. Mrs. Mary Williams Fuller gave a valuable and interesting account of the Williams Family in Deerfield, of whom descendants bearing other names live in the village today. All *officers* of the Memorial Association were reelected.

At the evening meeting "The Pocumtuck Buttonball", a paper written by the Honorable George Sheldon when ninety years old, was read in part by Mr. Frank E. Bogues of the faculty of Deerfield Academy. The venerable tree, which has witnessed the inception and life of the village, has been given expert care and is in flourishing condition. Judge Thompson's talk on the centenary of Edward's Everett's dedication of the Bloody Brook monument made its theme the orator's inspiration of the youth who became the historian of Deerfield and young Sheldon's dedication to the great work of his life. Miss Margaret Miller read an entertaining record of New England Travelers during the half-century following the Revolution; and Mrs. Jane Wright's paper, "The Pioneer Spirit", told of adventurers from this region who emigrated to what was then "the west".

REPORT OF CURATOR

The ebbing tide of 1933 made an effort to flow in 1934, and in spite of a cold June and a rainy September it succeeded in bringing 4944 visitors to Memorial Hall, the number in 1933 being 4768. The usual number of 2000 visitors in the month of August sank in 1933, to 1202, while in 1934 it rose to 1400. This is promising for the future.

The visitors have come from 39 States of the Union and 11 foreign countries, including India, China and South Africa.

Schools or classes with their teachers have visited us from New Hampshire, Vermont, Massachusetts, Connecticut and New Jersey. These have been noticed during the year in the columns of the *Recorder-Gazette*.

The larger objects having been accomplished, the curator has spent more time with visitors at the Hall, and much more time on the increasing correspondence. People are seeking historical information on widely different subjects, such as "Ancient Wells", "Old-time Baby Carriages", "The Deerfield Massacre", "Mrs. Catlin who gave water to the wounded French Officer", "The Manuscript Paper on Heath by Anna Maxwell", "Asher Benjamin", "Recently Discovered Indian Relics", "Lucy Prince, or 'Luce - Bijah' the Negro Poet", "Eleazer Williams", "Wayside Memorial Stones", "The Underground Railroad", and so on. The most frequent subject of inquiry is in regard to the genealogical record of the writer's Family.

The unusual number of 242 contributions have been received this year. Five groups are of rare significance and value. The first group is "The Life and Letters of Henry K. Brown and Lydia Udell his wife" in eight large volumes. These are prepared by H. K. Bush-Brown, son of Henry K. Brown. The work is beautifully done, and the volumes are richly illustrated by photographs and sketches. The Association is deeply grateful for this rare gift.

The second group consists of three oil paintings given by Mrs. Lucinda Montague Gunn of Sunderland. These are William Montague, a Revolutionary soldier, Persis Russell, his wife, and Lucinda Wilder, the wife of Albert Montague, who was the mother of Miss Abbie T. Montague, the efficient assistant of Henry W. Taft in writing the "History of Sunderland."

The third group is made up of several articles given by the late Dr. Marion Rockwell of Amherst. This contribution is significant because the donor, though not connected with early Deerfield families so far as we know, yet wished to place her treasures where they would be carefully preserved. It is un-

fortunate that there were no memoranda in regard to the history of the articles. Concerning one specimen, which is a blue and white, six-legged china teapot, the statement is made that "it was carried by a pioneer from Massachusetts to New Hampshire in her saddle bag." One longs to know who this pioneer was and when she took this journey.

The fourth group is a collection of 71 Children's Books, given by Miss Margaret C. Whiting. This afternoon we shall enjoy Miss Whiting's description of this juvenile library which is here on exhibition, and which later will be placed in the library of the fire-proof wing.

The fifth group is certainly unique. It consists of garments, utensils and ornaments of "Little Mary Hawks," who was born in Deerfield in 1799, the daughter of Zur and Martha Hawks. "Little Mary" was a perfect dwarf. Intelligent, versatile in conversation, efficient in action, she was one of the rare women of Old Deerfield. This collection was given by her niece Mrs. Melicent Hawks Hatch to Mrs. Sarah A. Pratt, and is contributed to the Association by Mrs. Pratt's daughter, Lucy Pratt.

The work of the assistant, Miss Mellen, has increased this year so that now she keeps the written catalogue of the annual additions to the library besides preparing the typewritten cards. Her care of Memorial Hall is beyond praise.

Respectfully submitted,

J. M. ARMS SHELDON.

Deerfield, Feb. 26, 1935.

THE WILLIAMS FAMILY IN DEERFIELD

By Mary Williams Fuller

In the graduating class of Harvard University in 1683 were two young men by the name of Williams — John and William, own cousins, grandsons of Robert Williams, of Welsh origin, who came from England in the good ship, "Rose of Yarmouth" in 1637.

Robert Williams with his family of wife and four children settled in that part of Boston called "Rocksbury." Two more sons were born to him in this country and it is from *Samuel*, born in England in 1632, and *Isaac*, born in Roxbury in 1638, that the Williams families of Deerfield were descended.

John, son of Samuel, was born in 1664. He became the first minister of Deerfield in 1687. William, his cousin born in 1665, was settled as minister of Hatfield in 1686. These two young men, barely over twenty, life long companions, school and college mates, chose for their life work these remote frontier outposts, fraught with dangers of many kinds. Genuine religious zeal and very real courage must have inspired them. Still greater, it seems to me, must have been the courage of the two young women who soon came to grace the homes of these young divines.

John married Eunice Mather of Northampton of the eminently religious family of that name; William married Elisabeth Cotton of an equally well known family of preachers. Elisabeth was the daughter of Seaborn Cotton and Dorothy Bradstreet who was a daughter of Anne Dudley Bradstreet, the first American poetess, (lately receiving renewed appreciation.) Elisabeth could trace her ancestry through three governors and an endless series of churchmen.

How much these two families saw of one another we wonder. The difficulties of communication between the two towns were great. Wide stretches of swamp land, long miles of dense woods very likely to harbor lurking Indians lay between Hatfield and Deerfield. A track, scarcely to be called a road, was the only guide. Horse back and ox carts were the only methods of travel.

Many bonds united John and William — their mothers were sisters, Theoda and Martha Parke, daughters of William Parke of Roxbury, a man of property, who assisted in the education of these two grandsons.

Roxbury was at this time a center of Indian affairs. Here John Eliot, "apostle to the Indians", as he was called, ministered to a large and important congregation of sturdy English folk who had left England to seek religious freedom. Many of the foremost early New England divines began life under his guidance and inspiration. The old records fairly bristle with "Reverends". One wonders how sufficient congregations to support them could be supplied.

John Williams was baptized by John Eliot and spent much time with him in his youth and acquired some knowledge of the Indian tongue, useful to him later.

For *seventeen* years after John and Eunice settled in Deerfield life moved along with a fair amount of serenity in the little village. Men were always on guard, high palisades surrounded the center which stood a little higher than the surrounding fields. Now and then men were killed while at work in the meadows, now and then attempted raids took place, guns were ever close

at hand and we fancy the strong inner shutters of the windows were carefully closed each night.

During those seventeen years eleven children were born to John and Eunice. Three of them died in infancy, the eldest son, Eleazar, was away at Harvard College when, on the night of February 29, 1703-4 the sudden and frightful Massacre took place; the two youngest children were killed at once; the other five with their father and mother started on the long cold journey to Canada. Mrs. Williams survived but one day.

The story of the terrible trip has been told over and over again, also that of little Eunice who never returned to her old life, who married an Indian and lived to be ninety years old, much honored and beloved by her Indian descendants.

In 1706 Mr. Williams and the rest of his children were redeemed. At the earnest solicitations of his parish he returned to Deerfield in 1707 — again proving his indomitable courage.

The people of Deerfield built for him a fine house of great dignity and beauty, some of which was lost when it was moved in 1877 to make way for Dickinson Academy. It stood, then, close to the ground in good New England fashion; the trees that stood near it, the hollyhocks that surrounded it and the long line of barns and sheds that followed a curving road behind it, gave it a setting that can never be replaced. Beautiful workmanship went into the details of its finish—the noble doorway, lovely corner cupboard, wide window seats and splendid staircase.

John married his wife's cousin, Abigail Allen. Four children were born of this union.

John Williams died in 1729, forty-two years after his first settlement in Deerfield, a man much beloved, a man of great learning and varied interests. In those days knowledge acquired when books were scarce was often condensed into manuscript selections. Such a little home-made manuscript book in the Reverend John's handwriting deals with many subjects — of "Mists and Fogs", of "Wind and water, or the doctrine of Hydrostatics", of "The Earth", of "Fire", of "Beasts, Birds, and Fishes", of "Insects", of "The method of drawing a meridian line upon a horizontal plane", of "Mercury, Vulcan, Mars", and of "An Echo".

Only one of the Reverend John's many children remained permanently in Deerfield. Elijah, son of the second wife, born in 1712, graduated from Harvard College in 1732 and lived in the house that was built for his father. He kept a store which stood on the south-east corner of the home lot near the great button-ball tree that still stands there. Elijah was an influential man, especially in military matters. He was captain of the "Snow shoe" men in the old French war.

He had seven daughters and two sons. Only one of them lived in Deerfield — John, born in 1751 and named for his grandfather.

He graduated from Harvard in 1769 at the age of eighteen, studied law for a while but became interested in exporting to the West Indies. All sorts of things, "masts and staves, horses, ginsing, beside corn, flour and beef to the Boston market."

He was a justice of the peace, representative and senator, a trustee of Williams College. He did much to establish Deerfield Academy to which he left much of his property. He was known as Squire John, and was said to have been a "man of wit and wisdom, full of hospitality and goodwill, of anecdote and cheer", "extensively known and appreciated in the commonwealth as well as in his native town." He was sometimes called visionary by his fellowtownsmen but his visions became possible by his own help and generosity — the first bridge to Greenfield, the canal to Turner Falls, many new roads being some of them. He lived in the house on the west side of Deerfield street at the brow of the hill south of the present Deerfield Academy. The beautiful, great horse-chestnut tree there is said to have been planted by Squire John from a horse-chestnut brought back from his wedding journey. He possessed many fine pieces of furniture and much beautiful silver.

Never very robust, and of a consumptive tendency he seems to have passed on to his two sons delicate constitutions—both died in early manhood and with John's death in 1816 the line of the Reverend John Williams comes to an end in Deerfield.

Beside Elijah the Reverend John was survived by three sons, all ministers, and several daughters. Their descendants are many — quite often some of them come to Deerfield to see where John Williams, the Redeemed Captive, so nobly lived, taught and died. His daughter, Eunice, came from Canada to her brother Stephen's in Longmeadow to visit, but could not be persuaded to remain or to remove her Indian dress. It is said she came to Deerfield also but this is uncertain — but in 1837 a number of her descendants came to Deerfield and camped above the village on what is known as Fort Hill. They came into the village asking for people by the name of Williams. There were several families of that name then but they chose to go to the house of Ephraim Williams because there they could see a little, white Williams papoose, Ephraim, the last.

By 1921 the tribe had forgotten the name of Williams, although still continuing the name of Eunice, and when in that year my daughter, Elisabeth met in Dublin, New Hampshire an Indian girl by the name of Elisabeth Sadoques, they soon discovered they were both descendants of that far away Robert of Roxbury.

Elisabeth Sadoques' father and mother had left St. Francis, Canada and come to Keene, New Hampshire to educate their children. The tradition of the tribe, of the trip down the Connecticut River to see the place from whence the great-great grandmother, Eunice, had been taken captive, was well known in their family and when Elisabeth found Miss Alice Baker's book of "New England Captives" in the Keene Library she found out who Eunice was and from where she came. In 1922 Elisabeth Sadoques came to Deerfield in February and read a very charming paper on her tribe and their ways before the P. V. M. A.

It is to the descendants of John's beloved cousin, William, that we must look for the Deerfield Williamses. It may be a surprise to many that, although the name of Williams no longer appears on the town rolls, there are at least seven families here that still claim direct descent from William and his half-brother, Ephraim. Ephraim was twenty-six years younger than William.

Their father, Isaac, had settled in Newton, as it was then called, which included Cambridge.

Isaac owned a great quantity of land there, owning at one time the site of Harvard College.

Ephraim began life in Newton and married Elisabeth, daughter of Abraham Jackson, a name closely allied to the history of Newton. Ephraim and Elisabeth had two sons; Ephraim born in 1715, and Thomas born in 1718. The mother died soon after the birth of Thomas and the two boys were brought up by their grandfather Jackson.

Ephraim, the father, married again and soon followed John Sergeant, missionary to the Indians at Stockbridge, four families being chosen to accompany Sergeant and to settle in Stockbridge.

On August 29, 1735 Sergeant was ordained in Deerfield in the old meeting house. A large company of people were present. Governor Belcher, here on important business with the Maquas Indians had held a long conference with them through the previous week. The Housatonic Indians from Stockbridge were here. Reverend Nathan Appleton of Cambridge preached the sermon. Stephen Williams, (the boy captive), son of Reverend John now settled in Longmeadow, addressed the Indians with some help from an interpreter. William Williams of Hatfield made an address to the Governor—a memorable day for Deerfield.

It took John Sergeant and his accompanying settlers two days to travel from Deerfield to Stockbridge. The young children of Ephraim Williams rode in panniers, deep baskets, slung on the sides of the horses.

A few years later, 1739, John Sergeant married Abigail, the eighteen year old daughter of Ephraim Williams. He built a house very similar to the Reverend John Williams house here, on a high hill in Stockbridge. This house has recently been moved into Stockbridge center and most beautifully restored and furnished with very ancient and appropriate furniture, also surrounded by a charming old-fashioned garden.

There many things belonging to John and Abigail are treasured and there is the big leather-bound Bible presented to the Stockbridge Indians, travelling always with them as they retreated farther and farther west. Quite recently it has been returned to Stockbridge from the last of the tribe in Minnesota. Here also is an unique and unusual article of past usage—a fording chair; to be carried by four men to convey women and children or sick persons across the many streams encountered on a journey in those days—a rustic chair on long poles, the ends of which are curved to fit over the shoulders of the carriers.

Some old letters written by Ephraim Williams, the elder, have been reprinted in pamphlet form. Ephraim was not given a college education and the spelling and phrases are original but full of interest. One letter written from Deerfield, where he was visiting, to his youngest son, Elijah, in Stockbridge urges him to cultivate orchards. He says: "I am more sensible of the want of apples than perhaps you may be aware of. I have sent as farr as Northfield and Northampton and all towns round to get six barrills of apples and dont know yet I can gett any at all; so that you need not feer takeing too much pains about bringing on an Orchard." In several letters he urges this son to learn to sing. "I beg you," he writes, "to learn the rules of singing if possible, so that you may frequently wake up your glory. I mean your tongue to praise God." Ephraim died in Deerfield in 1754 and is buried in our old burying ground.

His two oldest sons, left in Newton with their maternal grandfather, received fine educations. Ephraim the eldest was sent around the world, an unusual experience in those days; afterwards he made several voyages to England, Holland and Spain. Eventually he came to his father's home in Stockbridge and was sent from that town as representative to the General Court in Boston. He also lived some time with his cousins in Hatfield and his brother Thomas in Deerfield. He became interested in military matters and was made a Captain of a New England company and commander of the line of forts west of the Connecticut River.

The story of Fort Massachusetts is closely allied to the story of Ephraim Williams' life. He had an active part in defending and rebuilding that Fort, was made a major and later a colonel.

He led the attack on Crown Point, September 8, 1755 and fell in that action called "Bloody Morning Scout."

In a long, specific and generous will he left this statement "That the residue of my estate be given to support and maintain a free school in the township west of Fort Massachusetts" and adds: "That when a suitable number of inhabitants are settled there it shall be incorporated into a town by the name of Williamstown." The school became Williams College.

Ephraim Williams never married, although many mistaken souls claim him as an ancestor. His brother Thomas named one of his sons for him; also Thomas' grandson and great grandson have the name of Ephraim and for this reason probably received some of Colonel Ephraim's things. It was the delight of my childhood to see the silver covered memorandum book engraved with his name, containing ivory leaves on which to write and a quaint clasp to close it. It became my pleasant but regretful duty to give it to Williams College when the last Williams died in Deerfield.

Among the many papers that came to my care at that time, beside many interesting old family letters, were a number of deeds to Colonel Williams from soldiers of his company. He seems to have bought much land around Williamstown by paying the soldiers the money they would rather have than the land granted to them by the Commonwealth, richer then in land than money. These deeds also were given to the College. A letter to his much respected cousin, Israel Williams, enclosing his will asks him to try to locate some soldiers of his command that he has been unable to find and pay, and to see that they are paid. His letters, many of which are given in Professor Perry's book, "Origins of Williamstown", show him to have been a man of fine character and good sense. He laments his lack of academic education and wishes, he says "to help those as yet unborn" to have those advantages he did not have. He was but forty years old when he fell by the hands of the Indians at Crown Point.

Thomas, Ephraim's only own brother, much beloved by him, but three years younger, was given a medical education by his grandfather, Abraham Jackson. At the age of twenty he came to Deerfield as a doctor, and, with the exception of a few years during the French and Indian War when he served as surgeon, chiefly at Fort Massachusetts, he was the town doctor for thirty-six years. His son and a grandson succeeded him in that office and from him the line of doctors continues to this day. His great-great grandsons are both doctors; one a well known alienist in Los Angeles, the other a writer on medicine and science.

Thomas had a wide territory to cover. On horse back he visited the line of forts from Fort Massachusetts to the Connecticut River, putting up over night some times at Hall Tavern. He was with his brother at Crown Point. A long letter to his wife gives us the particulars.

Stephen Williams of Longmeadow was chaplain of the regiment and other cousins held commissions also.

Thomas married in 1740 Ann Childs who died six years later after the birth of her third baby. He then married his own cousin's daughter, Esther Williams, granddaughter to William of Hatfield and Elisabeth Cotton. Eight of their eleven children lived to grow up. A daughter, Mary, married Dr. Elihu Ashley, a student with Dr. Thomas. Ephraim, one of the sons became a prominent lawyer and his only son became Episcopal bishop of Connecticut. William, the third son succeeded his father as town physician. He bought the house in 1794 on the corner of Albany Road and built for an office a little ell on the south side of the house. This little room with windows on three sides, a corner fireplace, surrounded by deep cupboards and shelves, contained a folding bed where the Doctor's medical students slept. It was entered by a separate outside door and a long entryway led to another door which opened onto a dark staircase. Mr. George Sheldon used to tell of a skeleton that hung just inside that door, and that it was a test of courage, in other words a *dare*, among the pupils of the school, that then stood just east of the house, at the south end of the Common, to run into the Doctor's entrance and open the door onto the skeleton, dimly lighted from a little window from above.

William, known as William Stoddard, the Doctor, married Mary Hoyt who lived in the Indian house. He died in 1829 and his nephew, Stephen Williams, became in turn Doctor Williams. For one hundred years Deerfield had a Dr. Williams.

Solomon Williams was the fourth son of Dr. Thomas and lived on in his father's house. A daguerreotype of his six sons taken when they were old men has recently been given to the P. V. M. A. Sturdy, masculine types they were; known for their good sense, solidity of character and terseness of expression and I must add, profanity.

On one occasion the six went to church together led by one who had been away for a long time. He was heard to mutter as they filed into church, "Where in Hell is that pew?"

Charles and Ralph were the gentler ones of this sextet. Uncle Charles, as he was known by every one, was town clerk for thirty-five years and postmaster for a long time. Ralph succeeded his father, Solomon, on the old place. He was noted for his genial, kindly ways. His descendants have perpetuated his name, Ralph Williams Ball; as the Ashleys have kept the

name of Dr. Thomas — Thomas Williams Ashley, which was also the name of that young and dear hero of the world war.

Still another son of Dr. Thomas was Elijah whose son, Samuel Barnard, was distinguished for his bravery in Kansas in the Civil War and his courage in helping fugitive slaves. His daughter, Elisabeth, married J. Wells Champney and returned to the old house under the enormous elm that stood close to the sidewalk in front of the Keith house. This tree towered above all lofty elms so that from Pocumtuck rock it looked like a vast dome rising from a cathedral of tree tops. It fell in 1885 and the house was soon after moved back to its present site.

The descendants of Dr. Thomas Williams and Esther are numerous here in Greenfield, in Boston and middle and far west.

The last family by the name to live here was that of Ephraim, son of Dr. William Stoddard Williams and grandson to Dr. Thomas. He lived in his father's house at the head of Albany Road. He was a farmer with land in the north and south meadows, a pasture and woodlot on the mountain, as most of the farmers in Deerfield street had.

Deerfield Academy had by 1813 or 14 acquired state-wide fame—young people of both sexes came here to complete their education unless going on to college.

Edward Jackson of Newton brought his little daughter, Rebecca, fifteen years old, driving the long hundred miles in a chaise to live in one of those small, bleak rooms in what is now Memorial Hall. Her teacher was Edward Hitchcock, later president of Amherst College. After she finished at the Academy she returned to Deerfield to teach in the little red school house at the south end of the Common, close by the home of Ephraim Williams, her school mate. We hope he was not only her friend but protector in her struggles with the rough boys of the school who probably liked to tease the little blue-eyed school marm.

Be that as it may, in 1822, early in May Ephraim hitched up his horse and departed for Newton where he and Rebecca were married on the morning of May 12, 1822. They then set off in their chaise followed by many gay couples in chaises for Sudbury and the Wayside Inn, where they had their wedding party.

They lived in Deerfield all their lives, and three of their five children passed most of theirs in the old home.

Ephraim, the youngest son went to Williams College but left before his graduation to enter service near the close of the Civil War. Later he fought the Indians in Mexico and in 1867 was so badly wounded that one of his legs had to be amputated. He was retired from the service and brevetted Captain. With his death in 1904 and that of his elder brother in 1911 the name of Williams came to an end in Deerfield.

THE POCUMTUCK BUTTONBALL

By George Sheldon

How old is our Pocumtuck Buttonball? Hard by this Buttonball is a young tree of its own kith and kin. This youngster has been under my own observation for fourscore years. Its slow growth has been noted, and from this, as a foundation, I have deduced largely the age of our Pocumtuck Buttonball. I judge it came into life about 1560. It is by far the oldest inhabitant of Deerfield.*

When the Dedham Grant of 8000 acres was laid out at Pocumtuck in May, 1665, there is nothing in the report of the committee to indicate the condition of the land, then surveyed. When in 1666-'7 Masseamet and Chauk, sachem of Pocumtuck, deeded to John Pynchon, for the use of Dedham, the land already selected under the Grant, we are left equally in the dark. When the homelots and the meadow land were laid out, each to its owner in 1671, we find in the reports of the committee language by which we may infer, that the land was not covered by forests. It had probably been kept clear for cultivation by the Indians. The several lots as laid out ran east and west and their bound ends were called indifferently "the woods" or "the mountain". So it would seem that the plain lands laid out were bare, and the high land east and west was covered with primeval forest.

Under this condition of things it is not easy to understand why our Buttonball was left to grow on our Meetinghouse Hill, but I am satisfied that in 1671 the Tree was more than a century old. In its babyhood no foot of white man had trod the soil of the Pocumtuck Valley or the Connecticut Valley. The wild beast and the wilder man were its only companions. Under its shadow the children of Chauk or Masseamet may have gambolled. Here Masalisk may have dandled her baby Wuttawoluncksin on her knees — if Indian mothers do such a thing — or she may have hung the birch shield on which he was strapped up on a lower limb, while she was planting, or in due season, wielding one of the stone hoes, now in Memorial Hall.

Under this tree Weyuanock, Grenneachchu and Mequinichell may have smoked their pipes while boasting their

*Mr. Sheldon wrote this paper in 1908. According to his judgment the tree would now (1935) be about 375 years old. Colonel A. W. Dodge of the F. A. Bartlett Tree Expert Company thinks the tree is still older, placing its age between four and five hundred years.

prowess in defeating the proud Mohawks; and perhaps planning the foul murder of Saheda, the Mohawk ambassador, and his princely retinue. This dastardly deed, which brought a swift retribution and broke forever the power of the Pocumtucks, may have been witnessed by the Buttonball.

Is it presuming too much to make our training field a gathering place for the Pocumtuck warriors? Perhaps so, and again, perhaps not. There is plenty of evidence that Indian wigwams occupied the land on which our village is located. Probably there is not one homelot on the Street upon which I have not found traces of Indian occupation. Hard by within sight of the growing Tree was the last resting place of their dead. Whatever the rites or ceremonies of burial the Buttonball could witness them all. The meadows on which grew their corn and pumpkins lay on three sides of the village plateau. These facts point to this as a center of population. It is also to be noted, as another fact, that the young Buttonball sprang up and held its own here; this tends to show that this tract was not burned over as a pasture or held as a cultivated field.

It was not easy for the Tree or the native to feel at home in the presence of the white man, the magician who controlled the ox, felled the mightiest oak with a bit of shiny stone and commanded the thunder and lightning in hunting the moose and bear. Even after years of contact and some knowledge of gunpowder the feeling of the superiority of the white man was still a superstitious fear. The Indian never dared to face the Englishman as an equal. The Buttonball was therefore as much surprised as the settlers when the attack was made upon the town Sept. 1, 1675. The Tree observed, however, that the assailants kept at a prudent distance from the little stockade. The seventeen houses which they destroyed were all out of gunshot range. This whole affair was under the eye of the Buttonball as was also the attack two weeks later. Again on the 18th it saw the martial array when Captain Lothrop and the "Flower of Essex" marched proudly forth into the fatal ambush at Bloody Brook. Seventeen of the stalwart men whom it had seen about their daily tasks were in the convoy as teamsters. Not one of them was ever again seen by the Buttonball. When at night Moseley came with the heavy tidings all were lying stark and dead in the bloody mire. Not one word of the agonizing scenes of the terrible night has come down to us. Two hundred and thirty-three years have passed but we have still one living witness among us. But the Buttonball is as mute to an appeal as if it, too, had marched down into the eternal silence, or had joined in an agreement with all contemporaries to draw forever an impenetrable veil over the unspeakable bitterness of grief and despair. We know from the records

that under this veil were hidden eight women and twenty-six children who had become widows and orphans since the morning sun.

The Buttonball stood in the center of the settlement. It had seen the square, awkward log cabin take the place of the picturesque wigwam. It had also seen the larger lodge rise in which the strange men gathered for the weekly Pow-wow of their Medicine Men. Uncouth were the sounds therefrom which floated over among its listening leaves. This and all the other buildings were now but wind-blown ashes, and all was silence save when the wild animals came straggling back to their old haunts.

In 1677 the silence was broken for a brief period. The Buttonball was suddenly startled by the yell of Ashpelon and his men. It saw Quintin Stockwell dragged into a captivity of which he gives such a living relation; saw Old Sergt. Plympton for the last time as his career ended at the stake in Canada; saw Samuel Russell, the 8-year old nephew of the hero of Hadley start towards Canada which he never reached; saw Benoni Stebbins begin to build a home on the very spot where his name was immortalized in 1704; of both these events the Buttonball can testify.

Was it with gladness or sorrow that the steadfast Buttonball saw the returning tide which again broke the silence, and drove back to its lair the denizen of the forest? There comes a feeling that the Tree must have missed the varying activities going on within eyeshot, when it must have wondered what curious thing would turn up next, and that the returning fugitives were welcomed by the oldest settler to a renewed acquaintance.

Events now moved rapidly. The settlement teemed with stirring life. Time came when the Buttonball was absorbed in a movement going on under its very nose. What was the occasion of all this excitement about its feet! Did it bode good or evil! Was its very life in danger! A large pit was being dug nearby; with shouting and confusion men with oxen and carts bringing stones as if to fill the pit came and went. Other teams dragged long straight tree trunks which seemed to be ruthlessly cut into pieces by busy men with shining hatchets and saws. These fragments of timber were then stripped of the brown bark and lay white in the sunlight. Soon appeared old acquaintances, John Stebbins and John Hawks, with measuring stick and scratchall making cabalistic marks on the timber. Less skilful men follow with augers, mallet and chisel making excavations wherever the cabalistic figures are found. The sharp eye of the Buttonball follows all the proceedings in detail. At length the mystery of it all is solved; when joint is

joined to joint and placed in position the whole stands confessed. It was the frame of a stately house.

Later came the teams laden with boards, broad and stout or narrow and slim, from the saw-pit where they had been laboriously cut out by the bone and muscle of the tough sawyers, or, it may be, with shingles split from short bolts and shaved to shapely form in the East Mountain forest. When at last the confused conglomeration of men, oxen, timber and stone it had so long looked upon had been sorted out and assimilated into one grand whole, the Buttonball beheld the finest mansion it had ever looked upon or imagined. This was to be the home of the chief Medicine Man the Minister, and a new chapter was now to be opened in the life of the Buttonball which was henceforward to be in the very center of the village activities. It saw the new meeting house spring up almost in reach of its growing arms. It saw the great rejoicing when the new minister brought home his fair bride; she was welcomed heartily by the united people.

As the years sped on young, musical voices were heard about the house of the minister and sweet, round faces peered out of the windows. Soon one after another toddled over the low threshold, tumbled and rolled about in the fallen leaves of the Buttonball, and played hide-and-seek about its swelling trunk. A firm friendship grew up between the Tree and the fast-growing family of Parson Williams. Year in and year out the children gamboled and played childish games under the branches stretched out lovingly over them, plucking grasses and wild flowers and weaving them into bracelets and baskets in summer, and in the autumn watching with delight the dancing leaves shook playfully down on the still air.

The lone Buttonball was the gathering place for the youngsters living about the training field. The Williams children were doubtless joined by those of Benoni Stebbins, John Sheldon, Samuel Carter, Thomas French, John Catlin and Godfrey Nims. There was no let-up in their sports when the fierce blasts of winter roared up from the frozen river and bare meadows. With the sturdy Tree trunk for a base we may suppose the boys on the West side fortified in mimic warfare against the East side boys. Walls of snow in place of stockade were raised against the enemy, and balls of snow instead of lead were fired by the assailants. With this and other games under the Buttonball boys and girls gathered strength and hardihood of bone and muscle which could carry them through the terrible ordeal that was even now lying in wait for them.

All too soon the blow falls. The oft-told tale of the awful occurrences of Feb. 29, 1704, were all enacted under the eye of the Buttonball. The night was dark, and it could not discern

what the deep shadow creeping slowly over the white snow on the North Meadows might be. When it heard the fierce warwhoop of the Indians about its very feet the fact was revealed, and the shadow appeared as direful substance. The bare limbs thrilled and shivered with excitement, regret and self-reproach that it had not discovered the danger and given the alarm. All this increased as it heard the crash when the front door of the Parson Williams house went down.

In the red light of burning homes it saw the furious attack on the house of Ensign John Sheldon, and heard amid the horrid din the ringing blows of the hatchets on the spike-bossed face of the front door, which held fast to its trust. The Tree rejoiced to see the stout door hold its own against the raging savages, while devastation held high carnival, and despair reigned in every direction.

We now rejoice that this brave door has come down to us. This sacred relic is the most cherished possession in the Hall of the Pocumtuck Valley Memorial Association—the Old Indian House Door.

The Tree saw the heroic defense of the Benoni Stebbins house, and lives to glory in the stone that keeps green the thrilling story which of all living things the Tree alone can tell — “All of which it saw, and part of which it was.” For were not showers of shot poured upon the house from behind its sheltering trunk? The Buttonball was an unwilling ally of the Indians for its sympathies were now altogether with its disturbed neighbors and new friends.

When the family of Mr. Williams was mustered for its terrible march into captivity the Tree saw that its ranks were not full. Where was the faithful Parthena, the constant attendant of the children, and where was little Johnny? All too soon the answer came. When the sad group was marched away, the house was set on fire. The light streaming out of the door and windows revealed to the Tree a ghastly spectacle. The missing were accounted for. Poor patient Parthena, the drudge and the delight of the children!—she is spared the dreadful march to Canada. She was murdered in cold blood while in the futile defense of her darlings. She is free while her revered master and loved mistress are miserable slaves at the mercy of the bloody savages. There at the very threshold, where the full light from the open door streamed upon it, lay the slain woman, her dark limbs in sharp contrast with the white snow, her blood,—as red as the best,—oozing slowly over the hard crust. Near her lay the six-year old boy, the pride and joy of her heart, the crimson spot where he lay still growing larger. Here also was the six-day old baby, now seen for the first time by the horrified Buttonball.

The now famous Old Indian House stood with its front door—then young and with no historic name—face to face with the Buttonball and they were fast friends and gossips. None passed the portals of the one unnoticed by the other. Three months before the Tree had seen Hannah Chapin alight at the door from off the pillion of proud young John Sheldon, at the close of their wedding journey from Springfield. It saw the grave but glad faces of the Ensign and his good wife, Hannah, as they scanned the fair face of the bride, and gave a hearty welcome to their new daughter.

Now the mother lay dead within, killed by a shot through that very door, and the Tree saw the young wife hobbling painfully along with a sprained ankle to join the train making up for the northward march urged to go faster by a barbarous master. How long could she hold out?

It was a joyful meeting when they next came face to face,—Hannah and the waiting Tree. One by one the survivors of the captivity came back. Little by little the flock of Mr. Williams resumed its wonted ways. The good pastor and his children with a new mother became settled in a house built by the willing hands of the people. All the survivors but Eunice, the stray lamb; she never returned to the fold. Her vacant place was soon filled by other children, and little Eunice was nearly forgotten by the Buttonball. But by her father, never. Never for an hour was his heart eased of its burden of anguish for the loss of her body and soul.

The Buttonball knew and was intimate with the family of Parson Williams from the beginning to the end. It could tell the personnel of the good minister, his two consorts, and all of their sixteen children, and the eight grandchildren born upon this homelot. It witnessed and grieved over the tragedies which befell, was privy to the joys and rejoicings and was in full sympathy with them all. It heard the fervent blessings invoked by the fond father on the heads of three sons when they severally left the shelter of the fold, and were ordained to fill high places of honor in the land in his own holy profession. It breathed the fragrant blossoms of the orange, and witnessed the wedding festivities, and saw the glad tears and smiles of the farewell embraces when two of the daughters left the maternal hive blushing brides, and gave their hands to the men who had won their hearts, to become their helpmates in the same high place and profession of their father.

The Buttonball witnessed, also, the gloomy shadows of the cypress which fell, from time to time, upon the stricken family while thirteen of its members were being garnered in the chill, quiet granary on the Old Albany Road. The last of them all was the fifteenth child of Parson Williams. He was born and

spent his life in this house. He was, at his death, the leading citizen of the town in civil, judicial and military life, and he was buried with pomp and circumstance such as the Buttonball had never before seen.

On the return of Mr. Williams the scattered flock gradually gathered, and through hardship and suffering slowly increased in numbers; but the meetinghouse grew not one whit in capacity and now it must give way to a new one. This far surpassed the old in size and style, and, the Buttonball thought the means of the people. It sprang up almost under the spreading branches of the Tree. The gilded rooster perched on the peak of the tall and graceful spire could fairly crow over the topmost limbs of the Buttonball, but there was never any jealousy or rivalry in the new companionship.

Before the meetinghouse had received its finishing touches, the pride of the people in the fine edifice was at one fell stroke, turned to bitter grief, and almost to bitter despair. Their beloved pastor, at whose behest the structure arose, was stricken down before he had met his flock therein. The sympathizing Buttonball saw his prostrate form followed by a weeping train, carried from under its protecting arms to the final resting place beside his murdered wife in the old burying ground.

It was in the pleasant month of May, 1735, that Elijah Williams had brought his bride, Lydia Dwight, to her new home. The Buttonball was dressed in a new spring suit, and with its sweetest smiles joined in the welcome, and the rejoicing consequent on the happy event. The Buttonball took an early opportunity to inform the bride that her grandfather Dwight was one of its early acquaintances among the white men. This circumstance formed a special bond between the twain. The bridal wreath had hardly faded before the young wife became alarmed at seeing strange Indians prowling about, singly or in groups, and even smoking their pipes under the branches of the Buttonball. At first the Tree was startled, too, but so soon as the squaws and papooses appeared it assured the bride that all was well for these were never taken with a hostile party. Her husband informed her that there was nothing to fear, as these Indians were here to meet Gov. Belcher for a peaceful palaver. A few weeks later the Tree and the bride heard the stirring notes of a bugle, and soon Gov. Belcher and his staff in brilliant uniform drew near. Some fourscore Indians met the Governor, but all were strangers to the Buttonball. Their presence, however, carried it back to early days and early friends, and it was soon drawn to one anxious mother who daily brought her sick baby to see Dr. Wells, who lived next door, and it offered her a shelter from the hot August sun. The grateful mother with her moaning child spent many an hour

under its protecting arms, refreshed, we may believe, by the soothing whispers of its leaves.

The Buttonball did, however, recognize among the white men gathered to meet Gov. Belcher some friends and acquaintances of long ago. One of these it had seen when in the flush of young manhood he attended the ordination of John Williams, and had been a frequent visitor at the parsonage. He was now a gray-headed man of three-score and ten. Another, the Buttonball saw with delight, was one of its grown-up pets, long absent from town, none other than Stephen Williams, the captive boy of 1704; now a distinguished divine, and prominent among the officials. A third man, bowed with premature hardship more than with years, was finally recognized. One who as a boy had spent many happy hours playing with the older Williams children in their childish games under its branches. In playing "Indian" or "Bear" he had climbed to its topmost branch, the most daring of them all. He had been carried to Canada in 1704, and had grown up among the Indians and the French. He was now the official interpreter as Capt. Joseph Kellogg. Another mutual friend was at the front here. One whom the Buttonball first saw as a baby in his mother's arms when she was welcomed home from Canadian captivity. He, too, grew up in sight of the Buttonball, had long been a companion of the Williams boys and girls, and, in due time, was married to one of the girls. He was now living at Fort Dummer where Kellogg was Truck Master. How much the four had in common to recall and talk about while resting from their duties and sitting under the cool shade of the Buttonball. Here they were joined by others who had been in the hands of the Indians, and who had little or no faith in their professions of friendship now,—John Catlin, Thomas French, Mehuman Hinsdale, John and Ebenezer Nims, Jonathan and Remembrance Sheldon were of these. Each of them was born and brought up under the eye of the Buttonball, and each had tales to tell of terrible trials and sufferings at the hands of the treacherous savages.

The Tree was sorry when the Conference broke up; it stood on tip-toe and strained its topmost eyes to see the cavalcade, as with its friends in the ranks, it disappeared towards Cheapside. The Tree now had leisure to think over recent events and to recall the curious thrill which ran through its very heart when first the voices of the Indians fell upon its ear. It was the language learned more than a century and a half before and nearly forgotten. With mingled emotions it pondered upon the changed condition of things during that period which itself had seen and known, and it musingly wondered whether on the whole, there was more real happiness and contentment in the

wild life of the savage, or the more conventional life of civilization.

About 1741 the old Corner Store was established at the right elbow of the Buttonball, on the southeast corner of the Parson Williams homelot. Intimate relations were kept up between the Tree and the Store until the removal of the latter in 1878,—about one hundred and forty years.

Time passed on. Nothing, however, appeared to interfere with the towering growth of the Buttonball, and its increasing dignity of trunk. But time which cherishes, as surely brings decay. The worm was already seeking its heart, but many years would pass before the revelation of its work.

The Corner Store was occupied by Maj. Elijah Williams, son of Parson Williams, and was for many years the commissary headquarters for Northern Hampshire County. Here the outlying frontier forts were supplied with the munitions of war. The Commissary carts coming in and the pack horses going out were everyday sights for the Buttonball. Officers, and men, scouting parties, marching companies bound for the seat of war, made this a common center. Here came Maj.-Gen. Phineas Lyman, Gen. Joseph Dwight, Colonels William, Ephraim and Israel Williams, Col. John Stoddard, Capt. Phineas Stevens the hero of No. 4, Capt. William Lyman, Capt. Ebenezer Sheldon, Capt. John Burk, Sergt. John Hawks, and many more men who served their country bravely and well. The Tree became intimate with them all, and heard many a private conference within its shadow when the leaders had disagreed upon the best modes of action; but it never peached.

At nightfall on the 24th of September, 1755, there was an unusual stir on the common. Capt. Nathaniel Dwight of Belchertown appeared with sixty men who were billeted on the village. Capt. Dwight lodged with Maj. Williams. They were enroute for the seat of war. Here they were joined by Capt. William Lyman of Northampton, with his company, and by the gallant Sergt. John Hawks and fourteen men from Deerfield. At the Corner Store they all received the necessary outfit for the service. Powder, lead, flints, hatchets, camp kettles, blankets and other necessities for the long march. When all was ready Capt. Dwight paraded between the meetinghouse and the Buttonball, 124 men in all. The Tree heard his last word of command, "March"! and the soldiers filed round the Corner Store, marched down the old Albany Road, and away to face the foe on the dark and bloody ground at the head of Lake George.

At high noon of Dec. 3, 1755, the Buttonball had another view of Capt. Dwight's command marching up the old Albany Road. The enemy had fled before their arrival, and they had

worked at the building of the unfortunate Fort William Henry. The Tree watched out for the Deerfield soldiers, and rejoiced at the safe return of them all.

As time had told on the Buttonball so also on the meeting-house which had at length begun to feel in its spire the weight of the fine steeple. The complaining cracks let in the wind and the rain. In 1767 the Tree saw the original steeple removed, and the building of a square tower from the ground at the north end with an elegant and graceful belfrey and spire. On the apex of the spire the old Rooster was perched. He had remained sound in wind and limb, but had become a little rusty in his garment, and his eyes a little out of order. So he was posted off to Tom Drowne at Boston, and came back with a new gilt coat and "new globe eyes". Its new station was a little more lofty than before and above the aspiring Tree. There may have been a light touch of jealousy on this subject, but it never appeared to on-lookers, save when the wind was in the East. The East wind seemed to affect both, much as it affects men and women whose nerves are near the surface. With that the Rooster turned its back squarely on the Buttonball, and the Tree, in turn, leaned to the West, and stretched its stubby arms that way as far as possible. When the wind veered to the West this mood passed, and all was serene again. The Buttonball extended its arms toward the Rooster, as asking forgiveness, while the bird looked kindly back and the twain went on billing and cooing as before.

The conquest of Canada ended the French and Indian wars in this region. But the quiet of peace was not for long. Short-sighted Great Britain began to extort money from the colony to supply her failing exchequer. This was resisted, not only as unjust, but as contrary to the rights of Englishmen. The Buttonball was in a whirl of excitement between the friends and the enemies of these measures. Some of its earliest and closest friends were on the Tory side; the most prominent men of the town, the minister, the judge, the sheriff, the town clerk, and all who had or hoped for any civil or military commissions from the Crown. It had heard from the meetinghouse the weekly prayer for the King for more than forty years. All the occupants of the Corner Store had been loyal to England, and here the Whigs were denounced in round terms as rascals and rebels, fit objects for the halter.

At the outset the Buttonball's leanings were towards the Tories but its position gradually changed. The Whigs had by subscription established a regular Post to Boston, and were in close connection with Sam Adams, Otis, Warren, Revere and their compeers. A Committee of Correspondence was formed and the "Sons of Liberty" were early established. The Button-

ball had many friends among these who were held to be of a grade one peg lower, but who had become restive under the domination of the officials and were now coming to the front. The post rider deposited his parcels and letters at the Old Indian House, and there the people gathered at the appointed hour of arrival. These dispatches were read and the news disseminated. This was received with cries of satisfaction or howls of rage according to the views of the hearers. There followed discussion, hot altercation not always confined to words, and the Buttonball became well informed on the merits of the controversy. At heart it was in favor of the Patriots.

Tory headquarters were at the Old Corner Store; that of the Whigs at Saxton's tavern, just beyond, where plans were openly or secretly discussed. Between the disputes and town talk on the Street there was little doing that did not reach the ears of the Tree.

The Buttonball rejoiced with the Whigs when the "Sons of Liberty" erected a Liberty Pole in front of David Field's store, July 29, 1774, and it heard the sneers and taunts of the merry Tories predicting sad results for the actors. By this act the Patriots of Deerfield are seen to be well to the fore in the impending struggle.

About sunset on an April day every twig of the Buttonball was startled and stirred by the long continued rattle of James Warren's drum and the thrilling fife of Justin Hitchcock. The Day of Lexington and Concord had birth the day before, and the Long Roll was sounding the alarm to the Minute Men of Deerfield. It called them to form in line under the bare branches of the Buttonball, with musket in hand and knapsack on back, fully equipped for a march to what fate had in store for them. Now there was hot haste but no confusion. This was what the Patriots of Deerfield had been waiting and drilling for. An hour before the town, convened in the meetinghouse, had voted their pay for this exercise. Again the imperative drum. Then the hurried goodbyes, the cheers and the tears, and the Buttonball saw Capt. Lock, Lieut. Bardwell, Lieut. Stebbins and their men set their determined feet, with measured tread, towards the opening scene of the American Revolution.

The Buttonball has never seen or heard of any event which has exceeded this in its far-reaching importance in the lives of nations.

These men bore themselves bravely on Bunker Hill where Lord Howe learned a lesson he never forgot. They saw the greatest man of the age draw his sword and take command of the Continental Army under the Washington Elm on Cambridge common.

The Whigs got occasional control of the town meetings, and June 25, 1776, ten days before the immortal Declaration by the Continental Congress, the Buttonball heard read from the meetinghouse, a vote to place on record a solemn and formal Declaration of Independence from the Kingdom of Great Britain, by the town of Deerfield. The Tree can never forget the indignation of the Tories at the Corner Store, nor the jubilation of the Whigs at the Saxton tavern when the newly elected town clerk presented a copy of the vote to the landlord, who was the town's representative with instructions to present the same to the General Court. In due time the post brought the Declaration by Congress. The enraged Tories could find no language strong enough to express their wrath, but gave defiant assurance that all concerned in these declarations would soon end their career upon the gallows.

A year later another company of Deerfield Patriots were called to aid the country in an hour of need. The Tree saw the usual parting scenes when the hardy yeomen, led by Joseph Stebbins, now a captain, and Lieut. John Bardwell, with the same drum and fife marched down the Old Albany Road; they were bound for Bennington, Baum and the boastful Burgoyne. When the game was bagged, with weary and warworn feet, but light and joyful hearts, they set their faces toward the East.

One day observers saw the Buttonball in a state of great excitement. It was waving every bough, and all the leaves were clapping their hands. News of the downfall of Burgoyne had been received, and the Tree had been silently but eagerly watching out to the West. Now it had seen the gleam of the arms, and recognized the notes of James Warren's drum. The cause of all the excitement was easily guessed, and every one was on their feet. Mistress Lucy Stebbins, thinking the news too good to be true, dumped her baby into the cradle, and rushed up to take a peep from the garret window. She was rewarded by a sight and sound which sent her flying down stairs; in a twinkling she had joined the joyful group collecting under the Buttonball. Up the Old Albany Road marched the heroic band which had taken an active part in humbling the haughty Burgoyne, and Lucy's heart bounded as she saw her husband leading the van. Their forms were erect and their footsteps were firm. They had forgotten the hundred weary miles behind them, their footsore feet and marched as men who knew they had done their country service, and had earned the glorious welcome they were receiving as they neared the end at the foot of the Buttonball.

The people who gave this hilarious welcome were all Whigs who cheered themselves hoarse. The Tories were conspicuous by their absence. Until this day they had refused to believe

that their idol was broken, and the proud Briton was no longer marching where he listed, with his hireling horde, but where he *must* as a humbled prisoner in the hands of the Rebels. Their confident boasts, their cock-sure prophecies, and their malignant threats were now nothing but very thin air. They were filled with wrath, distressed with evil forebodings, down-hearted and sullen. The Buttonball was fully aware of this state of affairs, for the leader of the Tories was its nearest neighbor.

With the fall of Burgoyne the Tory party had become a trifle less bumptious and boastful. With the capture of Yorktown they were astounded and aghast. They looked at each other in silence. When would the sky fall? When the news arrived and the bells pealed, the old cannon thundered, and the shouts of the Whigs testified to the Buttonball their grateful joy, the Tories had retired from observation. But when King George finally gave the United States a Quit Claim Deed the generality wisely accepted the situation, and quickly fell into the ranks. The triumphant Whigs were as considerate of their feelings as human nature would allow. But long years of bitterness, hardship and struggle had passed under the observant eye of the Buttonball between the beginning and the happy ending of the heroic struggle of freedom against tyranny.

A few years later the Buttonball was witness to another exhibition of Deerfield patriotism. It had perfect knowledge of the plans and operations of the government from the officers who gathered in and about the Old Corner Store. One day 1000 soldiers were paraded on the common. They were billeted on the inhabitants; of these 95 were assigned to John Williams, son of Maj. Elijah, who lived on the old homestead. Where could he stow them unless he made them a shakedown of hay or straw under the shelter of the Buttonball? 93 were put in the care of Lucy Stebbins, but the Captain had a large barn and shed room, and could throw in a big garret, if need be, for more room. There was another call for help from the State in a crucial hour. The Tree was to witness another scene of parting of Lucy Stebbins and her husband. The absence was short, and Capt. Stebbins announced on his return that Daniel Shays was a fugitive, and his deluded followers scattered. They had returned in triumph, and the constitution and the laws were again in force. The Buttonball had its last exhibition of real soldiers in the ranks of war, but when trouble with France was brewing, and war seemed imminent in the near future the patriotic spirit ruled the hour. Excitement ran high when a letter from President Washington was read to a crowd under the Buttonball. It contained the offer of a commission in the United States Army to a citizen the Tree had known from toddling childhood. It was felt that war would be a great

strain upon the still unsettled constitution, but all had unbounded faith in the Great Leader—the first in war, the first in peace, and the first in the hearts of his countrymen. This faith was warranted, and the frail bark of the Republic was safely guided over the breakers and shoals, and lay with an even keel upon the stormy sea.

But a terrible bolt was soon to fall. Worn out by toil and care for his beloved country, the child of his faith and works, now emerging from chaos, the Greatest Man of his age, laid down his heavy burden at Mount Vernon, Dec. 14, 1799, an event which caused clouds and darkness to cover the land.

On the 29th the Buttonball observed the leading citizens with wet eyes and bowed heads, making fit preparations for his obsequies. That was a day of sadness and gloom. There were no partisans or parties. All were sincere mourners. For a full hour in the morning the Buttonball heard and felt the measured strokes of the passing bell. It saw the military companies of the neighborhood gather and parade with all the maneuvers befitting the sad occasion. It heard with bated breath the wailing fife, and the muffled drum of the regimental band beating the dead march, as the procession marched from Academy Square to the Meetinghouse. The chief place in the column was given to the Colors which were at half staff, draped with black, bearing the letters G. W., and guarded on either side by three officers of rank. Then followed the officers of the Revolution. The soldiers marched in platoons. Next came the civil and military dignitaries in due order, and a long line of strangers and citizens. The Buttonball watched while with slow and measured steps, the procession came on, the minute guns of the artillery adding to the effect. After the usual evolutions, the soldiers stood with arms reversed while the Tree looked down upon the procession as it marched into the meetinghouse. It caught notes of the funeral oration from the crepe-shrouded pulpit; it heard the sobbing dirge, and the solemn anthem — "*The beauty of Israel is slain upon the high places. How are the Mighty fallen!*"

The Buttonball again looked down and saw the assembly slowly emerge and reform in ranks; again the muffled drums and the minute guns, as the procession moved away to Academy Square. It heard the company firing of the small arms, and the salvos of cannon which closed the celebration of the sad obsequies on that never-to-be-forgotten day.

Interested as the Buttonball was and always had been in affairs local and national, it also had a hand in private affairs of vital importance to its own well-being, even to its own existence. The Tree had treacherous enemies within, and was openly at war with a mighty foe, aggressive, untiring, relentless. It was a

defensive war, its enemy the Storm King! Upon one luckless day, a still, calm day in August the Tree was surprised by a sudden and furious onset from the enemy lying in ambush behind the West Mountain, who broke through its main guard and wrenched away one of the largest branches. At the place of the fracture a large opening was left in the trunk, and the sad condition of the Buttonball was now exposed to a curious world. The heart had been entirely eaten out, and the trunk was but a thin shell, as empty as a cistern, and its walls only a trifle stouter. When the first germ of decay was planted in its heart, no man will ever know. It may have been in the shock of Feb. 29, 1704, or it may have been at the passing of its good friend, Parson Williams, a score of years later. However that may be, it was now evident that some spirit of evil had been for long years preying upon its vitals; silent as the tomb, and in darkness deep as the starless midnight, the deadly work had been going on unceasingly.

To all observers the Buttonball stood towering toward the skies, rotund, stalwart and sound to the core, a magnificent monument of the work of nature. Of the treacherous spirit within none knew or suspected but the watchful sap. The sap knew and it had been quietly but industriously laboring, year after year, making stronger the defences against the insidious foe by adding layer upon layer to the outworks, and the Tree had until now successfully defied the wind and the storm. But in this crisis it is to be inferred, that now as always, the greatest danger was from secret treachery within. The constitution of the Buttonball had at length been so far weakened that its secret enemy had hatched up a conspiracy with the Storm King to lay the noble structure in the dust. As we have seen this dastardly scheme fell notably short of its vile intent. The sap had enlisted the willing leaves and anxious roots in its service, and had come off conqueror. But the event shocked and discouraged the Buttonball. It was ready to give up in despair, and for many years it seemed tottering to its fall. The sap, the leaves, and the roots, however, persisted bravely and hopefully, and to this day they still hold the fort.

It was more than fourscore years ago, when the Buttonball was at its lowest estate, that I made its acquaintance. The opening in its trunk was so big and inviting that the boys climbed in and out at will. Therein was a deposit of excellent punk for use on Independence Day. It was then thought that other limbs would soon fall, and that the last days of the Buttonball were close at hand. The prophets have long ago been laid in their last beds. The Tree bids fair to outlive their children, and it may turn out, their grandchildren.

In the past eighty years the Buttonball has seen many things come and go. A brick school house had sprung up under its very eyes. In the second story was a Hall for public use,—town meetings, singing schools, lectures, lyceums. The Tree had seen on its platform men of local and national fame. Among the former were Edward Hitchcock, Epaphras Hoyt, Samuel Willard, senior and junior, John Wilson, Stephen W. Williams, Jonathan A. Saxton, Pliny Arms, Bishop John Williams, Rodolphus Dickinson. From abroad, Benjamin R. Curtis, George Bancroft, Horace Greeley, Charles Sumner, Edward Everett, George N. Briggs, Alexander H. Bullock and others.

As the corner store was the military headquarters, so also it became the gathering place for the politicians and party workers, and the Buttonball heard hot discussions on the civil questions of the day; not always to be sure in civil or civilized phrase, and if the Tree rightly understood, canes were occasionally used to emphasize arguments. The Buttonball had seen party organizations rise, change their war-cry and their name, then vanish to be succeeded by others which are now with last winter's snow. The Tree was well up in the knowledge of events which led to the Civil War. The slavery question was often the subject of discussion in and about the old Corner Store. A determined few were earnest and active in trying to arouse the indifferent to the horrors of African slavery.

The Kansas troubles were eye-openers. An anti-slavery mass meeting was held under the shadow of the Buttonball, and the Tree heard some of the most eloquent champions of the right pour forth to the thousand listening ears their fears and their indignation. It saw the cloud of indifference gradually lifting, like fog from a valley, and the beacon lights of liberty flashing from peak to peak across the awakened land. It had become a question of slavery for all, or liberty for all, and the Tree saw the rising tide of Civil War.

When the gallant young minister bearing the stars and stripes led the recruiting squad past, like a vision, the Buttonball felt every ounce of its sap stir and strive. It heard all the sad and all the cheering news from the front, and when the nation's wounds were healed it saw the stones arise in its front, to keep green the names and deeds of the unreturning brave. The Buttonball heard word of the impressive service of dedication which included four odes by gifted women, whom it had known from their birth, and an eloquent oration from one of the well-beloved of the nation. Every morning for forty years this memorial and the Buttonball have exchanged greetings, and every evening they look kindly upon each other until both fade into the night.

In these days of hurry and scurry, a few but an increasing number of people are looking backward to events which time has proved to be of great importance, as beginnings or epochs, in the history of men. These people show a growing activity in recalling these events, and emphasizing them in story, celebration and enduring stone. Centennials, bi-centennials, and even semi-centennials are more and more in evidence. A few years ago the Buttonball smiled to itself when it observed some of its old friends busy in preparations to celebrate the bi-centennial of the most notable event in the history of the town. It seemed to the Tree such a recent affair. What are the people thinking of! Only two hundred years ago! All the same the Buttonball joined heartily in the exercises of the occasion.

It may have been this celebration which moved the Buttonball to a reminiscence on its own hook for its own amusement, or perhaps, for the information of the curious in these later days. It appears from the record that under its own eyes and all within the bounds of the stockaded fort, it had seen many and various exhibitions of brain and brawn by our ancestors, the yeomanry of Deerfield, in the numerous occupations named below. The officers and shops noted often had several occupants in succession. The list is alphabetical.

One armorer's shop; two blacksmith shops; broom maker; cabinet maker; four carpenter shops; two chaise and wagon shops; clothier; coffin warehouse; two commissary stores; two Judicial court rooms; three doctors; goldsmith; two hatter's shops; hairworker; housewright; jeweler; six law offices; malster; two marble shops; meat market; paint shop; plow shop; Post Office (eight locations); printing and publishing office; the Register of Deeds office; saddler's shop; the sheriff's office; seven shoemakers; seven stores; two tailors; seven taverns; watchmaker, weaver, two wheelwrights; wig-maker. Every one of these officers and offices, these tradesmen and their trades, the artisan and his arts, these storekeepers and their stores, have utterly vanished.

During this same period there existed outside of the fort other establishments which were practically under the observation of the Buttonball. The Tree recalls five blacksmith shops; two bookbinders; three brick yards; four broom shops; one button shop; one cabinet shop; five carpenters; two cartwrights; two chaise and wagon makers; three cider mills; two harness makers; two cooper shops; two curriers; one distillery; one fanning mill maker; one felt maker; one fulling mill; three hatters; one jeweler; one pocket-book maker; one printing and publishing house; one potter; one rope maker; two saddlers; twelve shoe shops; one silversmith, three stone cutters; twelve stores; seven tailors and tailoresses; three tanneries; nine

taverns; two watchmakers; two weavers and two wheelwrights.

The Buttonball saw all these places of business rise, flourish, and pass away, not a single vestige remaining to remind us of their existence.

Beside the men and women who had wrought their physical energies and skill into articles of convenience and utility, transmuting such forces into clothing, utensils, implements, vehicles and dwellings, the Buttonball was also in close converse with all the professionals, the men and women of science, the men and women of letters and art. Every one of the authors included in the totals given below have walked and talked under its branches. The Tree recalls forty writers who have lived within the stockade and fifty-one on the Street outside. Many others have doubtless passed behind the veil.

Within this same stockade there have lived under the eye of the Buttonball military officers of the following grades; one General, eight Colonels, four Majors, twenty-two Captains; and four Lieutenants. Each of these could be summoned by a nod from the Tree. There were in the Street, within the sound of an alarm gun, eight Colonels, five Majors, sixteen Captains and twelve Lieutenants. With a single exception they were all beyond the ken of the Buttonball.

The Tree has seen generations of boys and girls grow up and grow gray, and sadly looked down as they took the last journey along the old Albany Road. It has seen their children and their grandchildren grow up and grow gray; the Tree knew them every one, boy, girl, man and woman. The children of the present with all of life before them, are its daily companions. What record they may leave on the page of history may perhaps be learned by future generations from the leaves of the old Buttonball.

This paper, as has been stated, was written by our historian George Sheldon in 1908 when he was ninety years old. It would please Mr. Sheldon greatly to know that twenty-six years later, in 1934, the Trustees of Deerfield Academy and Mr. Frank L. Boyden gave the Tree a new lease of life. Under the direction of Colonel Albert W. Dodge, an expert in his chosen field, the Tree has been treated internally, pruned and cabled externally. It is now predicted that our grand old Pocumtuck Buttonball will live to bless the lives of many future generations.

CHILDREN'S READING A HUNDRED YEARS AGO

By Margaret C. Whiting

A hundred years ago, and even a bit later, children were put in a category by themselves, fed, clothed and taught as a distinct class separated by a vast difference from their elders, given a special treatment that was recognized as strictly appropriate to their immaturity, which was never complicated by any suspicion of their having opinions and ideas of their own. To protect their ignorance of life, to hedge them about with carefully erected walls of morality, to set their little feet firmly on the strait path of righteousness,—above all to inculcate the narrow doctrines of the religious thought of the period, were the determined approach to youth in our grandparents' day. It had merits of its own, that old wornout system. Each generation takes its turn in applying fresh experiments on its children, and the so-called "progressive" method of today is just as much of an experiment as those it has superseded, and will in time be discarded for still another attack on the ever-present problem of bringing up the child. Poor child, so many attempts to bend the twig!

In that earlier day we are considering, they did it in season and out by means of the printed page as well as through verbal exhortation. There were books for all ages, sometimes slightly sweetened to catch the unwary, but always intended to form the mind, adorn a moral truth, or teach a religious idea. Above all, religious education was the main objective. Very quaint now to us are those pious ideas, and very distressing, also, when we consider the cruel beliefs they embody; for we may not forget that in the early days they were the result of honest convictions. The writers genuinely believed in the lessons they tried to teach, and their good faith may not be questioned.

There was, of course, a convention about this sort of composition; a strict pattern was followed, developed from an accepted train of thought, and to this fact we must attribute the probable failure of these lessons to make much impression on the children themselves. We permit ourselves to doubt the lasting effect of the doleful tale of "The Young Cottager" on the mind of its little owner, who read it in 1814. We will hope it was pride of possession only which made Nancy Isbell write her name in careful copperplate script along the top margin of its

yellowed page. It is a very good specimen of the convention we most deprecate. The parents of Jane were very poor, which is according to the pattern, her gown was patched, though clean, and she was twelve years old. Her story is told by her pastor, and, all the proprieties being thus observed, we are not surprised to learn that his discourses on religion were interesting to poor Jane. His teaching was illustrated by the graveyard, which, he says, became "a kind of book of instruction and every grave-stone a leaf of edification" to the group of children to whom he taught the epitaphs. He found Jane peculiarly apt in memorizing such joyful verse as this:

"Forgive, blest shade, the tributary tear,
That mourns thy exit from a world like this;
Forgive the wish that would have kept thee here,
And stayed thy progress to the world of bliss."

By preference, we are told, Jane liked better the following:

"There is an hour when I must die,
Nor do I know how soon 'Twill come;
A thousand children young as I,
Are called by Death to hear their doom."

Is it any wonder Jane followed the example thus printed on her tender mind? After pages and pages of edifying discourse on such themes, the little girl went into a "decline", as it was called, and died, meekly repeating with her last breath the required answers to the searching questions pressed upon her by her zealous examiner.

"The Young Cottager" was addressed to half-grown readers, but the same gruesome diet was administered to much smaller folk. In a set of booklets mis-called "The Children's Friend"—(they measure but 4 by 2½ inches, showing how tiny were the hands which were to hold them) we may find whole chunks made from the same recipe. There is a faint effort to engage the infant interest in these "Friends", for the tales are short, and frequently changed in ostensible subject, but they are as alike as two peas in intention. We open No. 11 at random and find an account of a shipwreck, that must have seemed promising to a small boy, until the adventure flattened out into the lamentations of the sole survivor, a young lad, over losing his one treasure, his mother's last letter, because it "contained such good advice." And how disheartening to the reader to be told that the only reward this filial feeling won was the gift of "several religious tracts", instead of the shirt that was probably needed! In conclusion this moral remark is appended to the tale: "What an encouragement this circumstance affords to

mothers to go forward writing to their sons who are embarked on the boisterous ocean."

Another "Friend" offers a narrative of another storm at sea that threatened a coal barge. The young prig of a cabin boy, rebuked the despairing captain and crew with this appropriate thought, "It is now Tuesday evening, 8 o'clock, there is a prayer-meeting and I know they will not forget us!" This had a powerful effect upon the captain and, roused to fresh exertions, all were saved from a watery grave.

These narratives belong to the most entertaining variety offered. Many more lack even so much sugar coating, and the thoughts of the tomb color them all. Nearly every child described dies before the end, and the central idea is always that of Watt's prayer for the use of infancy: "This tongue that is now invoking Thee must shortly be silent in the grave,—and these hands that now are lifted to Thee, most high God, for mercy, must shortly be moldering in the dust." One hardly knows whether it is pitiful or displeasing to perceive how honestly these writers were expressing their real convictions, and how ruthlessly they dealt with the young minds they sought to reach. To point the moral they spared no detail of disease or physical misery, with queer gusto dwelling on all the possible elements of poverty and distress, of sorrow and bodily abuse. Every abominable misfortune that can happen to helpless childhood is employed for the purpose of illustrating doctrine. Each circumstance is nicely calculated to enhance the advantage of making a swift escape from this unhappy world, also, provided the dying act is made with the proper degree of faith in the accepted dogmas of Calvinism.

Though the pattern became frayed as time went on, yet the habit of piety persisted even when it had degenerated into dismal piousity. It was as late as in 1859 that this account of a birthday party was written. It began with Psalm singing, followed by readings from the Scripture and a long dissertation on the religious duties of children delivered by the pastor as chief guest, which was so much enjoyed by his small listeners, the book says, that it "caused their young bosoms to beat with tender emotions of delight and gratitude." The presentation of a Bible to the six-year old object of the celebration was the end of the program, and the little guests were allowed to relax, enough to eat and — even to dance! In extenuation of this modern break with strict tradition, the comment is made that "not one of the whole troop had ever heard the name of the stately minuet, the luxurious waltz, but in the innocence of their artless bosoms lay a moral grace and harmony which are not always found in the voluptuous mazes of the fashionable dances."

The stuff translated from the French was largely based on the same mawkish sentimentality. Here is one about a child in Switzerland whose mother dies in several long, drawn out chapters, and before the reader recovers from this tearful event little Sophie is also swept into the grave. Still another narrates the story of a school festival given by a kind Baroness to a group of girls, who are to compete for a prize given to the one whose flower decorations win first approval. The intolerably virtuous heroine of the tale, called "the lily of the valley", because she chose that modest flower for her chaplet when her mates wove theirs from the "gaudy tulips and flaunting roses", won the prize, of course, but she was so unbearably meek about it we feel almost a shock to read of the elaborate funeral she was given when she is killed off in the customary manner. All the demands of the occasion are satisfied when her faded wreath of lilies is placed on her bier, however.

If we turn to verse for the young, hoping the exigencies of metre or rhyme may mitigate the rigors of morality, we find such collections as "The Cowslip" or "The Daisy", whose pleasant titles are corrected by their sub-title "Cautionary Verse." Lured by the illustrations, a questing child was urged to meditate on Lydia, who,

"Observing what at school she's taught,
Turns her toes as children ought",
and though
"Some children, when they write, we know,
Their ink about them, heedless, throw,
But she, though young, had learned to think,
That clothes look spoiled with spots of ink."

We do not forget the ever-delightful versifying of Jane and Anne Taylor, whose robust common-sense tempered their profitable rhymes, nor our own Phoebe Cary, who almost wrote poetry for young folk, but there was far too much of narrative verse like "The Mother's Last Words", from which one fragment may suffice:

"Listen John, before 'tis night,
My weary spirit will be free;
Then go and tell the overseer,
For he must come and bury me."

This dreadful, long ditty was published from the 24th English Edition of which 240,000 were printed.

Enough! Let us refrain from any further specimens of the sort. Though preparation for death was the paramount idea, it was recognized that the natural world required some atten-

tion, and education of the mind was provided, after a fashion. Not that much effort was made to adorn the pursuit of knowledge. The pages of purely secular instruction are sprinkled thick with such entertaining remarks as this: "Emulation is a noble sentiment that dignifies the bosom it is permitted to govern" and "The acquisition of knowledge is indeed, my child, one of the highest satisfactions of the human mind." The girl to whom this enthusiastic statement is addressed makes the singular response: "I can never be tired of such comfortable chat." In 1816 "The Key to Knowledge", in the form of a series of "Dialogues written by a Mother", was concocted for the happy purpose of giving succinct facts about such cognate subjects as cheese and salt-petre, tapioca and rubber, varied with the properties of steam and how to make beaver hats—all of which topics proved so interesting to the Mother's child that he exclaimed, "How many delights does eyesight alone give us!" Of a slightly earlier date was an Astronomical and Geographical Chatechism, in which the writer, one Caleb Brigham, propounded such questions as; "What are the most curious birds?" to the answer,—"The Humming bird, the Whip-poor-will, and pelican." To another question about the principal animals, the appended answer avers that "The mammoth, is the largest, but whether any of them are now living is uncertain." Another nugget of wisdom assures the little learner "The earth is round, because it is the shape best suited to motion."

Almost any miscellaneous statement seemed to be valuable to these mostly anonymous writers, whether it concerned the character of the elk, described as "timorous and gentle", or the goat, "an animal that seems to be a middle species between the deer and the sheep", or the cat, "whose body conforms to its disposition, which is naturally fond of voluptuous ease", or "The larger animals who obtrude themselves continually upon our sight but who form the smallest part of animated nature" . . . every subject is but one more item for bestowing "comfortable chat" upon the helpless child.

Here in our own neighborhood the publisher Phelps of Greenfield was responsible for the furtherance of this sort of information. He brought out a series of little books called "The Pleasing Instructor", where miscalled historical subjects added their confusion to youth, such as an account of Edward Third of England refusing to "put his foot upon the Bible, as his wicked courtiers were trying to persuade him to do", and other stories equally true! Phelps also printed in a "Child's Cabinet" a more strictly Puritan point of view, when its anonymous author righteously says "the King of England wears a crown in whose attainment deeds of blood and murder at which humanity

revolts have been committed without fear or reason." In spite of these crimes several pages follow the sanguinary beginning with a list of all the titles of British aristocracy from duke to gentleman, which seems to show more interest in the class system than is quite fitting for a good American child to be encouraged to feel.

The number of books of kindred purpose and negligible value written and printed in the early 1800's attests to the fact of our real love of reading, more than to any other worth they possess. And it must be remembered that while much that was banal, and a sad amount which was harmful was contained in these books for the young there were others which provided real food for their consumption. How much old Lindley Murray had to do with changing pioussity into practical morality, we cannot estimate, but in the substantial fare he presented to school children through his much-used English Reader there is so high a degree of excellence we must regard him as a true reformer. Many small sufferers, distressed or bored by sickly tales of death and misery, we may be sure welcomed the Reader's classical excerpts from Greek and Roman orators, the long quotations out of Milton and Addison and Samuel Johnson; and that they were read with enough understanding to form a part in the real education of children before 1840 is shown by the vocabulary they enriched so greatly. Not for our grandparents were the few words we now use to convey our meaning! Their common speech, with its chosen adjectives, its neatly descriptive epithets, its individual tang of expression would scorn our trivial mode, for they had learned the beauty and variety of what was then spoken of respectfully, as "the English language." And for this the Reader was largely responsible.

After 1830 there was a gradual improvement in taste, and the next twenty years, fashions in writing changed, as in other things. Though the sentimental style of story-telling persisted for a tedious long while, and did not disappear entirely until after the almost recent date of the "Elsie Dinsmore Series", yet literary values were increasingly demanded and children shared in the general response of writers. A tribute is due to Jacob Abbot's contribution. He did much to promote the movement toward giving young people real facts, and in his homely way he presented them in an agreeable form. If his Rollo seems a bit of the old pattern for a good boy, and his Ellen a trifle too angelic, his Jonas and Beechnut (above all his Jonas) have preserved for us a true picture of that by-gone institution of farm-life,—the self-respecting and respected "hired man". When writers who knew how to write began to spend their gifts for the sake of young people, and magazines for their reading

were published, the modern world as we know it began. The change is definite in every thing, but in no direction is it more marked than in the matter we have been considering.

How far this difference was due to a natural rebound, how far this altered mode, was helped and conditioned by the mental fare dished out to the child of a hundred years ago, remains an unanswered question, for we cannot know how much he really read, marked and inwardly digested. When little John Williams of Deerfield perused the "Adventures of Master Humphrey and Mrs. Patience", or "The Road to Happiness" did he profit by it as his parents doubtless hoped he would in buying it for him? It is a far cry to 1786, and the effect upon his disposition of this moral truth

"Experience may those ills assuage,
Which owe their birth to Passion's rage!"

we shall never guess. Just as those same children, ranging the countryside for new sensations, chewed birch bark, or slippery "ellum", or sassafras root, or horse radish, and tasted every berry that grew, with eclectic gusto, and untroubled appetite, so very probably, they swallowed these books, dull and dolorous alike, without special application to their own affairs or conduct, and comfortably forgot them.

Good and less-good, well intentioned or mistaken, ignorant or even wise—of all these unread books we turn over for a passing hour, there is nothing left, except this question of their effect. Probably it was small. The stern demands of the common life of our ancestors left little room for the "flowers of sentiment", and when those children were grown and called upon to play their part, they pursued their way with ambitious energy and fortitude, forgetting the tears they may have shed over deathbed scenes, and the tedious exhortations of their spiritual advisers. They built and they plowed, they crossed the mountains and settled the prairies, but those books were not lasting factors in the great game of subduing the country. The women who wore sunbonnets and cooked at campfires without complaint, the men who drove covered wagons across deserts, were once the tiny tots who read the tale of the boy who was too scriptural to fight the bully who struck him, or listened to silly effusions on the charms of melancholy.

Which is a reflection that offers consolation to the older people today who lament the untrammelled freedom of choice exercised by the young of this generation. It may suggest that what our juniors get from the printed word does not produce a great or lasting result of any sort, when they are confronted by their own problems. For good or ill, it is living that teaches growing minds, in every age, and under all conditions.

ANNUAL MEETING—1936

REPORT

On Tuesday, February 25th, 1936, the 66th annual meeting of the Memorial Association was held in the Council Room in Memorial Hall, Vice President Thompson presiding. Mrs. Sheldon read her annual report as Curator, recording the receipt of 136 articles by the Sheldon Collection during the past year. Financial reports were also made and accepted and all *officers* were reelected. The President was authorized to appoint a committee to consider amendments to the constitution. Judge Thompson read the tribute to Fred H. Tucker of Newton, a deceased member, written by his daughter. Mrs. Sheldon then read a paper, "Wanderers", which revealed her scientific and persistent investigation of a chosen subject — in this instance a "large, grooved Indian axe."

Judge Thompson presided over the evening session and read and commented upon "An Old Scrap of Paper" upon which his great-grandfather's cousin, great-grandson of Godfrey Nims, had penned a record of the first Nims family. Miss Flora White spoke on "Fort Shirley—Its Significance", Frederick Johnson of Harvard University presented a valuable account of "The Indians of Eastern North America" and Mrs. Mark Winslow Potter read her "Brief History of the old Rice-Warner House in Charlemont", of which we are unable to obtain a copy.

The presiding officer said "It was in this town hall that our association was organized May 26, 1870, with its founder George Sheldon as President. The Vice Presidents were Josiah D. Canning, 'the peasant bard', of Gill, and James M. Crafts of Whately. Rev. Dr. Crawford was the Corresponding Secretary and 'Deacon Nat' Hitchcock, of the Albany road, was Recording Secretary and Treasurer. At the first annual meeting of the Association, on the last Tuesday of February, 1871, it was 'Voted to hold a field meeting at Charlemont the coming summer' and at that field meeting, August second, 1871, a monument to Moses Rice and Phineas Arms, presented by Orlando B. Potter, was dedicated."

Of the speakers, Mrs. Potter and Professor Johnson, the Vice President said: "The family of Orlando B. Potter, as you will learn tonight, has not lost interest in the history of Charlemont or ceased to protect the memorials of its first settlers. Rachel Field has written, 'Long, long ago, through this same

pane of glass Eyes peered for Indians; saw trappers pass'; and tonight we are to peer through a window in that wall which separates our time from the past, and we shall see "The Indians of Eastern North America" and events which concerned Moses Rice and the old buttonwood tree by the Indian spring in Charlemont; but first we will hear the ever fresh and delightful voice of one more than twice our own age — Deerfield Academy, the first owner and occupant of our Memorial Hall." After singing by the Glee Club, the historical papers were read to an appreciative audience.

REPORT OF CURATOR

The experience of many years is the authority for the statement that *weather* is a potent factor in determining the number of visitors at Memorial Hall. The weather in 1935 was unfavorable. May was unusually cold, June was unusually rainy, the press stating that there was more or less rain in twenty-one out of twenty-eight days. July by the same authority was "the hottest and stickiest July since 1925", and August certainly could testify to many lifeless days. Doubtless this record, with the prevailing depression throughout the country, reduced the attendance at the Hall to 4,371.

Notwithstanding these facts, the visitors registered from 44 States of the Union. Among these there were five States which are seldom represented; these were New Mexico, Utah, Mississippi, South Dakota and Arizona. Visitors also registered from thirteen foreign countries, including Egypt, India, Burma, China, Japan, and the Philippine and Hawaiian Islands.

Every collection of any considerable size calls for the accomplishment of major and minor objects. The major objects are considered first, and often they require years for their completion, while the minor objects have to patiently bide their time. The larger objects of our collection having been accomplished, some of the minor objects have claimed our thought the past year.

The Reverend John Williams' Cupboard with its beautiful china has been protected in the past by ordinary wire. This has been removed, the Cupboard restored, and a large glass plate fastened to the wooden frame just outside the Cupboard. This plate is much to be preferred to doors, and was devised by Mr. Fred A. Loomis of Greenfield. The Cupboard is now practically dustproof, so that the annual washing of the rare china will cease.

The autograph quilt which was given the Association by the Hazen Missionary Family, and which had crossed the ocean four times, was found to be very tender. It needed protection, so that a large box with glass front was made, the quilt hung in it, and the box securely fastened to the wall. This is at the head of the rear stairs near the bedroom.

In the Room of Domestic Productions additional space for exhibition has been gained by placing glass doors in the lower sections of Cases G and H.

The Association has received 136 contributions. By the Will of Francis J. Kellogg of Shelburne and Utica, N. Y. it has been given a "writing chair" and warming pan. The chair belonged to Reverend Theophilus Packard who was born in Shelburne in 1767. It is an interesting representative of its kind, and is in a state of perfect preservation. The warming pan belonged originally to Betsy Dole Kellogg, grandmother of the donor.

Another valuable contribution is a package of rare manuscripts relating to Godfrey Nims and his heirs. These have come to us from Mr. Frederick C. Nims of Painesville, Ohio, a Life Member of this Association who died in 1921.

Mr. Joseph L. Harrison, Librarian of the Forbes Library in Northampton, and a member of this Association has presented us with large, framed portraits of his grandfather and grandmother, Elihu Smead Hawks 1801-1879 and Sophia Elizabeth Abby, 1812-1876. These strong, vital faces are an inspiring addition to the Picture and Manuscript Room in the Fireproof Wing.

The Rochester Historical Society of New York has sent a photograph of the Moses Anvil in their possession, bearing the date of 1632. The Society thinks this maybe the oldest implement in the country.

While Memorial Hall is sacred to all lovers of the Past, her stately companions towering above her are also sacred, and deserve to be appreciated. These trees have been pruned, fed and sprayed for years so that they are now in as good condition as it is possible to make them. Somehow they seem in perfect harmony with our ancient brick Memorial.

The assistant, Miss Mellen, has catalogued the "Juvenile Library" of seventy-two books, the gift of Miss Margaret C. Whiting. These have been placed most attractively in a case by themselves in the Library.

Miss Mellen's care of the Hall and her unfailing constancy are deserving the genuine praise of the Association.

Respectfully submitted,

J. M. ARMS SHELDON.

Deerfield, February 25, 1936.

ANNUAL MEETING—1937

REPORT

Mrs. J. M. Arms Sheldon was re-elected President of the Pocumtuck Valley Memorial Association at its 67th annual meeting on February 23, 1937. Vice President Thompson, Treasurer Nichols, Recording Secretary William L. Harris and Corresponding Secretary N. Theresa Mellen were also re-elected. The widely known writer, Edward E. Whiting of Newton, was elected as a vice president to fill the vacancy caused by the death of John C. Chase, long president of the New England Historic Genealogical Society.

Winthrop P. Abbott, Frances N. S. Allen, Margaret Harris Allen, Jonathan P. Ashley, Ellen StClaire Birks, Helen Childs Boyden, Mary W. Fuller, Minnie E. Hawks, Charles W. Hazelton, Clair F. Luther, Margaret Miller, Hazel Sheldon Nichols, Agnes P. Sheldon, Elizabeth H. Wells and Margaret C. Whiting were elected as members of the council.

Mrs. Sheldon's report as curator showed that the condition of the highway through Old Deerfield had lessened the attendance at Memorial Hall, but that visitors had come from 42 states and 13 foreign countries to see the collection. Among the year's contributions were a sketch in oils of Charles H. Ashley, life member of the Association, painted and donated by William Hutchins, and two books of especial interest, both by ministers: "The Hadley Chest" by Rev. Clair F. Luther, one of our council, and "Boyhood Memories of Old Deerfield" by Rev. Frank W. Pratt, a life member.

Tributes to three deceased members, John C. Chase, Alice H. D. Peterson and George Arthur Plimpton, were read at the afternoon meeting, and also a note from Mrs. Elizabeth H. Wells, in regard to Curtis B. Wells who was born in Deerfield in 1834.

"I am sending two rather curious little papers which Curtis Baker (C.B.) Wells edited and printed while marching and countermarching in Virginia during his service as a volunteer soldier in the Civil War. He was the brother next younger than Edward Wells.

"When the Civil War broke out he was editing a democratic paper in a border town in Connecticut. Of course his 'occupation' was gone. He enlisted for three years service in the Union Army, was taken prisoner by Confederate troops and spent several months in a prison in Richmond. When his captors thought he was dying of consumption they exchanged him. He came to his home in Deerfield where his mother and sister, Helen Wells who became Mrs. Chandler Field, took care of him. Mrs. Field lived in Conway until her death in 1917.

"I have written all this rather rambling family history to assure everyone that C. B. Wells was to us all a very important and delightful member of our family circle. He was a dear brother-in-law to me and a devoted uncle to my little children. I wanted it known that he really 'belonged'. He learned the printer's trade at the same time as James Pratt. They were close friends always.

ELIZABETH H. WELLS."

Another friend of the Memorial Association wrote:

"You don't know what a disappointment it is to me that I have to miss the P.V.M.A. banquet this year. It's the first time for over 40 years that I have missed these festivities.

"If I'd been the first man who came over the mountain and looked down on our valley I would have chosen it too; wouldn't you? The savages might have known it was no hunting ground for them after an Englishman had looked at it.

"I know I've loved and enjoyed every aspect of it all these years that I have been privileged to live in it.

"I hope you have a very nice and interesting meeting. Remember me to inquiring friends."

And it was voted that the P.V.M.A. send its affectionate greetings and heartiest good wishes to Miss Margaret Miller who has often seasoned our feasts of reason.

The women of Deerfield, under the able leadership of Mrs. Henry C. Wells, served a bounteous supper in the town hall; and the evening program opened with singing by the Glee Club, an annual contribution by the academy which is much appreciated. Four historical papers were presented by their authors; the first, an interesting story of "Old Shelburne Taverns", being by Mrs. Stanley Cummings of Shelburne Falls. The others were by a probate judge, a writer of history and genealogy and a register of deeds: the judge looked from Shelburne Mountain into the Green River Valley and reviewed three generations who had marched through it in Indian times, and five later to whom it had been home; the historian told of vicissitudes encountered by ambitious young men in obtaining education in by-gone days; and the register told some stories which the public records reveal or suggest.

REPORT OF CURATOR

The work the past year has been chiefly on our collection of newspapers. April 10, 1936, the Association received a letter from Miss Winifred Gregory of the Library of Congress which read, in part, as follows: "Under the auspices of the Bibliographical Society of America newspaper files in the libraries of the United States and Canada are being recorded in a Union

List of Newspapers. It is designed to meet the needs of scholars who are frequently unaware of the location of valuable source material. The List will include files of papers published in this country since 1820, and all foreign papers on file. Will you list the papers you keep permanently with the dates of each? Please indicate the file in as great detail as possible. Important single issues should also be listed."

When this letter was received we had many bound volumes of newspapers, and a large number of unbound papers. The latter were arranged in paper folios on each of which was written the contents of the folio. This record, however, would not be satisfactory, either to the Library of Congress or the Union List of Newspapers, so a new arrangement was undertaken. As the letter did not give definite information in regard to just what was needed, it seemed wise to make a complete catalogue of all the papers. This was done, and the catalogue sent to Miss Gregory; later it was given to the Library of Congress. A most appreciative letter was received from the Librarian, Mr. Herbert Putnam.

Afterward another catalogue was made for our Association, giving the location of each paper, whether in a bound volume in the erect case, or among the unbound papers in a drawer.

Both of these catalogues were made with the help of the curator by Mrs. Jeannie P. Doggett, whose skill and ability to accomplish an object, when begun, regardless of obstacles, are deserving the genuine praise of the Association.

Our catalogue contains the following interesting information:

We have 70 bound volumes. These contain 4756 newspapers. The number of unbound papers is 1200, making a total of 5956, (almost 6000) papers. Most of these were published in Boston, Springfield, Greenfield, Deerfield, Northampton and New York. There are a few Southern papers and several miscellaneous specimens from various localities.

The oldest newspaper in the Collection is the "New England Weekly Journal" of April 8, 1728; the next oldest is "The Boston Gazette and Country Journal" of Oct. 16, 1758.

Greenfield has often changed the name of its paper. The oldest we have is "The Impartial Intelligencer" of Feb. 29, 1792. On Sept. 27, of the same year, the "Greenfield Gazette" appeared. Then follows through the nineteenth and early twentieth centuries a long but not complete file of papers under nine different titles till we come to our beloved "Gazette and Courier", July 20, 1841, and the last issue, June 24, 1932.

The Greenfield paper, published in Deerfield, in 1831 and '32, was "The Franklin Freeman."

In addition to the newspapers there is a large number of packages containing newspaper articles on special subjects,

covering the period from 1728 to 1932. Most of these packages were preserved by George Sheldon, Founder and President of this Association from 1870 to 1916.

We hope certainly that this Collection of newspapers with the catalogue may prove helpful to students.

Owing to extremely unfavorable conditions existing in Old Deerfield through the warm months the number of visitors at Memorial Hall dropped to 3854. Surprising to relate these registered from 42 States of the Union and 13 foreign countries.

Eighty-one contributions have been received. One of the most valuable is the oil portrait of Mr. Charles H. Ashley, a Life Member of this Association. This portrait was painted by Mr. William Hutchins of Washington, D. C. who is the generous contributor.

Another gift is the volume entitled "The Hadley Chest" by Rev. Clair F. Luther. As this book has something to say in regard to four chests in Memorial Hall it will be placed in the alcove "About Deerfield" (N) in our library.

Our most recent gift is from Rev. Frank W. Pratt, a Life Member of the Association. It is his lately published book on "Boyhood Memories of Old Deerfield." Charmingly written, it is both interesting and valuable, revealing the life of a boy in Old Deerfield in the nineteenth century. This book will find a place in the "Deerfield Authors" alcove (M).

The Kitchen in Memorial Hall has received the gift of a glass case which will protect the dishes from breakage and also from dust.

The assistant, Miss Mellen, has continued her faithful and efficient efforts in behalf of the Association.

Respectfully submitted,

J. M. ARMS SHELDON.

Deerfield, Feb. 23, 1937.

MY VIEW OF THE VALLEY

By Francis Nims Thompson

From a cabin beneath a pine, on the crest of that range which the red men called the Sunsick hills, I look down upon the lovely little valley of Green river: not the Green river of which Bryant wrote, but as beautiful a stream and running through a valley rich in history.

From High Pine I look down upon my childhood, my mother's childhood, the lives of her father and grandfather, the farm to

which her great-grandfather came from Deerfield, and upon the trail tramped by the feet of three earlier generations when this valley was just beyond the northwestern frontier. I see a great deal there, as I gaze upon the white farm-house, the fertile fields, the tree-bordered river and the Colrain road running through "Greenfield Meadows."

My Grandfather Nims died in 1879, and in mudtime of the next year (there was such a season in those days) the family left the farm, on which my grandfather's grandfather had settled so long ago, and moved to the village. I was a little boy then: I do not remember how long my parents and I lived on the farm, and there is no one left to tell me; but I do remember my grandmother's lilacs and garden, the flowering quince and the apple orchard, south of the house; and I recall the great maples beneath which I played, the snow-cruised fields on which I slid, the mysterious ram at a spring below a side hill and near it an old tree in whose hollow I could stand; and the district school which I for a time attended in the "Lower Meadows", not far from the cemetery in which sleep five generations of the Nims family.

An octagonal bowl, now in my own room, then stood filled with apples in the cupboard behind a door in "the south room", and there are other memories of things and persons within the large square white house. Indeed, the long lounge on which I sit looking down on the valley and back on the past, then stood against the north wall of my grandparents' dining room, and in my home is much of their furniture.

But I look further back, and in the green valley I see my mother's girlhood; and its incidents are clear, not only to me but to a host who were children during the last three-score years,—for she was "Lois", the daughter of "Mr. Whitaker", and her brothers were "Roy" and "Chetty", and her cousins were "Millie" and "Teddy" and "Ralph Kendall", and spread before us is the enchanted vale of the "Jolly Good Times." That district school when I attended is the very same over which "Miss Gabriel" presided. That brook, which drained my grandfather's swamp, is the one over which Lois and Millie sat in the willow with every intention to study their lessons.

In my copy of "Jolly Good Times at School" I have inserted a composition which Millie wrote on "The Old Schoolhouse." She dated it "Friday, Jan. 1st, 1858" and signed it "Mary P. Wells" — for *she* was "Millie", author of the composition and of the Jolly Good Times books and many others. It was a good composition for a girl of seventeen and a half years and has been for seventy-nine years awaiting publication, so I think it should no longer be denied that honor.

"THE OLD SCHOOLHOUSE would not have served as a model for an architect, nor would it have attracted the eye of the passing stranger for its beauty. It was a little square red box, standing beside the road, with no tree or shrub near to protect its suffering inmates from the scorching warmth of the midsummer's sun. In fact, it was a perfect sample of the generality of New England schoolhouses. At a short distance from it ran a brook, rippling over its pebbly bed with a pleasant murmur, and o'er it hung a large willow. Ah! if that willow could only speak how many a story could it tell of the happy children who passed so many pleasant hours beneath its shade! We always spent our noons there — swinging on the branches, building dams and bridges, catching fish etc. Even if one of us did fall in occasionally, it did not dampen our *mirth* but rather increased it. There was not a spot in the surrounding woods and fields, that we had not thoroughly explored. We knew where to search for the first May-flowers of Spring, half hidden under the dead leaves and grass, and only betrayed by their fragrant breath. We knew where the wintergreen berries and black birch grew, and when the first strawberries might be looked for. But when cold Winter came, spreading his snowy mantle o'er the shivering earth, our sports were changed for others of quite a different character. Our fleet sleds bore us down the steep hills and over the slippery crust as swiftly as the birds fly. The ponds clad in Winter's icy armor, offered excellent opportunities for skating, to the boys, and perhaps it will shock some of the fastidious people of the present day, to know that we girls sometimes participated in this pleasant amusement. We played fox and geese in the snow, we rolled up huge snowballs, and built forts, palaces and statues.

Now doubtless this will give you an idea we did not learn much; that we were rude, boisterous etc. Well, I hardly think that we had *enough* knowledge drilled into our heads to hurt us, but we gained good health, the most precious of all blessings."

Certainly Mary P. Wells Smith did gain good health. She was 75 or older when, as we were walking from the brook-road to Shelburne toward this cabin and came to a wall, she refused to allow me to let down the bars for her passage: after a dinner at High Pine, she spread a blanket on the ground and lay down upon it for her afternoon nap: and when she was near the end of her ninety vigorous years she said to me "My mother used to have sick headaches — I never had a headache in my life." It was in 1877 that the first of her score of books was published: yes, from my cabin on the hill I can see into the past, and those little figures along the road between the red schoolhouse and the Whittaker and Kendall farms seem to me those of Millie and Lois and their mates.

Along a dusty road in that valley a pair of heavy work-horses is drawing a woodsled, and two school-girls, Mary Nims and Mary Wells, "catch on behind." The kindly-faced young man who is driving proves to be Frank Thompson from "Country Farms" — a region known to the girls as the home of some of the families who come each Sunday to the North Parish meeting-house to hear "Uncle Chandler" preach,—Mrs. Chandler being the aunt for whom Mary Nims was named.

I see but dimly Uncle Henry Nims marching off to the Civil War, though I have his sword and his commissions signed by

Lincoln and Johnson. I have heard that he was a daring officer, paying troops while under fire; and the youngest paymaster in the Union Army, though they seem to have considered him mature enough to draw from the treasury in New York \$3,500,000 "in notes of suitable denominations for the payment of the Army" and deliver it to the "Chief Paymaster of the District of the South" twelve days later. I have his father's curved sword also, though he was but a militia officer, and I visualize his great frame as he plays with a fine dog having adoring eyes, or drives a promising young horse.

My eyes discover the church in which Dr. Chandler preached, and there are the great slabs of slate which when Greenfield was young were brought from Charlemont to the town's *first* meeting-house by Thomas Nims and other farmers of the parish: so I fall to thinking of my grandfather's grandfather. All is excitement about the farmhouse down in the meadows: not the one I so clearly see there, and which I know was built in 1810, but the older house which I see when my eyes are closed.

It is the period of the American Revolution, and reverberations of the shot heard around the world have reached this home in the peaceful valley. Thomas Nims and his son Hull are starting for Concord; and Esther, the wife and mother, stands at the south door long after her men have disappeared down the road leading toward Greenfield village. The dust of the highway is blown by a southwesterly breeze over the meadow which stretches away to Green River, but there is still a haze before her eyes as she turns to take up the work which always awaits New England housewives and the mothers of men.

But a month ago my Cousin Charles showed me the flint-lock musket upon whose wood was carved the names of Thomas and Hull Nims, and beneath those the names of the next two generations, Thomas Nims II* and Hull Nims II,—grandfather and uncle of Charles W. To me, Hull Nims and his wife, our great-grandparents, are the life-sized silhouettes which hang in my home. Life-like they are, too; his profile revealing a need of substitutes for natural teeth, and hers showing some comfortable chins; but withall a most worthy pair of ancestors. I fear that Madam Hannah Nims was rheumatic, for there has come down to me the wooden arm-rest which used to sit conveniently beside her in their pew in the old meeting-house where her brother Reverend Roger Newton preached for more than a half-century before 1816.

*It was Thomas Nims II who was chairman of the board of county commissioners which built the court-house of 1848 on the site of the mansion of his uncle, minister of all Greenfield. He died the following year; and his brother, Lucius Nims, my grandfather, became commissioner in his stead.

But back of these five generations there were three others; and, strangely enough, it is these remote figures whom I can see most plainly. It is to the founder of this Association that I am indebted for the thrilling vision. With what patience did George Sheldon piece together the mosaic which pictures for us the ancient pageants enacted in the valley below!

We look back into the summer of 1712 and see the father of Thomas the Greenfield settler — John Nims of Deerfield — as one of a party which, under command of Lieutenant Samuel Williams, marches northward in July, disappears into the wilderness and in September returns with nine persons who had been captive in distant Canada. We cannot know the privations and perils of such a journey in that period.

It was in May and June 1705 that John Nims had taken with Joseph Petty that long and laborious journey of three hundred miles, by boat or raft and on foot, escaping from their Canadian captivity but reaching Deerfield half crazed by suffering and more than half starved.

John is not among the many who, northward bound, are camping amid deep snow in the valley below — one day out of Deerfield. The date is familiar to us — the last Tuesday of February — and we are looking back 233 years and looking down upon our kindred, their neighbors and their French and Indian captors. John's brother and sister are there, with his wife-to-be. Others of his family lie dead in Deerfield, and his half-sister and his step-mother are slain on the merciless march. There are too many women and children there, and we turn our eyes away.

Back of that, about four months further into the past, we see two sturdy young men — John Nims and his half-brother Zebediah Williams — hurried toward Canada by the group of Indians who ambushed and captured these white men as they went in the evening a little way from home to look after cattle.

But most remote, and most dramatic of all, because of the terrible suspense and awful risk of the desperate adventure, is this midnight processional in the spring of 1676. Among the 140 men marching through the vale are William Smead and Godfrey Nims of Deerfield, great-grandfathers of Thomas and Hull Nims of Greenfield, armed for battle as those great-grandsons will be just a century later. Will there never be peace?

This little army have marched with Captain William Turner from Hatfield, some on foot and some mounted. They have passed the scene of the Bloody Brook Ambush where other subjects of their king — their kinsmen, acquaintances and "the very flower of the County of Essex" — were slain but a few months before, and they have sworn to avenge their death.

They had also to pass the site of the Pocumtuck settlement, just beginning to be called Deerfield, where fighting men were killed and buildings and crops burned by the savage enemy whom they are to attack at daybreak. They have been wet by a shower as they marched through the darkness, not knowing when the warwhoop might sound around them. A torch had flared forth at Pine Hill, and they fear that red men may have discovered them and sent swift messengers to the horde of savages encamped at Peskeompskut, the fishing falls.

But the die is cast: they have determined to risk all — their families and the future of the northwestern frontier — upon the blow they are about to strike. So they march on through the valley below, through the night and through the Indian-infested wilderness; watched by the fate that views the progress of Civilization. Up the valley of the Picomegan — our Green River, across the great swamp, down the brook that drains it, across Fall River, and they leave their horses with a guard.

They have left our valley and come out into that of the great River — our Connecticut. You can see it gleam over there, just above the Poet's Seat range. It is behind that rocky ridge that white men are presently to be moved against red, in the contest that Civilization and Savagery are to wage for a long eighty years in this region.

The white men, crouched waiting on the hillside, begin to see the first faint flush of dawn. The red, gorged with their catch at the fishing falls, and careless and contemptuous of the whites whom they have despoiled of their cattle, sleep soundly in their great camp. Cautiously the settlers creep among the sleeping savages; swiftly and surely they strike. Their hope is to dispatch enough of the red men, in the beginning of the attack, so that the opposing bands may be more nearly equal in number. Canoes are bringing the natives reinforcements from islands and farther shore and there is fearful slaughter of both red men and white. Beyond the rocky ridge sounds the roar of the falls, the discharge of muskets, the savage yells and shrieks. The colonists retreat and are pursued by the Indians.

Now both reappear in our Valley; the enemy are picking off the stragglers and Captain Turner is shot as his horse mounts the bank on this side of the river. Forty of our men have been slain. Among the hundred survivors are William Smead and Godfrey Nims. In the valley below us the retreat becomes more orderly as Captain Holyoke takes command, but the red men pursue as far as the bars in the meadow fence below Deerfield.

The news is told to those who prayed by hearth and cradle, and there is weeping and rejoicing. This is the nineteenth day of May, 1676; it is *spring* in the virgin valley below, and it

awaits, green and unchanged, the next pageant of progress;
awaits sowing and reaping by the hand of Nature and by the
hand of Providence.

THE VALLEY

Beneath a pine upon the wooded hill
I laid myself to dream and idly gaze
Below. I sought to penetrate the haze
Above the valley there, which seemed to fill
With ancient kindred, and events both ill
And good. I saw within the moving maze
The tragic deeds of all those early days
Along that trail, where it is now so still.

And there I saw the valley's placid stream;
The fields that made my old ancestors strong.
My grandsire tall was there; and in my dream
One young, but like my mother, I watched long.
I saw the district school, and had a gleam
Of pebbly brook — I hope I caught its song.

ANNUAL MEETING—1938

REPORT

Tuesday, February 22nd, at one o'clock in the afternoon, a Special Meeting of the Council was held in the northwest ground-floor room of Memorial Hall, where it had so often met with Mrs. Sheldon. She was now constantly in the mind of each member, her name often upon their lips. There were present Vice President Thompson, Treasurer Nichols, Mrs. Frances N. S. Allen, Mrs. Margaret Harris Allen, Jonathan P. Ashley, Mrs. Helen C. Boyden, Mrs. Mary W. Fuller, Mrs. Hazel Sheldon Nichols and Miss Margaret C. Whiting. Mrs. Margaret Harris Allen was made secretary of the meeting.

The presiding officer suggested consideration of leaving vacant during 1938 the presidency of the Memorial Association, but it was felt that this would not be the wish of Mrs. Sheldon. The future of the Association was discussed with a determined optimism. An amended constitution,—incorporating among other things, conditions attached to Mrs. Sheldon's bequest in memory of her late husband, the historian of Deerfield,—was considered and it was unanimously voted that the draft prepared be recommended to the corporation for adoption. The Council then, acting as a nominating committee, unanimously adopted a ballot of officers and trustees to be submitted to the annual meeting.

The annual meeting of the Pocumtuck Valley Memorial Association followed in the same room at two o'clock, Judge Thompson presiding and about fifty persons being present. After hearing and approving the record of the 1937 meeting, the report by Jennie M. Arms Sheldon as curator during that year was read by Miss Mellen, her assistant, and Mr. Nichols reported as treasurer and on behalf of the trustees and the auditors. These reports were accepted.

It was unanimously voted that the Pocumtuck Valley Memorial Association accepts with profound gratitude the bequest of its beloved President, establishing the George Sheldon Memorial Fund, upon the conditions expressed in her will.

The proposed constitution was then read and it was unanimously voted that the corporation amend its constitution by substituting for its present wording that of the constitution submitted by the Council to the annual meeting for its consideration.

The officers and trustees required by the constitution and by the terms of the several trusts were then elected unanimously by ballot. These were: *President*, Francis Nims Thompson; *First Vice President*, Hazel Sheldon Nichols; *Second Vice President*, Edward E. Whiting; *Treasurer*, W. Herbert Nichols; *Recording Secretary*, Margaret Harris Allen; and, to serve with the foregoing officers as members of the *Council*,—for the term ending 1941, Frank L. Boyden, Minnie E. Hawks, Margaret Miller and Jane Atherton Wright;—1940, Jonathan P. Ashley, Mary W. Fuller, Clair F. Luther and Margaret C. Whiting;—1939, Frances N. S. Allen, Helen C. Boyden, John W. Heselton and Agnes P. Sheldon.

George Sheldon Memorial Fund Trustees—for the term ending 1941, W. Herbert Nichols; 1940, Agnes P. Sheldon; 1939, Frank L. Boyden.

Sheldon Publishing Fund Trustees—1941, Hazel Sheldon Nichols; 1940, Margaret C. Whiting; 1939, Jonathan P. Ashley.

Old Indian House Homestead Trustees—1946, W. Herbert Nichols; 1942, Margaret Harris Allen; 1940, William L. Harris.

Charlotte Alice Baker Trustees for life,—Helen C. Boyden, Margaret Harris Allen and W. Herbert Nichols.

The business having been completed, the meeting heard a tribute to Mrs. M. Anna V. Childs, of the town street of Deerfield, written and read by her daughter Miss Harriet E. Childs. This was followed by an interesting and informing account of the part which Charles W. Hazelton played in the development of Turners Falls, presented by his son Charles E. Hazelton.

The story of "Old Deerfield in the Great Flood of 1936" was told by Miss Margaret Miller in a characteristic vein of quiet humor, and this was supplemented by a charming record by Mrs. Nathalie Ashley Stebbins, of the experiences of her own family during that period. The two papers gave a stereoscopic view of an event unparalleled in the long history of the village.

These papers, with Mrs. Sheldon's report as curator and her autobiography, and addresses given by Col. Dodge and Miss White in the evening, appear on the following pages. The program planned long in advance of the meeting by our late beloved President was followed as closely as might be, but it was necessary to postpone to another meeting a story of "Trails and Traders" by Mrs. Frances N. S. Allen; and to omit a paper on "Building the National Constitution" and the reading of Jonathan A. Saxton's "Ode to Washington", (to be found in Vol. III, on page 471,) with which Mrs. Sheldon had intended that we should celebrate the sesquicentennial of the American Constitution and the birthday of the first president of our country.

The papers on the flood called forth many reminiscences during the interval between the afternoon meeting of the association and a brief annual meeting of the Council at which certain appointments were made. These were: To serve with president and treasurer as an *Executive Committee*, Dr. Frank L. Boyden; *Finance Committee*, Mrs. Nichols, Judge Thompson and John W. Heselton, Esquire; *Committee on Meetings and Program*, Dr. Frank L. Boyden, Mrs. Mary Adams Ball and Mrs. Wright; *Auditors*, John W. Heselton and Hon. Carlos Allen.

The town hall of Deerfield was well filled that evening when Judge Thompson, after a few words concerning Mrs. Sheldon as student and teacher, scientist and writer, historian and benefactor of Deerfield, introduced Professor Avirett whose reading of the revealing record of her life held to its end the close attention of the audience. Because the autobiography is simple and truthful, it is an inspiring story of singleness of purpose, devotion to duty, vital and useful living.

Following this reading, the Glee Club of Deerfield Academy, for which Mrs. Sheldon did so much, gave under the direction of Mr. Oatley several songs, including "Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord" which they had often sung for Mrs. Sheldon.

REPORT OF CURATOR

THE LAST REPORT TO THE P.V.M.A.

By Mrs. Jennie M. Arms Sheldon

We are glad to report there has been a larger attendance at Memorial Hall in 1937 than in 1936. This is true of every month save May. While the increase has not been large it has shown that the tide is flowing instead of ebbing.

There were 903 visitors in July, the largest number since 1932; 1158 in August, the largest since 1935. The total number is 4598. These people registered from 41 States of the Union, the District of Columbia, and 17 foreign countries.

The Association has received by the Will of Mrs. Eva S. Nims of Painesville, Ohio, the sum of \$1,484. This gift is in memory of her husband, Frederick C. Nims, a Life Member of this Association, and one who was vitally interested in carrying on its work. This legacy has been added to the Permanent

Fund so it will continue to help on the worthy cause. The Association appreciates deeply this generous gift.

Other contributions have been received. This does not include all that have been offered. For obvious reasons we are not taking duplicates or War relics beyond the nineteenth century. A notable gift has come to us from Mr. Arthur D. Bryant, a native of South Deerfield and a long-time resident of Washington, D. C. This gift consists of the donor's "John Brown Collection," containing many photographs, printed clippings, manuscripts and books. Besides this Collection there are twenty-three valuable historical works, among which are four volumes of George Washington's "Diaries."

We have received an admirable printed cotton bed quilt. This was a wedding present to Elzina Salome Williams when she married, in 1847, Horace Denio, a direct descendant of Jaques deNoyon, who married Abigail Stebbins of Deerfield.

The wire has been removed from the Pewter case in the Kitchen and glass doors substituted. This will preserve the heirlooms free from dust.

In early May Dr. Warren K. Moorehead, a leading American archaeologist, spent some time in our Indian Room. He said our "important collection of Indian relics was worth studying, and was valuable as illustrating the Indian life of this region." Later he sent his assistant, Mr. Melvin Barnes, to make outline drawings of specimens, and to assist Mr. Willett V. Forbes of Greenfield in photographing adzes, gouges, celts and axes. These illustrations will appear in a forthcoming work of Dr. Moorehead on "Cutting Tools of the American Indian."

The curator has spent much time on the stony remains in our Collection of the Aborigines of New England who ante-dated the Algonkians. The work of Dr. Moorehead on "The Archaeology of Maine", 1922, and of Dr. Charles C. Willoughby on "Antiquities of the New England Indians," in 1935, have thrown strong light on the subject. It is hoped that other adze blades (the name Dr. Willoughby gives to adzes, gouges and celts) will be found in the Pocumtuck Valley, and contributed to our Association.

Occasionally letters are received expressing appreciation of the "Proceedings" published by this Association. One such letter will be read by the Corresponding Secretary.

The Assistant, Miss Mellen, has continued her watchful care of the Hall and grounds. She has recorded in the Written Catalogue and in type-written cards the additions to the library, and has striven to do her part in helping visitors in their historical and genealogical researches.

Respectfully submitted,
J. M. ARMS SHELDON.

AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF JENNIE MARIA ARMS SHELDON

The life of every human being is a study and a revelation, however dull and meagre the written story of that life may be. It is both a study and a revelation because it illustrates, more or less clearly, the forces of heredity and environment which are constantly contending for mastery in every man and woman. Just how much one owes to heredity can never be known with absolute certainty, but there is a consciousness that the debt is large enough to fill one with profound gratitude.

William Arms from whom my father descended had the courage and initiative to give up England or Wales for America. He first appears in Hadley defending civilization under Captain William Turner in 1676. About 1698 he came to Deerfield and bought the east corner lot at the south end of the "Street". Here he built a house in which five generations—Daniel, Daniel, Aaron, Christopher Tyler, and George Albert, my father, were born.

The conditions of life existing in 1815, the year of my father's birth, and the traits of character developed by these conditions, have been described in my "Life of a New England Boy." It cannot be denied that the hard, rough experiences of those early New England days have a certain toughness of fibre, an individuality of character and a tenacity of purpose. All these were reflected in the training which my father gave his two daughters. They were, first of all, to be physically strong; they were to be educated, and then, in his own words, "they were to shirk for themselves." In other words, they were to be fitted for some kind of work which would make them independent, self-supporting women. They were not to be cuddled and coddled and brought up for an easy life and an uncertain event; ah no, they were in the language of a great American President to be brought up "so that they could handle themselves in a hard time." This invaluable training is the best legacy a father can give his child, and every right-minded child comes in time to prize it at its true worth.

My father's tendencies in religious thought were toward liberalism. They may have been due, in part, to the influence of Dr. Samuel Willard, the first Unitarian minister in western Massachusetts, who was settled in Deerfield in 1807. Be this as it may, father's views broadened with the years till he became an Independent.

My mother, Eunice Stratton Moody, descended from the Moodys and Alexanders of Northfield, Massachusetts. She was a teacher in Cambridge and was greatly beloved by her pupils. April 7, 1843, she became the wife of George Albert Arms who was then a merchant in Northfield. In 1848 the father, mother and little daughter, Ellen Louisa, went to Columbus, Georgia. It was then that Eunice Moody Arms came face to face with the horrors of slavery. Her whole being revolted against the inhuman practices and henceforth she lost no opportunity to throw her influence by voice or pen on the side of abolition.

In 1852 the family was settled in Bellows Falls, Vermont, and on Thursday, the twenty-ninth of July of that year, the younger daughter, Jennie Maria, was born. There are logical and scientific reasons for maintaining that prenatal conditions play a large part in the making of a child. My mother, as I have said, was intensely absorbed in the great questions of her time,—slavery or freedom for the colored people of the South, union or disunion for her beloved country. I have always been deeply interested in national affairs; have never from childhood had the slightest feeling of caste, and have firmly believed in the education and development of the Negro race. Besides this inheritance, I received from my mother her physical features, and many of her tastes, one of which was a perfectly natural love of expressing her thoughts in writing. This I did as a child, and through all my life it has been a delightful and stimulating avocation.

The first great sorrow came in 1857 when the mother who knew and understood her children was taken from them and they were left — two lonely little girls. But life was made very sweet for them in the beautiful home in Old Deerfield, under the loving care of a wise aunt, Avice Stebbins Arms, who was a woman of rare intelligence and common sense. Indeed, life was so happy that Deerfield was ever a magnet drawing them to itself.

In 1859 the father married Frances Ward Stearns of Dummerston, Vermont. Already he had established himself in the hardware business in Greenfield, in which town he spent the remainder of his life.

I attended the public schools in Greenfield from primary to high graduating in 1869. Owing to an inflammation of the eyes which had been an handicap since I was three years old, my school work was interrupted, and I often had to depend upon others for help. With infinite patience my second mother wrote out my many "compositions", and my teachers aided me in every possible way.

After graduation a year was spent at the Prospect Hill School for young ladies in Greenfield, and then it was generally supposed my education was "finished". Never for an hour, however, did hope forsake me. My eyes and defective vision were certainly obstacles, but "obstacles were things to be overcome." If I could not go to college, my intensest desire, I could go somewhere and learn more than I then knew. So like a soldier ready for the battle which he watches from afar, and eager to spring when the right moment comes, I waited. Three years I waited. As my eyes permitted I read Emerson and Carlyle. Darwin's "Descent of Man" inspired me, and though I could not understand half of it, it seemed to offer the only rational explanation of the development of life upon our earth.

My love for writing and my interest in public affairs led naturally to an expression of my views on various questions of the day. My first article appeared in the *Woman's Journal* of April 6, 1871, and the letter of acceptance from Lucy Stone made me fairly tread on air. In the spring of 1872 I was in Boston. The question of Woman Suffrage was before the Legislature. Up to this time I had been a zealous believer in the higher education of women, my graduating thesis bearing the title, "What shall be the foundation of the structure?" — the structure being woman suffrage, the foundation, education. But I was far more enthusiastic on the subject of education than equal suffrage. At the end of the week I was an out-and-out suffragist which I have remained to this day.

Unconsciously forces were operating to bring me nearer my goal. During the waiting years I came to know my own cousin, Mary Lowell Stone, whose home was in East Cambridge. Our mothers had been teachers there, and more than this they had been devoted sisters. By the early death of both mothers the currents of our lives had borne us apart; now, by some good fortune, they brought us together. I had not spent an half hour with Mary Lowell before I felt absolutely at home. I knew I loved her. She divined my thoughts on most subjects before I could express them. Time passed; it seems that she had made up her mind to get me, in some way, down to Boston.

Another more distant cousin, Miss C. Alice Baker, a leading Boston teacher and historical writer, was vitally interested in the education of girls. She had heard of my unsatisfied longings, had conferred with Mary Lowell, and one day she asked me to meet her at the "little parlor" of the Old Deerfield Post Office on July 29, 1873. That day I never forgot! It lives apart from the other days of my life as something sacred and glowing.

Miss Baker was a woman of strong personality. She had keen insight into the motives of human nature, and positive opinions as to what girls should be and should do. I stood in great awe and admiration of her ability. I do not know what I said or how I said it; I only know she found what she was searching for — that, in spite of all obstacles, I was dead in earnest. She immediately wrote to Mrs. Ada Shepard Badger of Boston who had a large school for young women at Number 34 Newbury Street. About this time my cousin, Mary Lowell, offered me a home with her. Miss Baker's letter was the kind which produces results. Conditions were made so favorable that I became a pupil in the Badger School the following autumn.

Happier than anything I can imagine I fairly reveled in the marvelous life of Boston. My school was an inspiration; my home delightful beyond words to tell. The sea air was bracing, my health improved and my eyes grew stronger.

Mary Lowell Stone was a rare combination of culture and character. Broadminded, large-souled, with a will power dominating her physical nature she was unique among women. Whatever she undertook you knew beyond the shadow of a doubt she would accomplish. Possessing sufficient means to live an easy life she, nevertheless, preferred to prove her ability to stand alone. Her father, Lowell Stone, at the time of his early death, was cashier of a Boston bank, and his daughter inherited his marked business talent. She became assistant treasurer and finally treasurer of the East Cambridge Savings Bank to the entire satisfaction, unanimously expressed, of the board of directors.

Mary Lowell loved the best music, the best acting, the best lectures, so that the very best Boston could offer was freely open to me. Could any one have been more blessed!

Somehow I loved Boston from the first, and so I longed to know her intimately. Old Boston was fascinating. I explored North Square, rich with associations of Paul Revere and other actors in the Revolution. Many an hour was spent in Copp's Hill burying ground, overlooking Bunker Hill where my great grandfather, Captain Joseph Stebbins, fought desperately for freedom. I descended to the vaults of Christ Church, and climbed the steeple similar to the original one where Paul Revere's lanterns shone out on that ever memorable April night. Of course I lingered long in Faneuil Hall, in the Old State House and the Old South Meetinghouse.

I attended many churches of different denominations, including the Swedenborgian, the Church of the Immaculate Conception, and the Jewish Synagogue where the service was wholly in Hebrew.

The Free Religious Association of America gave lectures on Sunday afternoons in the old Horticultural Hall on Tremont Street. For several years such men and women as Octavius B. Frothingham, John Weiss, Thomas Wentworth Higginson, Edna D. Cheney, Felix Adler, Samuel Johnson, Francis E. Abbott, Anna Garlin Spencer, Samuel Longfellow, William J. Potter and others drew large audiences. I scarcely ever failed to attend, and the great truths spoken by these spiritual thinkers were to me like meat to the hungry and mountain spring water to the thirsty.

At the end of the school year I was asked to come back to continue my studies and do a little teaching; this I did. Through these two years we had taken natural science — Geology, Botany and Zoology — of Miss Lucretia Crocker whom we not only admired but deeply loved. With specimens, models, maps, etc. she had aroused our minds and we were eagerly asking questions of Nature. In thus creating a desire for knowledge she proved herself to be the true teacher and educator.

At the end of the second school year I was asked again to return. There were difficulties in the way, and to overcome these, Miss Crocker visited me in Greenfield. It was the third week of September, 1875, a golden week in my life. I went back to Boston and the Badger school. That winter the Boston Society of Natural History, after much heated discussion and strong opposition, opened its doors to women. Miss Crocker wished me to join her with others and we became members of the Society.

In September, 1876, my father, mother, Mary Lowell and self spent a week at the great World's Fair in Philadelphia. This remarkable exhibition aroused my interest. In fact, this centennial year, like the three anniversary years preceding it, filled Americans with enthusiasm and created greater mental activity. As a result I wrote articles for the Boston Commonwealth, under the editorship of Charles W. Slack, the Christian Register, Springfield Republican, Boston Transcript and Woman's Journal.

The winter of 1876-'77 I spent with my cousin. At this time the Massachusetts Institute of Technology opened its Woman's Laboratory; Professor John M. Ordway and Mrs. Ellen H. Richards were in charge. I spent sufficient time in the laboratory to know I wanted more knowledge of the physical and natural sciences, so my cousin, ever on the alert, made the plan that I should begin a course the next September at the opening of the Institute year. I was to spend three whole days in the laboratory, and she would spend three afternoons there analyzing minerals.

About this time a great undertaking was planned by Professor Alpheus Hyatt and Miss Lucretia Crocker, then on the Boston School Board. The object of this undertaking was to bring teachers and Nature together. The Teachers' School of Science was organized, and in the fall of 1877 began its splendid work. Miss Crocker insisted upon my taking Professor Hyatt's course in Zoology. Up to this time my chief interest had been in the science of Geology — the history of the earth from the beginning and of the development of life on this planet. I was intensely interested in the ancestors of animals, but not in their living descendants, and I had said there was one study I should never teach — Zoology. However, I had always followed Miss Crocker's advice, and been glad I did, so now I became a member of the class in Zoology of the Teachers' School of Science. From the hour of the first lecture by Professor Hyatt to the present time I have been grateful to my counselor and guide for her wise advice. In the autumn of 1878 the lectures of the Teachers' School of Science were given in Huntington Hall, and five hundred teachers availed themselves of this rare opportunity. Before this course was finished in the spring of 1879, I was a special teacher of Zoology in two Boston schools, Miss Hilliard's and Miss C. Alice Baker's.

At this time I was asked to write a series of articles on "Natural History in Primary Schools" for "The Primary Teacher", a monthly magazine published in Boston. They were to be reports of the lectures given by the Teachers' School of Science. There were fifteen articles in all, and these, before publication, were read and criticized by both Professor Hyatt and Miss Crocker.

The two years I was at the Institute 1877-'78 and 1878-'79, much time was spent on chemistry, qualitative and quantitative analysis of minerals and metals, palaeontology, and biology. It was then I occasionally met the President, William B. Rogers, who was so deeply interested in the young students he is remembered with admiration and affection.

In the autumn of 1879 I became a special pupil of Professor Hyatt in the laboratory of the Boston Society of Natural History. There were two others beside myself, Miss Mary A. Wilcox and Miss L. J. Boardman.

I threw my whole being into the work. Professor Hyatt was not only an eminent scientist, but he was also a truly great man. He clearly saw the goal of all scientific study, "the increase of our stock of absolute knowledge and the betterment of humanity." The atmosphere of the laboratory was stimulating. Its Master Mind dared to follow his thought wherever it led him. With the enthusiasm of youth, and the training of maturity, he reveled in original research, finding his pro-

foundest satisfaction in discovering laws of nature. His pupils caught his inspiration and eagerly longed for knowledge at first hand.

Several numbers of a series of "Guides for Science-Teaching" had been published as an outgrowth of the Teachers' School of Science. Professor Hyatt asked me to assist him in the preparation of Guide No. VII on Worms and Crustacea. I made some of the drawings and wrote the descriptive text. When this was published he wished me to continue the series and the Guide on Insects was begun.

In the early spring of 1881 Mrs. Pauline Agassiz Shaw engaged me as a special teacher in the school she had established in Boston, partly for the education of her younger children. The school received a child at four or five years and carried him or her through primary, intermediate and high, finally fitting for college.

I was to have all the Zoology, Mineralogy and Geology, including simple lessons in Chemistry. Specimens, models, everything needed was freely provided by Mrs. Shaw, and the conditions for carrying out the scientific or natural method were extremely favorable. I taught in this school with keen delight. When Mrs. Shaw told me one May day she hoped the school would live many years, and she wanted me to consider myself engaged to teach so long as I wished to, I felt very proud and happy. The school continued thirteen years after I joined it, and I recall with gladness that I never missed a lesson on account of illness.

Working in the laboratory under Professor Hyatt, and teaching the subject in several schools was an ideal combination. It made me an independent woman financially in a field of work I loved. My life for many years was a heart-song of thanksgiving.

In 1882 a seaside laboratory was opened at Annisquam, the summer home of Professor Hyatt. It was under his direction, and a number of students and teachers availed themselves of its advantages. Here I came into close relations with sea animals in their own home, and much material was collected for future lessons. One day we spent dredging on Ipswich bay in Professor Hyatt's sailing vessel, the "Arethusa". It surely was a red letter day in all our lives! The water was calm and as blue as the sky above it. We brought up from the depths animals I had never seen, and from morning till night we felt we were on a voyage into the unknown. There is no keener intellectual joy than the thrill born of discovery.

In the summer of 1886 Mr. Charles F. King of Boston organized the "National School of Methods." It was held at Saratoga, New York, and teachers from all over the country

attended. I gave a course of lectures on animals and "the natural method." Every teacher in my class was provided with material for study so that hundreds of specimens had to be transported from Boston to Saratoga and back again. The school was carried on through the summers of 1887 and 1888 and I continued my courses of lectures.

In March, 1889, *The Popular Science Monthly* accepted my paper on "Natural Science in Elementary Schools", paying me handsomely for it, besides giving it an editorial notice. This greatly pleased my cousin, Mary Lowell, which was gratifying to me. All too soon, on June 3, of this same year she who had been my friend and inspiring companion for sixteen years was taken suddenly from me, and I was left to work on alone. Only those who have been helped in the crucial time of one's life and strengthened ever after, can fathom the depth of my sorrow. Not long after this I went into Boston and made a home for myself at the Mt. Vernon, on Mt. Vernon Street.

All the time I could get from teaching for nine years, had been spent on the *Insect Guide*, and at last in 1890 it was published under the title "*Guide for Science Teaching No. VIII. Insecta*", by Alpheus Hyatt and J. M. Arms. The authors were assured by many teachers and educators that the book met a long felt want.

Up to this time I had been Professor Hyatt's assistant, but in October, 1890, the Boston Society of Natural History appointed me assistant in the Museum on half time. The Synoptic Room was assigned to my care for the purpose of completing the series on exhibition and ultimately writing a *Guide*. Professor Hyatt, as curator, expressed an earnest desire to have a *Guide* prepared which should bring out clearly the principles of a natural classification.

The Museum at this time was unique as an ocular demonstration of a natural classification of inorganic and organic nature. With tireless effort Professor Hyatt had striven to show man's relation to the earth, and the development of life upon our planet from the simplest form to the most complex. Living far in advance of his time he saw that the Museum of the future must meet the imperative demand for a genealogical classification of animals based upon blood relationship. Professor Geikie, the eminent geologist, after going through the Museum said that in its demonstration of a natural classification there was nothing in Europe to compare with it, and we know in America it stood alone. The rare collection in the Synoptic Room of fossil ancestors and their descendants, of glass models and beautiful drawings attracted me, and I began my long and difficult task with real enthusiasm. The Reports of the Society from 1891 to 1903 contain a yearly record of my work.

November 4, 1897, infinite joy came to me in the love and sympathetic companionship of George Sheldon, an historical writer, widely known through his "History of Deerfield." We had been acquainted years, had helped each other in literary work, and the sorrows of the last few years had brought us closer together. Though many years my senior, he was younger than I in spirit. In fact, he was so young I never once associated age with him; it was impossible because he was always mentally active and vitally interested in life and its many problems.

Mr. Sheldon's sense of justice to man and woman was remarkably strong and he granted his wife the same freedom he desired for himself. Twenty-five years before, as senator in the State Legislature, he predicted that the women of Massachusetts would vote in ten years, because "there is no argument against it." He was not only willing but glad to have his wife continue her scientific studies. "I want to go on with my work", he said, "why shouldn't you want to do the same." This absolute freedom, not only in daily occupations, but also in financial matters, and in religious and political opinions, intensified our love, and made our married life of well nigh twenty years a period of perfect happiness.

One of my wedding gifts gave me such keen satisfaction and so much inspiration for my work that any record of my life without some mention of it would be incomplete. This gift was a silver pen tray and pen from Professor Hyatt. The tray bore this inscription:

Alpheus Hyatt

to

Jennie Maria Arms Sheldon

pupil, assistant, co-worker and comrade

in Science from

1877 to

the final date was left to the future.

Every year until 1906 Mr. Sheldon and I spent seven or eight months in our comfortable Boston home, and the summer in beautiful Old Deerfield. This was a delightful combination of city and country life.

In 1900 my "Concretions from the Champlain Clays of the Connecticut Valley" was published. Sir William Dawson had done me the honor of bringing a portion of this paper before the Montreal Society of Natural History and publishing the same in *The Canadian Record of Science*, Vol. IV, Jan. 1891.

Since that time the illustrations had been prepared, chemical analyses made and much new matter added to the text. This book was largely a record of my original work, illustrated by drawings of specimens in my collection of about 1400 concretions. It is the most complete work published on the subject and is still (1935) in demand.

A blow like a lightning bolt felt upon the Boston Natural History Society, the night of January 15, 1902. Professor Hyatt in apparent health was instantly stricken down. The Museum assistants were dumb, moving about in silent sorrow. I had been associated with Professor Hyatt twenty-five years, first as pupil, then as assistant. An intellectual leader and inspirer had gone from us and my grief was profound.

The Guide to the invertebrates of the Synoptic Collection was nearing completion, and the Society wished me to finish the work.

In the summer of 1903 my husband and I spent considerable time geologizing. About two miles from our home a section of sand and clay deposits had been exposed which revealed unique features. Our observations were published in an illustrated paper, entitled "Newly exposed Geologic Features within the old '8000 Acre Grant'." The paper attracted the notice of geologists, and many interesting letters concerning it were received.

"The Guide to the Invertebrates of the Synoptic Collection in the Museum of the Boston Society of Natural History" was completed in 1904, and published by the Society in 1905. Thirteen years had passed since it was begun. A vast amount of time, labor and thought had been put into the collection and the text describing it. A keen sense of disappointment was felt because the one who had most desired to have the work done, the one who had been most interested and sympathetic when obstacles were difficult to overcome, and the one who would have rejoiced most heartily in the completion of the book was no longer with us to give it the final revision.

Sections of the Guide were bound and chained to the cases of invertebrates so that interested visitors could consult the book with the illustrations exhibited before them.

After Professor Hyatt's death a gradual but radical change came about in the policy of the Natural History Society, and the Museum was transformed fundamentally into a Museum illustrating the rock formation, flora and fauna of New England.

In the spring of 1906 Mr. Sheldon and I left Boston expecting to return in October. That summer, like the two preceding ones, was largely devoted to the work of the Pocumtuck Valley Memorial Association. This Association was founded in 1870 by Mr. Sheldon and a few others interested in New England

history, and its large collection had been placed in Memorial Hall. Here we labored month after month, arranging material, and preparing a second edition of the catalogue of relics which now numbered among the thousands. Overwork brought on an attack of illness in October which so reduced Mr. Sheldon physically he was never again able to return to Boston. But his brain was busy even when he was confined to the bed. The following spring he partially recovered from the attack, and for years we worked together along historic lines.

In 1912, at Mr. Sheldon's request, I was elected curator of the Museum, a position which he had filled since 1870. That year we edited volume V of the "Proceedings" of the Association.

It was New Year's day 1913, that my only and dearly beloved sister died. She had always been deeply interested in my intellectual progress, and had given me that whole-hearted sympathy which incites to greater endeavor. Life is poorer without such helpers and the way is harder.

My keen interest in educational problems caused my election in 1913 as Trustee of the Deerfield Academy and Dickinson High School, and five years later I was re-elected to this position.

The supreme sorrow came to me on December 23, 1916, when my husband's life work on earth ended, and I was left to go on without his visible presence. Knowing what he wished to have accomplished I set myself to the task, and with the help of able assistants, in the autumn of 1918 the fire proof wing, which had been erected in 1915, was ready to open to the public, and a card catalogue of nearly 20,000 books and pamphlets had been completed. Work is a blessing which sustains, and never more so than in the crisis of life when the heart is well nigh breaking. Comfort was found in the dedication of one of Mr. Sheldon's books because it is comforting when one's own are satisfied:—"To one who is my strong right hand, one in full sympathy with my aims, and an inspiration to execution; whose unceasing tenderness and devotion fills my years with passing peace this little work is lovingly dedicated."

In 1919 a third edition of the catalogue of relics, and a second edition of the Guide to Memorial Hall, were prepared; while writing was still my avocation as in the days of my youth.

In 1932 The National Research Council placed me among "American Investigators" and soon after I was nominated for membership in the Archaeological Institute of America.

In 1932-'33 I gave the Science Building to the Deerfield Academy as a memorial to my father.

In the summer of 1933 I was elected Fellow of the American Association for the Advancement of Science (A.A.A.S.).

